Th' immodest MUSE admits of no Defence
For Want of Decency is Want of Sense.

Ros

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Ros

THE

Dramatic Pieces,

And other MISCELLANEOUS

WORKS

IN

PROSE and VERSE,

OF

D. BELLAMY,

Formerly of *St. John's College*, OXFORD.

Adorned with SCULPTURES.

——*Delectando pariterq; Monendo.* HOR.

In which are introduced, Several

SELECT ESSAYS,

Never before Publiſhed,

BY

D. BELLAMY, Jun.

Of *Trinity-College*, CAMBRIDGE.

LONDON:

PRINTED for the AUTHOR.

MDCCXXXIX.

TO

NICHOLAS HARDINGE, Esq;

CLERK

Of the Honourable

HOUSE of COMMONS,

And RECORDER of the

Antient Corporation

OF

KINGSTON upon THAMES,

IN THE

COUNTY of SURREY,

THESE

MISCELLANEOUS AMUSEMENTS

ARE,

With all due Deference, humbly inscribed,

By

His most devoted, and

Most Obedient Servant,

D. BELLAMY, *Jun.*

TO THE

READER

I *Shall not, with an Air of affected Modesty, like too many of our young Authors, plead either Want of Time, Assistance, or sufficient Abilities, to accomplish the* Work *I have here undertaken; since all Excuses of that Nature are, in my* Opinion, *very trifling; and, in short, a direct Argument against any Attempt whatever: But since some Objections have been rais'd against the two* Dramatic Pieces *in particular herein inserted; and others, in all probability, may be started, that I am not aware of;*

of; I think myself under an indispensable Obligation to give my Readers a succinct Account of Both; and I please myself with the Hopes, that, upon an impartial Perusal, they will prove no disagreeable Amusements in the Closet; notwithstanding, to confess ingenuously the Truth, my Interest prov'd too weak to introduce them on the Stage.

The principal Characters of our PERJUR'D DEVOTEE *are copied, as any One who is the least conversant with the* Classicks *will discern at first View, pretty closely from the* ANDRIA *of* TERENCE; *and that the main Plot bears some distant Analogy to that justly admir'd Performance of the late Sir* Richard Steele, *intitled,* The CONSCIOUS LOVERS. *All the Apology that I think needful to make, with respect to that Incident, is to assure my Friends, that the* Former *was wrote by my* Father, *and carefully revised and alter'd by a very judicious Friend of his, some Years before the* Latter *appear'd upon the Stage. As to the Under Characters, I readily acknowledge that they are all extracted from the late Mr.* Cowley; *and I flatter myself, that those Ladies in particular, who have a Taste for his* Writ-

Writings, *but are not able to read his* Naufragium Joculare *in the Original, will easily excuse the Attempt, and be pleas'd with the Innocence of it, tho' 'twas wrote in his younger Years.*

As to the Farce, *'tis with Pleasure that I embrace this Opportunity of making my publick Acknowledgments to Mr.* Milward *for his friendly and sanguine Recommendation of it to Mr.* Fleetwood; *and even to* Him *likewise, for the courteous Reception that I met with, and his favourable Opinion of it, notwithstanding, for Reasons best known to himself, he thought proper to decline the Offer.*

I take this Opportunity likewise, to thank all my Friends in general, who have lent me the least assisting Hand towards the Completion of This, as well as the two other Volumes, which are ready for the Press, and shall be publish'd with all convenient Speed: And I hereby promise, for the secret Satisfaction of some particular Gentlemen and Ladies, whom

I shall always think it my Duty as well as Interest to oblige, to point out (by some Asterism, *or other* Mark *of Distinction in the general* Table *of* Contents *in the last Volume) those* Essays *which are of my own Composition, and shall freely submit myself,* with all my Imperfections on my Head (*as* Shakespeare *expresses it) to their Mercy and Indulgence.*

As these Miscellaneous Tracts *are peculiarly calculated for the Amusement of the* Fair Sex, *I don't question but they will readily excuse the Insertion of the* Latin *to the* Mouse-Trap; *when I assure them, 'twas complied with at the particular Request of some* Brother-Collegians, *who had often wish'd for a correct Edition of that beautiful, tho' ludicrous Performance.*

Tho' I know not how to express my Gratitude, as I ought, to my numerous Subscribers, *for their generous Encouragement of this my first Undertaking; yet I hope they will readily excuse my deferring the Publication of the Alphabetical List, as I proposed, till the whole*

Work

Work shall be completed; since I have some particular Friends in both Universities, to whom I have not had as yet an Opportunity of making my personal Applications, and in whose Favour and Benevolence I flatter myself that I may rely, without the least Apprehension of a Disappointment.

To conclude: This first Specimen of my Endeavours is freely submitted to the Censure or Approbation of the Publick; and all I think proper to urge further in its Favour, is this, that I am not conscious to myself of any single Poem, or Passage, throughout the Whole, that can give any just Occasion of Offence, or raise a Blush in the most modest even of the Fair Sex. If, in the amorous Character of old Antonio *in the Farce, there may be an Expression or two introduc'd, that may appear to some rigid Persons a little too warm or luscious, let them consider, that they were complied with upon no other Account, than to aggravate his Folly, and render him the juster Object of Contempt and Ridicule. In the Prosecution of the two subsequent Volumes, the same due Regard to Virtue and good Manners shall be inviolably preserv'd. Tho' Obscenity, we find, is too often in-*

introduc'd into the Writings of some of our mo
favourite Poets, yet to me it appears a shame
ful Foible, and almost unpardonable, howeve
artfully disguised: For, as the late Lord Ros
common *very judiciously observes,*

Immodest Words admit of no Defence,
For Want of Decency is Want of Sense.

THE

THE CONTENTS.

DRAMATIC PIECES.

VIZ.

HUMOUROUS TALES.

FA-

CONTENTS.

FABLES,

With

ADDITIONAL POEMS.

CANTATAS.

THE

Vox et præterea Nihil.

THE RIVAL PRIESTS:

OR, THE FEMALE POLITICIAN.

A

FARCE.

Turpe Senilis Amor. OVID.

LONDON:

PRINTED for the AUTHOR.

MDCCXXXIX.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Don MANUEL,	An old rich Merchant, Uncle and Guardian to *Aquilina*.
Don ANTONIO,	An old, leacherous, impotent, rich Fellow, his Boſom Friend and Confident, in Love with *Aquilina*.
Don CARLOS,	A young Soldier, and an Orphan, of no viſible Fortune, in Love with *Aquilina*.
Don PEDRO,	Gallant to *Biancha*.

WOMEN.

BIANCHA,	Wife to *Antonio*.
AQUILINA,	*Manuel*'s Niece, in Love with *Carlos*.
LAURA,	Her Maid.
TERESA,	Maid to *Biancha*.

Servants, Porters, *&c.*

SCENE, *Madrid.*

THE RIVAL PRIESTS: OR, THE FEMALE POLITICIAN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Aquilina *leaning on a Table in a thoughtful Posture:* Laura *waiting.* Aquilina *rises, and comes forward.*

AIR I.

How happy a State, &c.

HOW tedious the loitering Minutes roll on,
How insipid is Life, when its Pleasures are gone!
Yet in Hopes of some Blessing we wish to attain,
We contentedly drag on whole Ages in Pain.

When Carlos *is absent no Pleasures I taste;*
But when he returns all my Sorrows are past:
For sure, if our Life can e'er boast any Charms,
'Tis when folded within a brisk Lover's soft Arms.

Life without a Lover, is a perfect dull, dirty, Winter's Journey.——O *Carlos, Carlos!* Life has no Charms for me, when thou art absent. *Laura*, have you seen my Uncle any Time to Day?

Lau. Yes, Madam, I saw him about an Hour ago, walking with Don *Alphonso* in the Orange-Grove.

Aqu. Laura, you need not wait:——But be within Call. [*Exit* Laura.

Enter Don Carlos.

Car. Oh, my *Aquilina!* once more I've snatch'd a Moment to tell you *Carlos* is for-ever yours.

Aqu. 'Tis hard, my *Carlos*, that our Loves should be so often interrupted; but stolen Joys are sweetest, and Dangers but enhance the Value of the Prize. —— The Soldier and the Lover must endure Fatigues.

Car. Yes, Madam; but Fame and Beauty make 'em large Amends.

Aqu. You young Lovers are never without your Compliments; but you must pardon me, if, ev'n in this Hour of Joy, I tremble with the Apprehensions of your Falshood. Oh, *Carlos, Carlos!* should you once prove inconstant, think what must then become of the lost, wretched *Aquilina*.

Car. Doubt not my Love. —— Oh, rather with this Poinard open a Passage to my faithful Bosom, and see the Truth on't written in my Heart.

AIR II.

Busy, Curious, thirsty Fly, &c.

Blest with Aquilina's *Love,*
No one sure cou'd wish to rove;
Kings with me would change their Place,
While circled in thy soft Embrace:
Circled in thy soft Embrace,
With Kings I would not change my Place.

Aqu. Well! I believe you; —— but tell me, how did you escape old *Argus*, my jealous Uncle? I am watch'd, you know, as narrowly as a Prisoner of State. I wonder that you'll venture so, and tremble lest a Servant sees you.

Car. Oh, Madam, Lovers, like him, have all their Eyes about 'em. I saw him make tow'rds the Orange-Grove, in close Conference with Don *Alphonso*. Whilst their wise Noddles were settling the Nation, I, willing to improve each happy Moment, turn'd short, and flew to fold thee in my longing Arms.

Aqu. But have a Care; for you young Soldiers are his utter Aversion; he calls you Red-Coat Locusts, the Caterpillars of a Nation, and Ravishment, he says, is all you're good for. My Virtue, he tells me, is the greatest Concern of his Life, and the most inestimable Jewel he has in his Possession; and one would think so indeed; for he watches it as narrowly, as the *Dragon* did the *Hesperian* Fruit. My old, impotent Fool of a Lover, Don *Antonio*, isn't more troublesome or jealous. That second Plague thinks his Intimacy with my Uncle, his Wealth,

and Age entitle him to watch my Conduct. 'Tis ten to one but the old Goat, whom I deteſt, will interrupt theſe golden Moments, this happy Interview thou thus haſt ſtolen.

Car. His Fondneſs and Impertinence are Indications, Madam, of his Love.

Aqu. Love with a Vengeance. He doats on me, juſt as a Miſer does on his Money. He thinks himſelf undone if I'm one Moment out of his Sight.

Car. When he has thee in it, he can make but little uſe on't. Waſt thou in his Poſſeſſion, all he could do, would be to lock thee up, and gaze on thee as on a lovely Picture.

Aqu. He turns, and winds himſelf, like *Proteus*, into a thouſand ridiculous Poſtures, in Hopes to pleaſe me; and peers at me, tho' he ſcarce can ſee me thro' his Spectacles, as wiſhfully, as if he'd pierce me through: But there's no great Danger, the Rays are but very faint.

Car. Talk of the Devil, and behold his Horns Your old Lover, as I hope to live, true as the Shadow to the Subſtance. I'll retire, and obſerve him a little.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Odd, *Nacky!* I have been beating the Hoof after thee all the Town over; your Maid told me you had not been at home ſince the Bell rang to Chapel: But ſhe's a pert, lying, young Baggage. —— Odd, *Nacky!* I found I had loſt my Heart, and was reſolv'd to charge thee with the Felony.

Aqu. No no; 'twould paſs but for petty Larceny at moſt. The Damage is'nt half a Dollar, Sir.

Ant. Odd, *Nacky!* thou'rt a Wag, —— a perfect Wit, *Nacky*; but tell me now, art'nt thou the prettieſt, ſweeteſt, lovelieſt Creature in all *Spain?*

Car. comes forward, and claps him on the Shoulder. } I allow it, Sir; and are not you the most audacious, impudent, old Rascal in all Christendom? How dar'st thou talk to such an Angel, with such an invincible Assurance?

Ant. Are you there, you little Rogue you? But more Manners, methinks, young Soldier, would become thee.--- Old, quotha!—not so old neither, Boy: —But wherein young Saucebox, — have I shewn my invincible Assurance, pray?

Car. In thy profane Addresses to the Goddess I adore, Sir. --- Are those Spindle-shanks, think'st thou, able to support thee in the Wars of *Venus?* Can those humid Lamps of thine, that lie sunk within their Sockets, strike Fire into a Beauty's Breast? Thou Death's-head!---Go Home, purchase thee a Coffin, and get a Nurse to swaddle thee.--- Begone this Moment, or I'll——

Ant. What a violent hot-headed young Puppy this is! *(aside.)* But pray, Mr. *Hotspur*, if I am that impotent, crazy, old Fellow you make of me —— why so hot Man? why in such a Nettle?——What Apprehensions can you have, who, I understand, honour me with your Rivalship, from old Age and Impotence?——Mayn't I be trusted with a fair Lady without Offence, ha! you little Rogue you?

Car. That thou may'st, I'll answer for thee, as safely as an Eunuch, or a Paroquet; but, like those pratling Animals, you have the Faculty of catching Sounds, and Echo-like repeating them. --- One Word therefore in your Ear, Sir. —— You're an old Rascal; and if I ever catch you hunting in my Warren again, I'll strip your old Hide over your Ears, and gibbet you for a Destroyer the Game.

AIR

AIR III.

He that has the best Wife, *&c.*

When decrepid old Age
In brisk Love would engage,
And in amorous Speeches be wooing;
To cure his mad Pate,
A smart Drubbing's his Fate;
Then dread what will soon be ensuing, Old Boy, &c.

Ant. Odd! I don't like this hectoring, bullying Fellow, not I. The Dog, for aught I know, may have an ill Design against me, and may think to qualify me for an Opera Singer. —— Odd! I was always reckon'd a Man of Parts, and wou'd not willingly be fool'd by a young Jackanapes. —— But who's afraid? (*aside*) You gibbet me, Sir! ---- (*to* Car. *in a Passion.*)

Car. Yes, you, you old Put. What has *Aquilina* done that she must be mortified with your insolent, impertinent Gallantries? Thou *Limberham*! thou impotent, old Leacher!

Ant. Odd! *Carlos*, this is all perfect Prejudice. --- Ha, ha, he! Impotent quotha! Here are Limbs Boy! --- Here's a Leg! --- hard and brawny! --- Survey my Back; --- broad, and sappy, my Lad! ---Here are Eyes, you Rogue! --- How they sparkle! As bright, and roving as at eighteen, Boy. --- Then for my Complexion! --- See, how flush, and sanguine 'tis! --- Here are Gills! --- As rosy as a Turkey-Cock's, Sirrah. --- Examine my Inside, Boy. --- 'Tis as tight, and whole, --- Thanks to my good Stars, as my Outside. --- Ehem. --- Sound as a

Roach,

Roach, you little Rogue, you. Impotent, quotha! --- Ha, ha, he! Let me advise thee, *Carlos*, to take some Steel in a Morning; --- for I find thou art far gone in the Spleen, Boy. --- Ha, ha, he!

Car. This Assurance of thine deserves, indeed, to be rectified with Steel, and I don't care, if for once I administer the Cure, Sir. *(offers to draw.)*

Aqu. For Heaven's Sake *Carlos*, what are you doing? --- Consider how fatal the Consequences may be of such a rash Proceeding. Be gone, Dear *Carlos*, and let me alone to sooth the old Dragon; --- lest my jealous Uncle shou'd hear of your heroic Exploits, and make the House too hot to hold us. Let me see you again, as soon as possible, but in none of your military Airs, I beg of you.

Car. I yield, my dearest *Aquilina*. There is nothing I can deny thee.

AIR IV.

When *Fanny* blooming fair, *&c.*

What you, my Fair, require,
With Pleasure I obey;
Whene'er you bid retire,
'Twere impious then to stay:
When mighty Love draws near,
All other Passions fly;
As Stars strait disappear,
When Phœbus *gilds the Sky.*

(Exit.)

Ant.

Ant. What! is the young Puppy gone? 'Tis well he is.--- Odd! Flesh and Blood can never bear it.

(*Walks hastily up and down the Stage*, Aquilina *following him.*)

Aqu. Come, *Tony*, don't frown on thy *Nacky* so. --- Sure thou art not angry, *Tony*.

Ant. Odd, but I am angry, Madam, and I will be angry, --- very angry too. --- Shall I be insulted by a saucy Jack, just crept out of the Egg-shell? --- Sword and Pistol shall decide the Difference. --- No, now I think on't, it shan't neither. My old Friend, your Uncle, is a Corregidore. --- I'll complain to him, and swear the Peace against the Rascal. I'll humble the Dog that way, I warrant him.

Aqu. Nay, if you're for complaining, I'll complain too. --- I'll know why you must be my Guardian, -- watch me like a *Duenna*, and plague me with your impertinent Gallantries. Nay, I'll visit your Wife too, and unravel to the good Woman, too good for you, all your saucy Amours. You arn't so vigorous, I fancy, but you might find Employment enough at home to cool your Courage.

Ant. Odd! you dear, little Pigsneys, don't turn Telltale, but pardon my Excess of Passion, and I'll be as patient as a Lamb. --- I'll forgive *Carlos* with all my Heart and Soul, Child. --- but don't turn those pretty, black, rolling Peepers from me. Don't frown upon poor *Tony* so.

Aqu. Ha, ha, he! as I hope to live, *Tony*, thy Love, and thy Anger become thee, just like thy Cloaths, very indifferently. —— Thou mak'st but a scurvy Sort of a Figure in either of them.

Ant.

Ant. Odd, *Nacky*, thou'rt a Wag;—a perfect Wag, *Nacky*.—Whatever thou ſay'ſt or writ'ſt is ſheer Wit.—See here, *Nacky*,—*(pulls out a Letter)* Look here, you little Rogue you. — Here are golden Lines.——

(reads affectedly.)

Deareſt *Corydon*,

Thou know'ſt too well how much thy Form I prize;
At Sight of thee, what pleaſing Tranſports riſe:
How freely cou'd I fly into thy Arms,
And yield with Joy to thee my youthful Charms!

And ſo forth; ha, *Nacky!*—Odd, you dear, little Pigſneys, if that ſame *Corydon* meant your humble Servant, I ſhould be the happieſt Dog in all Chriſtendom:—But isn't it that more happy Dog, young *Carlos?*—Odd, I'm in a little Pain about that.

Aqu. So, Sir, I find you have been at my Scrutore, and plundered all my Papers:——Such unmannerly Freedoms are intolerable.——I'll aſſure you, Sir, I reſent this Affront to the laſt Degree; and if ever I find you tranſgreſſing this Way again, depend upon't you ſhall ſeverely ſmart for it.

Ant. Smart, Child! Odd! I cou'd not ſmart worſe than I do already, if my Skin was ſtript over my Ears:—your poor deſponding *Tony* dies with Pain. I'm all over Darts, *Nacky*, like the poor Fellow in the Almanack. Thy lovely Eyes have pierc'd me through and through, and they alone can give me Eaſe. Don't be ſo cruel, *Nacky?*—Pr'ythee ſmile upon your poor *Tony*. —

AIR

AIR V.

Roger's Courtſhip.

Ah! turn, my dear Nacky, *and ſee your poor Slave,*
Mumpaty, mumpaty, mump:
Oh! ſend not poor Tony *ſo ſoon to the Grave,*
Glumpaty, glumpaty, glump.
If I look but on you, my Heart beats the Tattoo,
Thumpaty, thumpaty, thump.
Then yield me thy Charms, and fly into my Arms,
Plumpaty, plumpaty, plump.

Ant. Odd, Nacky, break thy Chain, and run away from this tyrannical Uncle of thine, and all I have in the World is at thy Service.—But let me, *Nacky*, not *Carlos*, be the Partner of thy Flight.

Aqu. A very pretty Declaration truly!——Thou art a warm Lover, I'll ſay that for thee:——But if ever I hear any more of your Nonſenſe, I'll tell my Uncle the whole Truth, make him your mortal Enemy, and ſo get rid of your Impertinence at once.

Ant. If thou doſt, I'll deny it all; and he durſt not for his Life diſbelieve me.——And ſo you'll be ne'er the better, Child.—But if you'll be kind—I'll ſue out a Divorce, prove my Wife a barren Piece of Houſhold-Stuff, and take thee to my Embraces.

Aqu. I can bear it no longer.—Thou old, impotent, paralitical Monſter, begone, or Death's thy Portion——I'll plunge a Dagger in thy luſtful Heart, and cure thee of this raging Fever in thy Blood. *(Exit.*

Ant. Hey Day! hey Day!——What! is ſhe gone, and in her tragic Airs too? Odd, ſhe'd make a rare Actreſs,

at

at the Playhouſe.——She has a Paſſion for me tho', I ſee that. —— How her Blood roſe, and her little, ſwelling, panting, roguy Bubbies glow'd with Celeſtial Red!

Enter Laura.

Lau. Sure I heard a more than ordinary Noiſe! —— What could be the Meaning of it!

Ant. Od-ſo, *Laura*, —— come hither, Girl, come hither.

Lau. Did you call me, Sir?

Ant. Aye, Child. Can't you go after your Miſtreſs, and tell her —— tell —— Eh! you underſtand me.

Lau. Not I, I'll aſſure you Sir, I can't imagine what you mean.

Ant. Hum! —— very like you mayn't. —— very like you mayn't. I believe I did not ſpeak quite plain enough: —— But let me ſee.—— there —— *(gives her Money)* Can't you, I ſay, go after your Miſtreſs, and tell her I'm very penitent, and beg Leave to ſee her in the Afternoon to beg Pardon? — You underſtand me now I ſuppoſe. ——

Lau. Oh, very well, Sir. --- You've explain'd yourſelf in the moſt prevailing Manner.

AIR VI.

Yorkſhire Tike.

When Women are fractious, and will not comply,
Yet Gold's a Temptation they cannot deny;
At the Sight of this Argument all Scruples fly,
They go down, down, down, derry, derry, derry,
up and down, down derry down.

The Lover may cant of his Flames, and his Darts,
And think of ſucceeding by thoſe little Arts :
But here's the true Ruler of all Women's Hearts,
Brings 'em down, down, down, --- *&c.*

Well! Sir, I'll do what I can for you. Come to my Chamber about an Hour hence, and I'll let you know my Succeſs. Your Servant, Sir.

Exeunt different Ways.

Enter Aquilina *alone.*

Let me conſider a little. In what a Sea of Troubles may this Love of mine for young *Carlos* in a Moment plunge me! My Uncle, ſhou'd he hear of this laſt Exploit, will either diſcard and expoſe me naked to the World, which is a ſhocking Conſideration; --- or doom me to perpetual Virginity, and lock me up, like a Bird in a Cage, —— in ſome diſmal Nunnery for Life. —— Tremendous Thought! —— It makes my very Blood run cold within me.

AIR VII.

When Love's once lodg'd within the Heart, *&c.*

How hard's the Cloyſter'd Virgin's Fate,
Debarr'd from all Life's ſweeteſt Charms!
Shield me, ye Powers, from ſuch a State,
And give me ſafe to Carlos's *Arms.*
Tho' Age, when ev'ry Pleaſure fails,
May Charms and dull Retirement find,

While

While Beauty lasts, and Love prevails,
Youth will have something else to mind.

I know not what to fix on. While *Carlos* is absent I determine not to hazard my Uncle's Displeasure: But were he here, —— I'm afraid he'd soon find a Way to melt down my strongest Resolutions.

Enter Laura.

Lau. Your Father Confessor, Madam, is come to wait on you.

Aqu. Oh! bring him in by all Means. --- (*Ex.* Lau.) In my Opinion, there's no Time so proper for Confession as when we are engag'd in an Intrigue; for then our Sins come so thick one upon another, that 'tis fit we shou'd have some of them taken off our Hands.

(Laura *introduces* Carlos *in the Habit of a Friar, and then retires.*)

Aqu. Is this your Priest, Girl? I fancy he comes prepar'd to make a Confession, rather than receive one.

Car. You see, my *Aquilina*, what Disguises Love can teach us: Almighty Love, that transform'd *Jove* into a Swan, and converted *Hercules*'s Club into a Distaff, has made me what you see me.——

Aqu. How durst you venture? Shou'd any of the other Servants suspect you, they wou'd certainly alarm my Uncle, and then I dread the Consequence.

Car. Fear not, my Angel. --- Lovers are always safe. The Man that's blest with *Aquilina*'s Love, can never start at Danger.

AIR VIII.

Cloe is false, *&c.*

Cupid, when once our Breasts he possesses,
An universal Sway maintains;
Love in his Empire no Partner confesses,
But uncontroul'd the Tyrant reigns.
A Heart by Beauty warm'd,
'Gainst e'ery Danger's arm'd:
Love all our Fears beguiles,
Nought when the Fair one smiles
The Lover pains.

Aqu. And canst thou venture Life for *Aquilina?* Are thy Protestations all sincere? or, are they false, and the Result of Gallantry alone? I'm conscious of our Sexes Weakness; that 'tis a harder Task to keep one Heart--- than conquer Thousands. Canst thou be true?

Car. And canst thou doubt it? --- Ungenerous *Aquilina!* I am just ready to give you the most convincing Proofs of my Sincerity: Fly with me this Moment, and let the Priest put it beyond the Power of Fate ever to part us more.

Aqu. His Knot can only tie your Hands, and not your Heart. --- I'd have the Lover, and the Husband die together.

Car. So they shall, my Angel: And here upon my Knees I swear eternal Constancy, and Truth.

Aqu. Rise *Carlos*, thy *Aquilina* will believe thee. From henceforth I'll freely trust my self to thy Conduct, let the Consequence be what it will.

AIR

AIR IX.

In vain, Dear Chloe, &c.

In vain wou'd Duty ſtrive to part
Our faithful Flame, and force my Heart,
That's fondly fix'd on Thee;
There's nothing but Death's ſure Controul
Divides the Body from the Soul,
And firmer join'd are We.

Car. Oh, my *Aquilina*, how ſhall I repay this wondrous Goodneſs?

AIR X.

The Early Horn.

What Joys alarm,
What Tranſports charm,
Oh, Extaſy divine!
Sound, ſound, ye Woods,
Repeat, ye Floods,
That Aquilina's *mine.*
Ye warbling Loves, fly round
On balmy Wings, and tune your Strings;
Haſte, haſte, to catch th' enchanting Sound.

Aqu. Hark! what Noiſe is that? --- As I live, my old, rank Goat again: I know him by the Smell. --- What an intolerable Plague is an oldLover that one durſt not diſoblige! --- Come, my *Carlos*, let us return into my Cloſet. --- There we may unmoleſted ſit, and the old Blood-hound never ſcent us. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Antonio.

An. I have quiteloſt Scent of her.--- Where has the little Charmer of my Heart conceal'd herſelf? Odd! 'tis well if that Rogue *Carlos* hasn't been here, and carry'd her off the Premiſes. --- My Heart flutters within me for Fear of him, like a Bird that's hunted in a Cage. --- Ye Gods, and Goddeſſes, ye murm'ring Streams, ye ſhady Groves, Brooks, Woods, and Floods, pity poor *Tony!* I have travers'd the Houſe from Top to Bottom. If ſhe is'nt in this Cloſet, I'll leave off my fruitleſs Search. --- Perhaps ſhe may be at Prayers: But that's not very likely neither. However, I'll take one Peep to gratify my Curioſity. --- *(Takes out his Spectacles and peeps at the Cloſet-Door)* Odd! there ſhe is, like a good Chriſtian, confeſſing her Sins to her old, ghoſtly Father. --- How I flame with Love and Religion both at once! Odd! they are very earneſt at their Devotions. --- 'Tis well if the Fleſh does not get the better of the Spirit. --- She has Charms enough to raiſe Vigour in a Prieſt as old as *Neſtor*. I'll peep once again. --- Bleſs us! the Devil has got the upper Hand, as I imagin'd. --- Body of me, they kiſs, and cling, and Prayer is turn'd to Rapture. --- T'other Peep, and then. --- Oh! Death and Damnation! --- 'Tis young *Carlos*, the ſtrong-back'd, young Dog *Carlos*, in Maſquerade. --- Odd! I'll blow the Dog up. --- I'll teach him to take the Habit before he's enter'd into Orders, with a Pox to him. --- I'll ingratiate myſelf, however, by this Diſcovery, in *Don Manuel*'s Favour, and get this Rival of mine lock'd up forever and ever. --- Odd! I dar'nt truſt 'em tho' any longer together. --- I'll knock, I'm reſolv'd, and ſpoil their Sport however.

(He ſtamps about the Stage, and knocks at the Cloſet-Door.) *Enter*

Enter Aquilina, *and* Carlos, *dreſt as before.*

Aqu. Well, Sir, am I forever to be perſecuted by you. Mayn't I confeſs my Sins to my Ghoſtly Father here, but you muſt unſeaſonably interrupt my Devotions? --- Hang you, I hate you, you old, troubleſome, impertinent Fool you.

Ant. Tho' an old Layman won't go down with you, an old Father of the Church will, I find. —— This is ſome Wolf in Sheep's-Clothing, I'll lay my Life on't. Why, *Nacky*, thou haſtn't got a Pillar, thou haſt got the Church itſelf, Girl. --- Let me examine this ſtately Fabrick. --- Whether it be of the *Doric* or *Corinthian* Order, I can't ſay --- Nature, however, Friend, prov'd but a clumſy Architect when ſhe erected thee.

(While he's taking his Survey, Carlos *trips up his Heels, and runs off.)*

Ant. on the Ground.) Very well! very good, Madam! This is a ſpecial Son of the Church truly! --- If he has been a ſpiritual Conſolation to you, I'm ſure he has been a temporal Affliction to me. --- He has made ev'ry Bone in my Skin rattle again. --- Ah, *Nacky*, this Ghoſtly Father of yours, is neither better nor worſe than a Lay-Devil. --- I an't ſo blind, but I can ſee a Hawk from a Handſaw --- and can diſtinguiſh *Carlos* from Father *Dominick* thro' all his Canonical Diſguiſe. --- Ah, *Nacky*, *Nacky*, thou art a fallen Angel, --- but one of the prettieſt Devils I ever ſaw. Thy Temptations are too ſtrong to be withſtood by Fleſh and Blood, that's the Truth on't.

Aqu. Kneels.) Well, Sir, I own you have made an important Diſcovery, and if you tell my Uncle, I'm undone for ever. My Reputation is, I own, in your Hands; and if you can be ſo cruel, 'tis in your Power to expoſe me.

Ant.

Ant. I accept of thy Humiliation, *Nacky*; rise, my little Pigsneyes, give me a Kiss, and seal the Secret up forever. --- Love me but a little tiny Bit now and then, and let me visit thee when *Carlos* is out of Town, or so, no Confident in all *Spain* shall be more close, or ready, my Girl, to serve thee.

Aqu. But if my Uncle shou'd chance to hear that there's a too close Familiarity, even between you and I, poor *Nacky* must suffer still, and be expos'd to his Resentment.

Ant. Never fear, *Nacky*, he shall be never the wiser, I warrant thee, Girl. --- Permit me, Charmer, to salute that lilly white Hand of thine. *(Rubs it with his Beard.)*

Aqu. You use it too roughly in Conscience, *Tony*; you are too amorous, too gay for one of your Years. ———

Ant. Years, Madam! why, I am but just turn'd of fifty; and fifty is a Man's full Prime, Madam. Let me tell thee, *Nacky*, my Blood runs thro' my Veins as briskly now, as it did at Twenty. --- But supposing I were an old Lover, I have the Proverb on my Side, you know, *Nacky*.

When Love creeps gently into aged Veins,
The Fire burns slow, but then it long remains.

Aqu. (aside.) A conceited old Fool! I have heard my Uncle say a hundred Times, he was fourscore when I was in Hanging-sleeve Coats. *(To Ant.)* Well, my *Tony!* since you are willing to forgive this Slip of Youth, and not expose my Frailty to my Uncle and the World--- I will admit of your Addresses, and give you all the little Liberties you can desire: --- But be merry and wise,--- have your Eyes about you, and a strict Guard to your Conduct. I shall be pleas'd with a Visit in my private

A part-

Apartment this Evening: --- But 'twould be dangerous ſhou'd the Servants know you. --- Come in Maſquerade, therefore. --- (Ant. *ſnatches her Hand, and kiſſes it eagerly.*)

Ant. I am ſo tranſported, *Nacky!* --- eh! --- ye little Rogue you --- eh! --- (*Exit.*)

Aqu. Now if I an't fairly reveng'd on him, let the World ſay I'm no Woman.

AIR XI.

The Lady's Lamentation.

Revenge, thou Dear Goddeſs, I yield to thy Power;
Propitious, aſſiſt when thy Aid I implore.
What Maid, when thus injur'd, thy Charms can deny?
But when all Redreſs fails to thy Counſel we fly.
(Exit.)

SCENE changes to another Apartment.

Enter Antonio *and* Laura, *meeting.*

Lau. Well, Sir, what Succeſs with my Lady? have you effected a Reconciliation?

Ant. Aye, I warrant you; let *Tony* alone for that. --- 'Tis the kindeſt little Rogue now. --- Odd! *Laura*, thou art a brave Girl, and I could almoſt find in my Heart to give thee --- a Kiſs. --- Odd! ſo I will too. Faith thou ſhalt have it, i'faith thou ſhalt. (*Kiſſes her.*)

Lau. Deuce on him, I expected ſomething better than Kiſſes --- (*Aſide.*) And ſo my Lady and you are quite Friends again you ſay, Sir. ---

Ant. None ſo great --- and heark ye, I'm to viſit her this Afternoon --- in Maſquerade. But Mum for that, d'ye hear.

Lau.

Lau. Oh are you ſo, Sir? But as I have good Reaſon to think 'tis no Viſit of my Lady's wiſhing, I ſhall make bold to ſpoil your Sport, I believe -- *(Aſide)* Aye, Sir, I told you how it would be: You muſt not always take us Women at our firſt Words; for we are ſeldom guilty of telling Truth in Affairs of this Kind.

AIR XII.

When the Kine, *&c.*

Never truſt a Maid's Denial,
All her Coyneſs is but Shew;
Each Repulſe is but a Trial
How far the Lover dares to go.
They tho' tender,
Ne'er ſurrender
To a Sigh, or ſingle Kiſs;
Be briſk, and warm,
And boldly ſtorm,
And ſoon they'll anſwer, yes, yes, yes, &c.

(Bell rings) Hark! is'nt that my Lady's Bell? I muſt run. --- Succeſs attend you, Sir. --- If you have any farther Neceſſity, pray, Sir, make uſe of your humble Servant. *(Exit* Laura.)

Ant. Odd, *Tony!* thou art the happieſt Dog under the Sun. --- But now for my Maſquerading Scene. I'll in, and prepare for that. --- Firſt let me conſider what Form I had beſt put on; ---

Or Jove's, *or* Pluto's, *which will pleaſe her beſt?*
Neither — She's Fleſh and Blood — aſſume the Prieſt.

The End of the firſt Act

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Don Manuel.

WHAT a perpetual Uneasiness attends the Guardian of a young wanton Woman! --- *Antonio* tells me *Carlos* was in private with my Niece this Morning. How he got Admittance I can't conceive. --- There's some Roguery at the Bottom, my Life on't. --- I don't know which Way to turn, or what to think. --- I'll go this Moment to her Apartment, and if I catch them together, I'll take Care that two Bravoes shall dispatch the Hero :--- And as to the Heroine, I'll tutor her myself. --- A Nunnery shall be her Portion. She shall be lock'd up, and fed with nothing but Bread and Water: I'll teach her Abstinence from Flesh, I warrant her. --- An undutiful Baggage! ---

Enter Laura, *in a seeming Fright.*

Lau. Oh, Sir! How can you loiter here, when Desolation, Ravishment, and Death are going forward in your House? --- Run, Sir, quickly, for Heaven's Sake, and muster up all your Servants; stand upon your Guard, Sir. ——

Man. Why what's the Matter, Girl?

Lau. Matter, Sir! —— We're all undone. —— You are ruin'd, —— I am ruin'd, —— and your Niece is ruin'd; —— that's all, Sir.

Man.

Man. Ha! —How! ---What! --- my Niece. --- Why, why, what of her?

Lau. Too much, Sir, I'm afraid. --- There's a huge, broad-back'd Fellow, --- the Lord knows who he is Sir, -- gone in Disguise to her Chamber, to rob her,--- of her Honour, you may be sure, if not to strip the House into the Bargain.

Man. Oh! — It's that beggarly Rascal *Carlos* again, I suppose.

Lau. I suppose not, Old Gentleman. —— If it had, your Worship — had known nothing at all of the Matter. *(Aside.)*

Man. 'Tis certainly He. — What shall I do? --- Here, *Lopez, Pedro, Vasques!* Rogues! where are you all? — Follow me. — I'll be reveng'd on this Deflowerer of Virgins. — A Son of a — Ouns! I'll circumcise the Dog. *(Exit in a Passion.)*

Laura *alone.*

Lau. Now, *Antonio,* I think we shall be pretty even with you. — If this doesn't give the Old Fornicator a Surfeit of Masquerading, I don't know what will. --- I long, methinks, to see the Issue of this Love-Adventure. *(Exit.)*

SCENE changes to *Aquilina*'s Room.

Aquilina alone.

Aqn. This old, fulsom Gallant of mine, is raving mad with the Fever of Love. He shou'd breathe a Vein by Rights, and take Purgatives to thin his Blood. But since no Physician will serve his Turn but me, and since I have undertaken the Cure, I'll make him forswear Masquerading

ding for the future, I'll warrant him. I'll cool his Courage as effectually, as if I had him dragg'd thro' a Horse-pond, or I'll never turn Petticoat-plotter again.

Enter Antonio *dreſt like Father* Dominic.

Ant. Peace be unto this Houſe, and Love and Peace to the fair Saint that honours it with her Preſence.

Aqu. (*Aſide*) That barren Brain of his cou'd find out no new Invention.—— I can't ſay but he has ſome Reaſon to think of a maſquerading Prieſt: But his ſecond Diſappointment ſhall meet with a ſeverer Cataſtrophe. A Bump on the Floor ſhan't compenſate for his Folly. I'll make the Old Rogue ſtink worſe than a Poll-Cat, preſently.

Ant. Odd! this Maſquerading is very agreeable. Come, *Nacky*, come to Confeſſion, you little, dear, tempting, Angel, you; and let Prayer once more be turn'd into Rapture: —— Odd! I muſt raviſh a Kiſs, *Nacky*.

Aqu. Fair and ſoftly goes far, Sir. This Love of yours is too hot to hold: If your Fire burns too furiouſly, I'm afraid it won't laſt long.——Turn about, *Tony!*—— Why, you look more like a Devil than a Prieſt.—— This Tun of Devotion doesn't become thee, by any Means.

Ant. No Matter for that, *Nacky*. I'm in Maſquerade, and that's enough: —— But Time's precious, my Love. Let us improve each golden Moment. —— I have a Propoſition to make thee, *Nacky*. —— Suppoſe I ſhou'd poiſon my Piece of Houſhold-Goods, wouldſt thou be my new Furniture, ha, Girl? —— Odd! ſay but the Word, and I'll ſend my crooked Rib to the D——l. —Well! *Nacky*, — what ſayſt thou? Wilt thou ſold

me in thy ſnowy Arms? —— I'm all on Fire.——Nay, *Nacky*, be as good as your Word. Look pleaſantly upon me, do now. —— Caſt one roguiſh Leer at me, do, Pigſnyes.—— Odd! let me raviſh thee firſt, and then hanſel my new Office, and give thee Abſolution.

Enter Laura.

Lau. Madam! my old Maſter is juſt come home, puffing and blowing, with a whole File of Muſqueteers after him, threatening Death and Deſolation. I heard the old Gentleman call Father *Dominic* a Black-coat Locuſt, an old Impoſtor, a Wolf in Sheeps Clothing, and a thouſand Names more, that I can't remember. He ſeem'd to be in a moſt bitter Paſſion, and vow'd he'd ſtrip the old Dog of his *Aaron*'s Bells: They ſhou'd never chime in to Church again. ——What he meant by that, Madam, I can't ſay; but he foam'd at the Mouth like a Madman.

Aqu. What ſhall I do? I'm loſt, ruin'd, undone for-ever. Shou'd my Uncle catch you in this Diſguiſe, he'd murder us both the very Moment. Where ſhall I conceal you?

Ant. The Devil take him for ſpoiling the Concert before the Inſtruments were tun'd. —— 'Tis a damn'd unſeaſonable Viſit. — Conceal me, Child, any where in the World. I'll creep into an Augur-hole.

(*Looking about the Room in a Fright.*)

Aqu. Come, *Tony*, for once I muſt clap you into Purgatory: As you're a Prieſt, you know, you can ſoon pray yourſelf out again.—— Here, in, in, in a Moment, into this empty Cheſt. (*He hurries in.*) So,—— lie cloſe. —— (*She locks the Cheſt.*) Lie there, thou Trophy of Female Reſentment. Now, *Laura*, call me a Couple of

lusty

lusty Porters. I'll send him to his Wife *Biancha*, for a Present.

Lau. And such a one, I'll warrant, as she never had in her Life before.

Aqu. I have caught the old Fox fairly now.

(*Exit.* Lau. *and returns with two Porters.*)

Aqu. Here, Friends, go to Don *Antonio*'s, and tell his Lady you came from her Husband, who has sent her a Chest of the best *Florence* he could get upon the Keys. Acquaint her, too, that he's obliged to sup with some *French* Merchants, and that he fears 'twill be late before the Company will break up. — Carry it carefully, lest you should break any of the Bottles. D'ye hear, Porters!

1 *Port.* Yes, Madam, never fear. — Does your Ladyship please to pay us; or must we be discharg'd where we lodge the Load?

Aqu. The Lady will content you, no doubt.

1 *Port.* (*Taking up the Chest.*) Heavy, and brittle too, Madam, we hope your Ladyship will please to make us drink.

Aqu. There's something to make you careful.

(*She gives them Money.*)

1 *Port.* Heaven bless your Ladyship. If 'tis old Gold we'll deliver it safe, Madam.

Aqu. I don't doubt it. *Laura*, see the Porters out.

Lau. Out: Yes Madam. (*Exit.* Laura *and Port.*)

Aqu. Well!—— If I han't made a perfect Cure of the old Goat, I'll forswear the Title of a Doctress from this Day forward.——(*A Noise without.*) Hark! Here's my Uncle coming in good earnest. —— His coming may help my Design.——I'll put on a sanctified Look, and seem as if Heaven had taken up all my Thoughts.

But ſuch is Human Frailty, and 'tis a Folly to deny it,— my dear, dear *Carlos* takes up the better Half.

(She ſits at the Table, with a Prayer-Book in her Hand.)

Enter Don Manuel.

Man. Thou hypocritical Baggage! What! You are conning over your Ghoſtly Father's Advice, are you?

Aqu. What do'ye mean, Sir?

Man. Thou Diſgrace of my Family! How durſt you abuſe my Good-Nature, my paternal Tenderneſs, after this infamous, egregious Manner?

Aqu. As I'm conſcious of no Crime, 'tis I have moſt Occaſion to complain. How can you load me, Sir, with ſuch opprobrious Language, who am as innocent as, — (*Half crying*)

Man. As the Child unborn, no doubt on't.—— But, Huſſy! was not *Carlos* here a whole Hour together with you in Private, under the hypocritical Form of a Prieſt, ha?

Aqu. There has been Nobody with me indeed, Sir.

Man. Come, come, no Prevarications. Doesn't he now lie hid in your Cloſet? Anſwer me quickly.

Aqu. You may ſearch, if you pleaſe, Sir.

Man. What! you've convey'd him away, then, I ſuppoſe.

Aqu. What do you mean Sir? Whom ſhou'd I convey away?

Man. This is moſt amazing.—— But to make you bluſh, if you've one Grain of Modeſty left —— Know that *Laura*, your own Maid, has betray'd you. She ſaw *Carlos* come to you in Diſguiſe, and ſent me here herſelf.——

Aqu,

Aqu. To ſee what a pretty Spy he has ſet over me. (*Aſide.*) Well, Sir, ſince my Innocence and Reputation lie thus at Stake, I'll confeſs the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth. That there was a Gentleman diſguis'd, as you ſay, like a Prieſt, did make me a Viſit, muſt be allow'd; but no Viſit of my ſeeking, I'll aſſure you; and moreover, that ſame Gentleman was your Boſom Friend, and the old Dragon, which you, Sir, out of your abundant Wiſdom, pick'd out to be my Surveyor General.

Man. This is a poor, frivolous, weak-concerted Lye.

Aqu. Have but Patience, Sir, to hear my Story, and then clear or convict me.—— Juſt before you came up, in crept Don *Antonio*, and had he been young enough, wou'd have raviſh'd me: Upon which, I counterfeited a ſudden Surpriſe, and a terrible Apprehenſion of your Diſpleaſure. His hot Fit ſoon turn'd to a cold one.—— He trembled like an Aſpen Leaf, and begg'd me to cram him into an Augur Hole. Whereupon, your old Cheſt ſtanding open, in jump'd the old Rat, and I have him ſafe under Lock and Key. As an innocent Piece of Reſentment, I ſent him home to his Lady.— Therefore if you'll give yourſelf the Trouble to pay *Donna Biancha* a Viſit, we ſhall catch him before he's got out of his Trammels.

Man. Ocular Demonſtration will be Conviction indeed. Therefore come along, Girl, I'm impatient till I ſee this Riddle ſolv'd.

Aqu. I'll follow you in a Moment, Sir.—— Well! I think my Affairs go on ſhiningly; and if Fortune wou'd but give me *Carlos*, I ſhou'd then be happy indeed.

AIR XIII.

Grant me ye Powers, *&c.*

Grant me, ye Powers, but him I love,
No other Joys I'd wish to prove :
Tho' plac'd on India's *fev'rish Shore,*
His Breath lost Zephirs wou'd restore ;
Or tho' on Schythia's *endless Snow,*
His Eyes wou'd friendly Warmth bestow.

SCENE Antonio's House.

Enter Biancha, *and Don* Pedro.

Bian. Come, come, you shan't think to escape so. — Have not I run the Risque of a Husband's Resentment, and parted with my dear Honour for your Sake ? — and would you be gone already ? False, cruel *Pedro !*

Ped. You know, my dear *Biancha,* I cou'd die to serve you.—— I fear not for myself ; 'tis your Danger gives me these Alarms.—— Should your Husband find me here, you'd be utterly undone.—— I dread the Consequence. Pox of her Fondness ! Wou'd I cou'd get away.——What a dull, insipid Thing is a Woman after Enjoyment ! *(Aside.)*

Bian. Why had you not these Considerations before you ruin'd me ? —— But you Men are all Deceivers, and we Women poor, easy, deluded Fools.—— 'Tis well. —*(a Knocking at the Door.)* But hark ! There's my Husband in good earnest.

Ped. Who's fearful now. — Come — Come, my *Biancha,* and let me taste again those Joys which none but you can give.

Bian.

Bian. I cannot be angry with him, tho' I know he diſſembles. —— No, *Pedro*, I'm not to be deceiv'd by this Show of Fondneſs. — I ſee thro' this thin Diſguiſe.— However, ſtep but in this Cloſet till my Husband's out of the Way, and I'll ſend *Tereſa* to releaſe you. — Farewel for-ever.

Pedr. And can you then prefer the cold Embraces of a Husband, to the warm Endearments of an eager Lover?

Bian. You're a very eager Lover, indeed.—

Pedr. You ſhall find me ſo, let me but ſee you again To-night.—— *(Knocking again.)*

Bian. In, in, we've no Time for talking.

(She puſhes him in, and locks the Door.)

Enter Tereſa.

Tereſa, was it your Maſter came in juſt now?

Ter. No, Madam,—— two Porters with a Cheſt of Wine.

Bian. Bid them bring it in.

Enter Porters.

1 *Port.* Madam, we've Orders from Don *Antonio*, to leave this Cheſt of *Florence* with you, and to acquaint your Ladyſhip, that he ſups abroad to Night, and will make it late before he comes home.

Bian. Very well, ſet it down; you're paid, I preſume.

1 *Port.* No, Madam, we were order'd to be diſcharg'd by your Ladyſhip.

Bian. What muſt you have?

1 *Port.* 'Tis honeſtly worth three Rials, Madam.

Bian. There's half a Dollar for you.

1 *Port.* Thank your Ladyſhip.

Bian.

Bian. Tereſa, let the honeſt Men out, *(Knocking again)* and ſee who 'tis knocks below.

(Tereſa *goes out, and returns.*

Teref. Don *Manuel,* and the young Lady *Aquilina,* Madam.

Bian. Deſire them to walk up.

Enter Don Manuel *and* Aquilina.

Bian. Sir, your Servant.—— Your Servant Madam. *(Salutes* Aquilina.) This is an Honour I did not expect this Evening. My Spouſe has juſt now ſent me a Cheſt of *Florence*; I know, Sir, 'tis your fav'rite Liquor.—— *Tereſa,* bid *Jaquiline* come, and break the Cheſt open.

Aqu. 'Tis Pity, Madam, to damage the Cheſt. 'Tis ten to one but my Uncle can oblige you with a Key that will unlock it.

Man. 'Tis very probable, Madam, as my Niece ſays, I may be able to furniſh you on ſuch an Occaſion. A Bottle-Screw, and a Maſter-Key, are my Pocket-Companions for the moſt Part.— With your Leave I'll make the Experiment.

*(*Biancha *gets on one Side, and* Aquilina *on the other.* ——*After ſome pretended Difficulty,* Manuel *opens it.*—— *All ſeem ſurpriz'd.)*

Bian. What in the Name of Goodneſs have we here? My Wine metamorphos'd into a Prieſt.—— Thieves, Thieves, *Jacomo, Jaquiline, Pedro.*

Enter Servants.

1 *Serv.* Where, Madam, where?

Bian. Secure that Cheſt, and the Canonical Rogue that's wedg'd within it.

1 *Ser.*

1 *Ser.* What wou'd your Ladyſhip have us do with him?

Bian. Firſt, toſs him in a Blanket, and then carry him before a Corregidore.

1 *Ser.* We'll do our beſt, Madam: But theſe ungodly Guts were never made for mounting.— Run *Pedro*, for a Blanket.

(*During the laſt Speech,* Ant. *attempts to run away.* Pedro *goes out, and returns with a Blanket.* —— Man. *and* Aqu. *talk together. Servants go to take hold of him. He diſcovers himſelf.*)

All Ser. What! my old Maſter in Maſquerade.

Bian. My Husband! — Oh! grant me Patience! *Tereſa, Pedro*'s in the Cloſet.——(*Aſide to* Ter.) Oh! I ſhall faint. What villainous Deſign were you upon? How came you in this Dreſs? —— Why was the Cheſt ſent here? What! you was jealous I ſuppoſe.

Aqu. Have Patience, Madam.— Now, Sir, behold my Guardian, in the very Habit he pretended I receiv'd my Viſits in, to the Ruin of my Virtue, and your Credit.

Ant. Oh! I'm ruin'd —— diſcover'd —— undone — dead. —— Oh! the Devil take all Maſquerading, I ſay.——

Ban. What! — you can be vigorous, it ſeems, abroad, — tho' you're a Drone at home: But I'll make you find your Sting— I will, you treacherous Villain.— I proteſt, I ſweat at his Impudence.— That any virtuous Woman ſhou'd be us'd thus! (*Half crying.*)

Man. This, Niece, is Demonſtration indeed. —— I'm now fully convinc'd of his Hypocriſy, and your Innocence. Why, you perfidious, old Raſcal! What Excuſe

cuſe can you make for this baſe Attempt to diſhonour my Family? How can you anſwer it to your Wife too?

Bian. Ay! How can you anſwer it to me, you Villain? —— to me, that have been ſo faithful a Wife, ſo tender a Yoke-fellow; —— and muſt I be thus! — You'll break my Heart, —— you will, you treacherous Creature. *(Crying.)*

Man. Let me beg of you to defer your Reſentment.

Bian. I will be patient.—— But I—m ſu —re I'—ve be——en a ten——der Wif—e to hi——m. *(Sobbing.)*

Man. What have you nothing to ſay in your Defence.

Ant. Say, Sir, —— why, I plead guilty, and repent me of all my amorous Impertinences to your Niece; and to make her Atonement, I will confeſs a Secret, which I thought for-ever to have kept conceal'd.

Man. Riſe, and let us hear what you can propoſe.

Ant. Thro' my Miſrepreſentations of Don *Carlos*, you've ever had an unjuſt Opinion of his Fame and Fortune. His Father died when he was young, and left him wholly to my Care; I, like other covetous Guardians, robb'd him of his Right, and turn'd him adriſt: Therefore, if you'll give *Aquilina* to the Man that loves her, in Juſtice to his Wrongs, I'll make him worth ten thouſand Piſtoles to-morrow.

(During this laſt Scene — Pedro *and* Ter. *appear at the Stage Door,* — *and* Biancha *beckens them to go croſs;* —— *they make ſeveral Attempts, but turn back for Fear of being ſeen. At laſt they creep off undiſcover'd.)*

Bian. I can bear the Villain's Sight no longer.

(Biancha *follows* Ter. *and* Pedro.)

Man. Here's my Hand. What's paſt ſhall be forgot. —— What ſay'ſt thou, *Aquilina*, to a Husband?

Aqu.

Aqu. Your Will was ever, Sir, a Law with me.

Man. Why, then, let's ſend for the Gentleman, and the Prieſt ſhall join your Hands immediately.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Don *Carlos*, Sir, waits to ſpeak with you below.

Ant. He comes in good Time; deſire him to walk up.

Enter Carlos.

Carlos, my Boy, come hither.— I have wrong'd thee. —— To tell thee how, would be too tedious at preſent. However, to make thee Amends, I have prevail'd with my old Friend Don *Manuel*, to crown your Joys with *Aquilina*'s Hand.

Car. to *Man.* May I hope for ſo great a Bleſſing?

Man. Take her, and may you both be happy!

Car. Is it poſſible? And can I call my *Aquilina* mine?

Aqu. You ever had my Heart, my *Carlos*, and 'tis a double Pleaſure to have my Uncle's Approbation of my Love.

Car. O, riſing Joy! — Henceforth let none deſpair. The Revolution of a Day may bring ſuch Turns as Heaven itſelf could ſcarce have promis'd.

AIR XIV.

Car. *Gentle Fortune's riſing Graces,*
Loſt in Tranſport, I receive;
And ſince bleſt in thy Embraces,
All her former Frowns forgive.

Aqu. *Thoughts tranſporting riſe to charm me,*
And each bliſsful Hour recal;
Tho' ten thouſand Fears alarm me,
Here I find a Reſt from all.

Ant.

Ant. Henceforwards, *Carlos*, I ſhall always look upon you as my Son; and you, *Aquilina*, no longer as my Miſtreſs, but my Daughter.

Man. My Wiſhes too attend you both; and as I've no Children of my own, what I ſhall leave at my Deceaſe ſhall all be yours.—

Car. How ſhall I repay this wondrous Goodneſs?

Aqu. This is a joyful Day indeed.

Enter Biancha.

Bian. I've overheard this lucky Turn in your Affairs, (to *Carlos*) and wiſh your happy Union may for-ever laſt.

M. A. C. And now, Madam, here only wants a free Pardon for *Antonio* to complete our Joys.

Ant. I will humble myſelf before my dear Spouſe. *(falls on his Knees)* Forgive but this one raſh, indiſcreet Action, and I'll never tranſgreſs again. — Behold, *Biancha*, your penitent *Tony* on his Knees.

M. C. A. Pray, Madam, be perſuaded.

Bian. Upon your Intreaties, I forgive what's paſt.

Ant. Odd! you dear, tender-hearted Rogue, this ſhall be my Wedding-Day too; and I will ſo tumble and kiſs thee: — But firſt we'll have a Dance — we'll ſhew the young Couple what we can do. — Here, *Jaquiline*, run, Sirrah, for the Fiddles.

Man. We'll firſt in, and diſpatch the young Folks, and then conclude the Day with all the Joy ſo happy a Cataſtrophe deſerves.

AIR the last.

Car. *The Ship that has long on the Ocean been tost,*
And by the sad Owners giv'n over for lost,
To them safe returning— less Pleasure does give,
Than I in my Dear Aquilina *receive.*

Aqu. *The Gamester by Fortune deprivʼd of his All,*
Thoʼ one lucky Hit his lost Guineas recal,
A Stranger remains to that infinite Bliss,
Which, Dear Carlos, *you give me in each tender Kiss.*

Man. *Among all the Virtues Men ought to embrace,*
Firm Constancy wears the most permanent Grace;
And those that are faithful, and constant, will find
The Gods at the last to their Wishes prove kind.

Ant. *Let ours then a Pattern of Constancy be,*
to That all loving Couples like us may agree.
Bian. *We forget, and forgive: — Ah! What Joy wouʼd ensue,*
Couʼd our AUTHOR *but find such Indulgence from* YOU.
We forget, &c.—— (To the Audience.)

FINIS.

Omnia vincit Amor.— OVID.

2

THE PERJUR'D DEVOTEE:

OR, THE

FORCE of LOVE.

A

COMEDY.

Hei mihi quod nullis Amor est medicabilis Herbis!
OVID.

LONDON:
PRINTED for the AUTHOR.
MDCCXXXIX.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Sir TOBY TESTY,	Father to *Valentine* and *Charlotte*.
Sir PAUL PLIANT,	Father to *Beaufort*, *Silvia*, and *Olivia*.
VALENTINE,	Sir *Toby*'s Son, privately married to *Silvia*.
WORTHY,	*Valentine*'s Friend, in love with *Olivia*.
Capt. BEAUFORT,	Real Son to Sir *Paul*, in love with *Charlotte*.
TIMOTHY,	Suppoſed Son to Sir *Paul*.
PEDANT,	Tutor to *Timothy*.
PLOTWELL,	*Valentine*'s Man.
SNAPSACK,	*Plotwell*'s Engine.

WOMEN.

SILVIA, Privately married to *Valentine*.	Daughters to Sir *Paul*.
OLIVIA,	
CHARLOTTE,	Daughter to Sir *Toby*.
LUCY,	*Silvia*'s Maid.
BETTY,	*Olivia*'s Maid.

THE PERJUR'D DEVOTEE: OR, THE FORCE of LOVE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

WORTHY's *Lodgings.*

WORTHY *in his Night-Gown.*

Wor. I Wonder *Valentine* comes not to his Appointment! How painfully the lazy Minutes paſs away, when a Man's in Expectation! Expectation is the Peſt of Life in every Condition. The happy Man, in Expectation of ſome promiſed Bliſs, anticipates his Joys, and meets his *Juno* in a Cloud; the unfortunate, in Expectation of ſome ſad Event, ſits trembling at the falling Blow, and multiplies his Miſeries: It palls our Pleaſures, but our Pains it doubles.

Enter Beaufort.

Beau. What! at thy Soliloquies already this Morning, *Worthy?* But I cannot blame thee, I was at them two Hours ago myſelf: I find by daily Experience, that Solitude to a Man in Love, is like Water to a Man in a Fever, both equally deſired, and equally baneful; therefore, prithee follow my Example; dreſs and abroad; and if you muſt think of your Miſtreſs, do it o'er the ſparkling Glaſs, and never whine and pine by thyſelf thus, like a Dog in an empty Buttery.

Wor. Why, with what Aſſurance canſt thou put on this Air of Gaiety? Haſt thou forgot the Figure thou mad'ſt thyſelf the other Morning, when *Valentine* and I caught thee walking up and down thy Chamber bare-headed, in thy Night-Gown, one Stocking on, and the other off; a Song half finiſh'd lying by on the Table; a Pinch of Snuff in one Hand, and in the other, the diſtreſsful Tale of *Argalus* and *Parthenia?*

Beau. And now I think I am even with you. — Poor *Worthy!* I pity thee with all my Heart. What! Is not *Olivia* kind? Why, thou look'ſt as demure and penſive, as an old Woman at a Conventicle; and as ſour, and ill-natur'd, as that original Tub-Preacher *Diogenes*. Whether you ſtand or walk, 'tis in a puny, ſighing Poſture, with your Arms a-croſs, like Squire *Slender*, in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*. Thou look'ſt as if thou had'ſt not eat this Twelvemonth, and as meagre, and as Chap-fall'n, as the Knight of the woful Countenance. Thou wer't wont, when thou laugh'dſt, to crow like a Cock, to vie in Gaiety with Sir *Harry Wildair*; never to faſt, but preſently after Dinner; and if thou wer't ever melancholic, 'twas for Want of Money. In ſhort ——

Enter

Enter Valentine.

Val. Good morrow, Gentlemen. Nay, let me not divert your Purpoſe, good Captain; I heard you holding forth moſt powerfully, and all for *Worthy*'s Edification.

Beau. I confeſs I meant it well; but he takes wholſome Advice, as moſt Sinners do, very aukwardly; I've little Hopes of him.

Wor. Dear *Valentine*, thou com'ſt in Time to reſcue me; I was in Pain till I ſaw thee. Well! How ſtand Affairs? The Affairs of Matrimony? Will peaceable Politicks ward off the Blow, or muſt Rebellion be the Word?

Val. Oh *Ned!* I've flown upon the Wings of Joy, to tell thee Fortune ſmiles, and all the Day's our own.

Wor. Is it poſſible?

Val. Poſſible! I tell thee Fortune and I are Friends, and from this Moment, I forgive her all my Torments paſt. A golden Proſpect lies before me, and endleſs Scenes of raviſhing Delight riſe to my View. All paſt and preſent is loſt in that which is to come, in rich Ideas of eternal Love, and mighty Joys yet undiſcover'd, and untaſted, in the Arms of *Silvia*: Our Story ſhall be Admiration and Example to Poſterity; and Ages yet unborn, ſhall tell the Joys, and the Diſtreſs, the Hopes, and Fears; and praiſe in each the Love, and Conſtancy of *Valentine* and *Silvia*.

Wor. And *Worthy* and *Olivia!* Ha! muſt it not be ſo?

Val. Oh! thine will be a flat, inſipid, matrimonial Scene, confin'd to Rules and Laws; the leaſt of which tranſgreſs'd, the beauteous Proſpect ceaſes, the pretty Symetry we ſo admir'd, is confus'd; and nothing but Deformity enſues.

Wor.

Wor. You make your Rule too general, *Valentine.* Matrimony is a Coat that fits with different Airs, on different Shapes: The finest Dress in the World will never make the Deform'd beautiful; nor the meanest, make the Beautiful deform'd. Matrimony is like a well-dispos'd Landskip, where Woods and Groves appear in all the Pride of Spring: The limpid Streams wind here and there, and seem to murmur as they run, and every Thing combines to make a perfect Harmony. The lovely Paradise chears all the feather'd Choir: They seem enamour'd with their Station, and sensible of their happy Lot, hop prettily from Bough to Bough, and express their Satisfaction in their Songs; while Lyons, Tygers, and the Beasts of Prey, regardless of the beauteous Scene, insensible to all the Harmony of Nature, run growling thro' the Woods, intent alone on Blood and Rapine: Every Thing is not the same to every one: What I believe would make me the happiest of my Sex, might possibly make a Wretch of you.

Val. But Heav'n be prais'd, the Danger all is over; and I cannot but have too great a Sense of my own fortunate Deliverance, to stand indolent and careless on the Shore, and see my Friend perish in the Storm that I've escap'd, and not do my best to save him. Oh! *Ned,* take thy Friend's Advice, and avoid Matrimony; it dulls the Edge and Appetite of Love. Confinement and Restraint make a Prison of a Palace; and forc'd Obedience prompts an *Englishman* as naturally to rebel, as the Noise of a Fiddle does my Lord *Tiptoe* to dance. The God of Love has therefore wisely chose to rule o'er generous, unsuspecting Subjects, such as dare trust their Prince without a *Magna Charta* for their Liberties: He disdains the formal Obligations of the Marriage Vow;

Vow; 'tis a dull Clog upon his Prerogative, and looks like an Original Contract.

Wor. Prithee ceaſe thy Railing; it never makes a Convert, and I am Proof againſt Conviction any Way. But pray, go on, and tell me what happy Accident has wrought this Change, and laid Foundation for all the Happineſs you talk of.

Val. Well! I ſee good Counſel's thrown away upon thee; but prithee remember, I have done the Part of a Friend; and when the Yoke begins to gall and wring, don't kick, and winch, and whine, and ſay, you had not fair Warning giv'n you. But to the Purpoſe. Laſt Night the Lady *Lurewell* gave a Ball, where, according to her ſplendid Cuſtom, all was Magnificence and Gallantry: The Room of Entertainment was adorn'd with wondrous Art, expreſs'd by a thouſand various Poſies, fragrant and beautiful as the firſt Spring of Paradiſe: The ſprightly Muſick raviſh'd every Ear, and gladden'd every Heart; all Things conſpir'd to give a rich Satiety to every Senſe; and leaſt the Vigour of each Senſe ſhould not ſuffice for its Enjoyment, ever and anon the cluſter'd Grapes of *Burgundy* afforded Spirits for Refreſhment; but ſo full and fine a Company I hardly ever ſaw before: Beauty appear'd in all its gay Variety, and ſtrove to outdo itſelf. *Silvia* was there; myſelf was alſo an invited Gueſt; when in the Midſt of all our Mirth and Jollity, unexpectedly appears my Father; and in a moſt particular Gaiety of Temper, unknown in him before, after, many formal Apologies for his Intruſion, and Excuſes drawn from the Occaſion, fairly invites all the honour'd Aſſembly to grace his Son *Valentine*'s Wedding with Sir *Paul Pliant*'s Daughter, as this Day.

Wor.

Wor. How! To-day? O ſay, what Angel has prevented it? Or is it ſtill to be, and com'ſt thou now t'inſult me on the curs'd Occaſion?

Val. Have Patience, if 'tis poſſible, and hear me out. Not only my Father's Speech, and the Manner of it, but ev'n the Subject itſelf (of which before I had not the leaſt Intimation) was ſo ſurpriſing to me, that of a ſudden, I ſeem'd depriv'd of Life and Motion, and I believe was the Jeſt of the Company for my Pains; but all were ſoon ſurpriz'd; for hearing what had paſt, poor *Silvia* ſwooned: Judge then the Hurry and Confuſion of my Soul; careleſs of my Father's Preſence, and of the hundred Eyes that gaz'd and wondred at the Scene; thoughtleſs of every Thing but Love and *Silvia*, I ran and caught her in my Arms, and cry'd, my charming *Silvia!* Oh! whither would thy fearful Spirits fly? Revive and bleſs me, or I periſh too. With much ado ſhe was recover'd, when I took Leave of the Company, waited on her home, and left the old Man to go his Way, and chew the Cud by himſelf.

Wor. You've ſeen him ſince, I preſume.

Val. No: Though I have neither purpoſely avoided, nor ſought him, Fortune has not yet flung me in his Way.

Wor. How know you then that this Accident has had the good Effect you boaſt of?

Val. Oh! very well; you may be ſure that Goſſip *Fame* was very induſtrious in her Calling upon this Occaſion; beſides, my Lady *Tattle* was there and ſaw it all, who, I hear, immediately made ſome Pretence of leaving the Company, and ſo tir'd her Coach-horſes before ſhe could finiſh her Buſineſs, that they had much ado to draw her home. Among the Reſt of her Acquaintance, ſhe made a Viſit to Sir *Paul* himſelf; and this Morning,

as

as my Man *Plotwell* tells me, he has made my Father an early Visit; seem'd as full of ponderous Cogitation, deep Concern, and wondrous Perturbation of Mind, as if the *Turks* had ravish'd the Lady of *Loretto*, and Stocks in *Exchange-Alley* had fallen 10 *per Cent.* upon the News; and after some short Discourse, wherein warm Words were over-heard, he went his Way, and presently a Whisper run thro' all the Family that the Match was quite broke off; and now I hope you are of the same Opinion.

Wor. I wish it may prove so; but methinks all the Towers of Joy, and Castles of Assurance you have built, have their Foundation only in Probability.

Val. Prithee what's the Matter with thee to-day, that thou art so much upon cross Purposes? Thou wilt neither follow good Advice, nor believe good News. However, a Turn tow'rds Sir *Paul*'s will give you full Satisfaction.

Wor. No, thou know'st I dare not be seen there myself; but your Man *Plotwell* may have free Access, and unsuspected sift out the Truth of all.

Val. Agreed. —— But I have News for you Captain, not altogether so welcome.

Beau. That *Charlotte* frowns? That the dear charming Maid's insensible of Love, careless of all my Pains, and deaf to all my Prayers? I know it well, you can have nothing worse to tell me.

Val. That's more than you know; at least methinks you might have Patience to hear whether I have or no.

Beau. Oh! I have worn her cruel Fetters long; unpitied sigh'd, and told my Sufferings to a relentless Heart; can any Thing be worse than this?

Val. You shall judge: Sir *Paul* has receiv'd Advice of his Son *Timothy*'s Arrival from *Holland*, and expects him in Town this Morning. You know the Old Man's Design of matching him to my Sister, as soon as he arrives

rives, which in all Probability they'll put in Execution notwithſtanding my Match is broke off: Therefore now you're aware of the Danger, you had beſt endeavour to prevent a Surprize.

Beau. I thank you for the Advice with all my Heart; but what can I do of myſelf? Oh! could I hope——

Val. Ha, ha, he! poor *Beaufort*, you are a fine Maſter indeed, to correct in *Worthy* what wants the ſame Correction in yourſelf. —— But, Faith, you Lovers are all of a Piece, all guilty of the ſame Failings; and yet Nobody more apt to find fault with you than yourſelves are with one another.

Beau. Prithee, what would'ſt thou have me do?

Val. Do? why carry on the Siege like a Soldier; thou canſt not expect the Town ſhould ſurrender upon the firſt Summons. Methinks, Captain, you ſhould underſtand theſe Things better; there are regular Approaches and Batteries, Mines and Countermines, Conduct and Courage, requiſite in Love, as well as War; an humble, awful, obſequious Diſtance ne'er will do: Come, come, follow my Advice, and I'll warrant you we'll thaw this frozen Fair. But in the mean Time ſomething muſt be done to prevent the impending Danger of Sir *Paul*'s Son.

Beau. Where's your Man *Plotwell*, *Valentine?* That's a ſhrewd intriguing Varlet, and might be ſerviceable in this Buſineſs.

Val. I'll ſend him to you, he's at both your Services, Gentlemen.

Beau. and *Wor.* We thank you Sir.

Val. In the mean Time I'm engag'd to make poor *Silvia* a Viſit. Adieu Gentlemen.

Wor. Farewel.

Beau. Fortune aſſiſt us all. *(Exeunt.)*

SCENE

SCENE *Sir* Toby's House.

Enter Sir Toby *alone.*

Sir *To.* Why! what a fly young Dog is this Son of mine, to keep a Whore all this while and nobody ever mistrust any Thing of the Matter! And what a fine Kettle of Fish he has made of it. Here's all untwisted! Old *Pliant* in a Huff, the Match broke off, my Wedding-Guests to be disappointed, and myself to be pointed at for an old Fool into the Bargain. But if I don't fit him, say my Name's not *Toby*; I'll find out Ways shall cool his Courage as well as Matrimony, I'll warrant him.

Enter Plotwell, *Sir* Toby *and he not seeing one another.*

Plot. Now if this should be but a Feint of the old Fellow's?

Sir *To.* If I should now inconsiderately fall foul on him about this Business, I know the Rogue will have a hundred Evasions ready to excuse himself, and lay the Blame upon Sir *Paul*'s causeless Jealousy, and the like. — But let me see ——

Plot. To suffer such a Belief to spread, as if the Match was broke off, so to lead my Master into a Fool's Paradise, and then trap him like a Woodcock, before he knows where he is, or can lay any Plot to undermine him. ——

Sir *To.* What if I should disguise the Matter a little, and carry Things on still as if the Wedding went forward? Then when the Dog thinks all's in earnest, sees himself driven to the last Push, and that Shifts will no longer save him; then I say, if he should sneak, and

 cr-

refuſe to commit Matrimony at laſt, (as I take it for granted he will, by what I heard him ſay to my Lady in her Fits laſt Night) the Fault will lie all at his own Door; and then I'll teach him a Love-Leſſon with a Horſe-pox to him.

Plot. He's a cunning old Sophiſter, Faith. ——

Sir *To.* I hear Sir *Paul*'s Son *Tim* is come home too: He has no Reaſon to fly from that Bargain, tho' he may from this. But now I think on't, rather than fail, I'll ſettle all my Eſtate upon Sir *Paul*'s Son *Tim* with my Daughter, and be reveng'd upon my ungracious Dog that Way.

Plot. A damn'd long-headed old Fellow! ——

Sir *To.* But hold, here's my Rogue's Rogue, — he's hatching no Good I'll be ſworn. —— You, Sirrah. — (To *Plot.*)

Plot. Aſide.) Talk of the Devil and his Horns appear. 'Slife the old Fellow's upon me before I was aware of him.

Sir *To. Plotwell!*

Plot. Holo! Who are you? *(Pretending not to know him.*

Sir *To.* Come hither, Sirrah.

Plot. What would the old Prig have?

Sir *To.* What's that you mutter?

Plot. About what, Sir?

Sir *To.* What! Your Rogueſhip knows nothing of the Matter now I warrant you. — My Son keeps a Whore, and the Town rings on't.

Plot. The Town's mighty well employ'd, Faith.

Sir *To.* Do you mind what I ſay, or not, Sirrah.

Plot. Oh! every Word Sir.

Sir

Sir *To. ironically.*) But now to pry busily into these weighty Secrets and Intrigues, will look rigid and impertinent in a Father. —— What's past I shall forget; for the Truth on't is, I have giv'n Way to his Youth, let him indulge his Extravagancies, and sow his wild Oats without Controul: But 'tis high Time now for him to put on graver Airs, and pursue more solid, and substantial Pleasures; therefore I beg the Favour of you, good Mr. *Plotwell*, since I know no fitter Man in the World for the Business, that you'll please to use your Interest, and persuade him to take up and reform.

Plot. My shallow Noddle, Sir, can't comprehend the Drift of all this.

Sir *To.* I know these roving, wenching Fellows, have more Qualms at the Sound of Matrimony, than an old Puritan at the Hum of an Organ, or Sight of a *Christmas-Pye.*

Plot. So People say indeed.

Sir *To.* And as Rogues most commonly are their Privy-Counsellors, so they most commonly take Advantage of their blind Sides.

Plot. Faith, Sir, I'm still in the Dark.

Sir *To.* In the Dark, ha!

Plot. Aye, Dark, Sir; I am plain, downright, honest *Tom Plotwell*, for my Part, and don't understand your Worship's figurative Way of speaking, not I Sir.

Sir *To.* What then, nothing but plain English will penetrate your Numscull, ha?

Plot. Nothing else Sir, indeed.

Sir *To.* Why then, hear me, Sirrah: If I catch your politick Brains at work To-day, or making the least Attempt tow'rds defeating my Designs, and disappointing my Son's Wedding; you shall find to your Cost, that you

are making a Lash for your own Back. *Bridewell* shall be your Portion; there beat Hemp, and be hang'd; and if ever thou com'st out but to be hang'd, I'll beat Hemp, and hang for you. ——— Is this plain *English* Sir? Is your weak Capacity able to comprehend the Meaning of this, ha?

Plot. Fair and softly goes far, Sir; threatned Folks live long.

Sir *To.* Rogue, do you jeer me too? But take fair Warning, and keep your Neck out of the Collar; for if I catch it in the Noose, I'll make thee an Example to all the politick, pimping, pick-thank Rogues in the Kingdom, you Dog, you. (*Exit* Sir *Tob.*)

Plot. solus.) Why faith, my very good Friend *Plotwell*, thou must look out sharp, and behave thyself like a sage, politick Varlet; for hang me, but the Old Put's in earnest; all our Castles are built in the Air, and Matrimony is the Word at last; and if I can't outwit him, either I shall be hang'd, or my young Master married, and that (God knows) will be the utter undoing of one of us. I'm in a devilish Quandary, methinks, whether I had best plot for the Son, or wheedle in with the Father. 'Tis bad either Way: If I forsake my Master *Valentine*, and he in Grief of Heart shou'd truss himself up, and I should find him like a romantick and despairing Lover, pendant on a Willow, by a purling Stream, his Death will most certainly lie at my Door; and if I am catch'd in his Interest, the old Gentleman will be as good as his Word, and so I shall be accessary to my own; and 'twill be a plaguy hard Matter to bubble him. But then again, my Honour forbids that I should forsake my Master in his Distress. Well then, I am resolv'd it never shall be said, but that *Plotwell* is a Man of Honour, and in

Spite

Spite of *Bridewell*, the Gallows, old *Toby* and all, my Master *Valentine* shall find me sound and true-hearted to the last. —— Let me see. —— Then, here has my wise Master, by the irresistible Force of his natural Parts, begotten a Chopping Boy upon the Body of Mrs. *Silvia*; if this should come to the old Man's Ears 'twould make fine Work indeed. —— But upon second Thoughts, I don't know but Something may be made ev'n of this to our Advantage, if I can persuade 'em to leave Matters to my prudent Management. But first and foremost, I'll e'en pursue my Design of visiting Sir *Paul*, and spy how the Land lies there; I'll find out the Truth and Bottom of all the Secret, I warrant 'em. (*Exit* Plot.)

SCENE *Silvia*'s Lodgings.

Enter Valentine, Silvia, *and* Maid.

Val. Now, *Silvia*, I have told thee all, and now I hope thou'rt satisfied.

Silv. Yet still methinks I fear and tremble, and dare not trust my Fortune.

Val. Oh! cease my *Silvia* thy unkind Complainings; let Love's Goddess with all her Train of Charms and Graces dance in thy Eyes, and triumph in thy Heart; all vain and groundless are thy Fears; let not a gloomy Thought o'er-cloud the Morning of our Joys, that dawns so gaily on us; wipe all these Drops of Sorrow from thy Eyes, and let 'em look sprightly and piercing as when I saw thee first; when as I oft by Stealth would visit thee in thy religious Cell, they shot their Beams ev'n thro' the Hours of Night, and silently inform'd me that thy Heart was mine; that all thy Joys, thy Thoughts, the utmost Wishes of thy Soul, and ev'n thy Religion too, were allcompris'd in Love and *Valentine*.

Silv. Oh, *Valentine!* I could for-ever hear thee talk, for-ever feast my Thoughts on the dear Hours we've past together, on all the kind Discourse, on all the sweet Variety of soft Endearments with which we have oft beguil'd the tedious Hours away. But why do I call 'em tedious, ungrateful as I am to Love and thee? Time still was on the Wing, and flew too fast; whole Nights seem'd Moments while you talk'd of Love. Pardon me then *Valentine*, if when my timorous Soul has been alarm'd with Apprehensions that all the Summer of our Love is past, that we must struggle with our adverse Fate, and stand the Shock of a relentless Father's Frowns; that when I'm conscious to myself of being the wretched Cause of all this Ruin, my Senses sicken at the Thought, my Frame's dissolved, and all the Powers of my trembling Soul confounded.

Val. Kind *Silvia!* I cannot bear to hear this from thee: By Heaven! it is too much, 'tis all a needless Scene of Melancholy, anticipated Sorrow; relieve thy Eyes with a more pleasing Prospect, look back on all our thousand happy Moments past, and forward on ten thousand Joys to come: Think on the happy Hour wherein the Priest perform'd the Sacred Rites; when at the Altar our kind Hands were joined, and swore eternal Constancy and mutual Love: My Heart seems cheer'd with the dear Secret. ——

Silv. There sprung the Mine that shocks my Quiet! Mistake me not, dear *Valentine*, nor think I am insensible of all the Joys I owe to that bless'd Hour, but —— 'tis a Secret, —— (did you not say a Secret?) which if preserv'd, your Father may think all he has discover'd but a youthful Sally, may pardon it, and we be happy still; for all my Thoughts so center in thyself, that I'm re-

regardleſs of the empty Prattle of cenſorious Tongues, in my own Innocence ſecure; but if betray'd, we're loſt.

Val. It ne'er can be betray'd; theſe Lips have ever lock'd it faſt, kept it in Reſerve, a private Store of inexhauſted Comfort to entertain my ſickly Thoughts when I am abſent from thee. I do conjure thee then by that important Secret, by that pretty, ſmiling, infant Pledge of Love between us, ſweet as his Mother's ſelf; by every Tye I do conjure thee, *Silvia*, ceaſe all thy Scruples, and diſpel thy Fears.

Silv. Thy Tongue can charm amidſt a thouſand Sorrows, and thy Arms have Shelter in a Sea of Dangers.

Val. Doubt it not, *Silvia*.

Silv. I cannot doubt it.

Val. Then for this Time, farewel, while I go fling myſelf in my Father's Way, face him, and ſee how temperately he bears his Diſappointment.

Silv. Adieu! remember *Silvia*.

(*Exit* Valentine.

Silv. to *Lucy*. Oh *Lucy!* Is he not all engaging? Is he not all over Charms? his Tongue all Muſick, and his Eyes all Love? Was I to blame to love him?

Lucy. Indeed, Madam, I can eaſily acquit you of all Blame.

Silv. Yet I have been to blame, to blame to liſten to his charming Voice: As ſafely ſure I might have hearkened to the falſe *Hyæna*'s Moan, or heard the *Syren* ſing; but oh! tis paſt. Nor ſhall I ever ceaſe while Life ſhall laſt, to doat upon the Tempter that undid me; ſtill love the Spoiler, yet bewail the Ruin. (*Weeps.*)

Lucy. Madam, I've often ſeen you ſorrowful, and weep for your Misfortunes, but never (ſave in broken Parts) have heard their Cauſe; may I be ſo bold to ask the Story of your Griefs?

Silv.

Silv. Yes, *Lucy*, thou ſhalt know it all. 'Tis ſome Alleviation to a Wretch's Burthen to tell his mournful Story to a compaſſionate and faithful Friend, who will ſit attentive by, hearken to his Tale, and ſooth his Pains with Pity. — You muſt know then, that the miſerable *Silvia* is Daughter to the Chevalier *de Boureau*, a Knight of *France*, the once happy Lord of fair *Demeaſnes*, within the Province of *Languedoc*, who, ('tis now fifteen Summers paſt) having the Misfortune in a Quarrel to kill a a Nobleman of that Kingdom, was forc'd to fly to ſave his Life, leaving his large Eſtate and Fortunes a Forfeit to the Law. My Mother died immediately with Grief. I had a Brother and a Siſter, whom my Father carried with him, the Companions of his Flight; whither, Heaven knows, for I have neither ſeen or heard of either ſince: Myſelf he left to the Diſpoſal of an Uncle, who provided for me in a religious Houſe. There *Valentine* being on his Travels, firſt ſaw, and ſaid he lov'd me; ſome unſeen Power then firſt taught me to love, and oft by Stealth he was admitted, and the ſilent Night was Witneſs to our Vows; and Oh! let the bright Moon and all the glorious Train of Stars repeat the harmonious Sounds that charm'd my Ears, to be match'd only by the Muſick of their Spheres; or let the Charmer's ſelf relate the Tale. No earthly Tongue but *Valentine*'s can tell the Charms of *Valentine*. But Oh! it ruin'd me; took all my Senſes captive, and drew my Thoughts from Heaven to taſte of worldly Joys. And thus by his Perſuaſions, I contriv'd the Means for my Eſcape from the Monaſtery, and fled hither with him: The Reſt thou know'ſt already.

Lucy, Your Fortune, Madam, is adventurous and ſtrange, but not methinks to be lamented, ſince all good

Quall-

Qualities that can enrich the Nuptial Tye, all that can grace a Man, or can endear a Husband, and make him worthy of a Woman's Love, do meet in *Valentine*.

Silv. Oh! thou mistak'st my Meaning *Lucy*; far, far be't from me to blame the guiltless *Valentine*, the Guilt is all my own, and 'twere but just, that I alone should pay the Forfeit to offended Heaven; but alas! my melancholy Hours suggest a thousand dismal Apprehensions; Misfortunes seem to press upon me like divine Vengeance for my broken Vows of Chastity; and like a sinking Wretch, I hold fast *Valentine*, and draw him too into the fatal Gulph.

Lucy. Indeed, Madam, methinks you indulge Grief too much, nay, Grief imaginary too; you feel all the Pain e'er the Blow be struck.

So when by Tempests Mariners are tost,
Despair's in every Face, and all seems lost;
But watchful Providence at last appears,
And safe to Port the lab'ring Vessel steers.
The frighted Crew view trembling from the Shore
Their Dangers past, and hear the Billows roar;
And when the Storm is o'er, and calm the Main,
Yet scarce dare venture out, or trust her Smiles again.

The End of the first Act.

ACT

ACT II.

Beaufort, Plotwell.

Beau. I Like thy Scheme well, *Plotwell*; but haſt thou inſtructed *Snapſack* in his Part? Is he perfect?

Plot. I'll warrant you Sir, let me alone for that: I've giv'n him his Inſtructions, and he's by this Time at his Poſt by the Water ſide, waiting for their landing.

Beau. 'Tis well: Succeſs attend thee. (*Exit* Beaufort.

Plot. Faith, *Plotwell*, thou art all of a ſudden become a Man of great Buſineſs. I find myſelf a Man of mighty Conſequence among my Acquaintance: Were it not for me now, what a Number of fine Gentlemen and Ladies would be loſt? Loſt beyond the Cure of Champaigne and Hartſhorn. Were it not for me, this gay Captain Mr. *Worthy*, and my Maſter, muſt quickly take up their Lodgings either at the South Side of *Moor-fields*, or *Kenſington* Gravel-Pits; Mrs. *Silvia* muſt either turn Nun again, or die of the Vapours; Mrs. *Charlotte* and *Olivia* turn Whores, or die of the Pip. Bleſs me! Sure I'm born to be a great Man. —— But no more, Time's precious.

SCENE

SCENE, Billingſgate.

Pedant *and* Timothy *juſt landed, watch'd at a Diſtance by* Snapſack.

Ped. Happy be lucky, as the old Saying is,

Thus are we landed on the welcome Shore.

To ſtick cloſe to my old Friend *Dryden*'s Skirts, a moſt incomparable Poet, whom I've a World of Reſpect for. Well! Mr. *Timothy*, but how do you like your Voyage? What think you of the Sea now?

Tim. Why, Tutor, I've been ruminating and ruminating upon the Nature of the Sea, and all to no Purpoſe. However, I here excommunicate it by Bell, Book and Candle; for the Devil a bit will I ever have to do with it again; it quite ruins us Men of Parts to all Intents and Purpoſes. The Deuce a Joke cou'd this prolifick Brain of mine furniſh me with all the Storm. But at Land I uſed to have 'em at my Tongue's End, whether I would or no: Why, never ſtir, but I was dubbed Joke-Maſter-General of *Rotterdam*.

Ped. Well, chear up Child, however: You ſee, after a Storm comes a Calm: And we may ſay with the Poet,

Thro' various Hazards and Events we move,
To Latium, *and the Realms foredoom'd by* Jove.

With ſeveral other wiſe Sayings of the Antients to the ſame Purpoſe.

Tim. Ay, thoſe Antients were a wiſe Nation: But I proteſt Tutor I can't put the Storm out of my Head; I was never afraid of any thing ſo much in my Life, as that I ſhould have been toſt up to the Skies before my Time.

Ped.

Ped. Ay,——*To Heav'n aloft on ridgy Waves we rode*; as the Poet hath it again.

Snapſack *comes forward.*

Snap. Gentlemen, an old Acquaintance of yours, meaning myſelf, welcomes you home to *Old England*, and is heartily glad to ſee you here again alive and well. Perhaps, Gentlemen, you may not ſo perfectly remember me in this Habit of a Soldier?

Tim. You are not much miſtaken, Friend, I believe.

Ped. That is to ſay, *Rem acu tetigiſti*, as the Saying is.

Snap. But I remember you very well, and ever ſhall; I have been mighty intimate with Sir *Paul Pliant*, your Father, ever ſince he was ſo kind as to let me lodge in his Houſe after I came from Travel.

Ped. Why really Sir, you have an admirable good Memory: You have learnt the Art, I believe, which, by *Cicero*'s Teſtimony, *Simonides* was ſo well verſed in.

Tim. I proteſt I know no more of this Fellow, than of the Man in the Moon; but 'egad I'll banter him, to get my Hand in a little before I go home, that my Father may ſee how I have improv'd my Wit in my Travels — Hark'ye Friend! What are your Clothes gone a travelling too? Ha! ha! he!

Snap. I am but juſt arriv'd from the Camp before *Belgrade*; I han't had Time to change them; for as ſoon as ever I had upon my Return paid my Reſpects to your good Father, and underſtood from him that you were hourly expected, I could not reſt till I ſaw you, and waited here for your Landing accordingly.

Tim.

Tim. Really, your Clothes are but in a ragged Condition: What did they run away from their Colours? Did they ſhew a Back for't? Your Back I mean, Friend.

Snap. Oh! Sir, I'm heartily glad you'll condeſcend to make ſo free with me. It's a very good Jeſt indeed Sir; ha! ha! ha! I ſee you han't loſt your old Talent.

Tim. Oh! ho; I find he's acquainted with my Parts of old; egad I like him mightily, and won't be arch upon him any longer, ſo I won't. But a very good Jeſt 'faith that of mine. Did they ſhew a Back for't, quoth I.—— I won't write it down before a Stranger, but I'll remember it by and by.

Snap. Theſe Slaſhes that you ſee Gentlemen, were all done by the Point of the Sword. My Hat likewiſe, ſee what Havock the Battering Rams have made in't. Don't I offend you with the Smell of Gunpowder?

Ped. Oh! not at all Sir.—— Now have I quite and clean forgot this Gentleman; I'm aſham'd I ſhould be ſo forgetful of an old Acquaintance: However, that he ſhan't think me proud, I'll pretend as if I knew him.—I don't know what to think of it.——But *Amicus certus in re incertâ cernitur.*—— My good old Friend, I'm glad to ſee you; welcome from the rough Muſick of the Wars. ——I hope you'll excuſe me if Time had in ſome Meaſure effac'd your Memory. *Tempus edax rerum*, as the Saying is.

Snap. I find the old Fool's as good at ſcraping an Acquaintance as I am. (*Aſide.*

Tim. But do you know him indeed, Tutor? let me know his Name pray?

Ped. His Name! Oh! ay! why his Name is——it is, apize on't! 'tis juſt at my Tongue's End.

Snap. My Name is *Snapſack* Sir.

Ped. Right, ay, so it is; but 'tis very strange that we should forget Things that we know as well as our own Faces.

Snap. Well Gentlemen, 'tis impossible for me to part with you, till we've all reviv'd our Memories with a Glass.

Tim. With all my Heart, Faith! I long methinks for a chearing Cup, after this damn'd fatiguing Voyage of mine; my Brandy was all out before we had sail'd half Way.

Ped. It will not be amiss; Wine enlivens our Parts; and after that I'll make a Copy of Verses upon the Storm.

Tim. Tutor, I'm afraid, if you make Verses after drinking pretty smartly, you'll find a Want of Feet; you know what I mean by Feet, Tutor; ha! ha! he! very well, I vow. I love myself most exorbitantly for that Witicism. Egad, I'm resolv'd I will set that Joke down in my Book, if 'twere before an hundred Strangers.

(Writes.

Snap. There is a Gentleman, a Friend of mine, hard by, whose Cellar is always (I thank him) at my Service; there if you please I'll introduce ye.

Ped. With all my Heart; let us begone then. *I præ, sequar.* Lead the Way Sir, I'll follow you. *(Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Sir* Paul Pliant's, Olivia's *Chamber.*

Olivia, Charlotte.

Char. As I was saying, I think my *Olivia* will pardon my chearful bearing the Disappointment of becoming Sister to my Friend; when she considers how strong a Proof it is how much I value her Happiness before my own.

Oliv.

Oliv. My dearest *Charlotte*, thou wer't always kind, nor art thou now to learn how to forgive the Frailties of thy Friend; for well thou know'st my Heart, and every secret Dictate of my Soul.——I need say no more.—— But sure the Name of Sister never could improve my Love to you.

Char. Well, well, my Dear, never think or talk more of the Matter; all is as we wou'd have it, nay beyond Expectation so; but give me leave to say, that for my Brother's Sake, I wish some less severe Degree of Purgatory, some milder softer Circumstances had pav'd the Way to Happiness.

Oliv. You're in the right; nay, I protest that I myself, in the midst of all my good Fortune, have some secret Reserve (I think) of Sorrow; I'm sure, at least, 'tis Pity for unhappy *Silvia*.——Oh *Charlotte!* Sure it must be miserable!——to be so exposed!——

Char. Oh! name it not, intolerable!

Oliv. Then must she be the Talk of every Company that ever heard the Name of *Silvia*; she must bear the Rebukes of the Grave.——

Char. The Mirth of the Gay.——

Oliv. The Flouts of the Prude.——

Char. The Giggle of the Coquet.——

Oliv. The Impertinence of the Wits.——

Char. Scorn'd by the Men, and abandon'd by the Women.——

Oliv. Star'd at by the Fools; and, which is worst of all, pity'd by the Wise.—Oh! what Woman can survive the Trial? Live to be pity'd! Oh the Reflection it produces in the Soul! to hear 'em tell how pretty *Silvia* was, recount her Beauty, Youth, each Charm, and every

Grace; but give a Shrug at laſt, and cry what Pity 'tis ſhe was a——

Char. Oh! fye my Dear; name not the odious Word.

Oliv. A Word, in my Opinion, not always applied to proper Objects: The World is grown hypocritical, ill-natur'd, and cenſorious, and I am griev'd to ſee how joyfully we catch at every Opportunity to undo each other.— The formal ſanctify'd Lady, that won't be ſeen out of her Place at Chapel one Day for fifty Pounds, yet ſeldom fails to meet a private Friend in the Way Home, to make Amends for the Neglect of a lazy Huſband; how greedily I ſay will this Hypocrite take Advantage of the unwary, undeſigning, generous Lover's Frailty, and call Whore as devoutly as ſhe ſings Pſalms?

Char. Your Reflection's juſt; but enough of this; let poor *Silvia* and her Misfortunes reſt. How ſtand Affairs with *Worthy?* I have fifty Queſtions to ask, and as many Secrets to impart.

Oliv. E'en as they did; I've long ſince own'd his Conqueſt, and nothing but Opportunity is wanting to make us one.

Char. Pretty Turtles! ha! ha! ha!

Oliv. Thou art a giddy Girl; but I muſt own I ſcorn the little Arts, the affected empty Levities, ſo many of our Sexes are fond of; methinks they are below the Dignity of human Nature, the're all Hypocriſy, and poor Diſguiſes; there is no more Mean between my Approbation and Averſion, and why ſhould either be diſſembled?

Char. Oh hideous! I would not have *Worthy* hear thee for the World. Believe me, my *Olivia*, the Men are baſe and fickle, and muſt be dealt with at their own Weapons; the moſt humble, loving, conſtant Creatures upon Earth, if we can keep our Diſtance; but if we give 'em Power

Power o'er us, Oh! how the Tyrants lord it, insult our Weakness, and despise their Conquest.

Oliv. Oh! *Charlotte*, *Charlotte*, to these Politicks, by which you would prevent, we owe those Grievances you so complain of; we by our mistaken Conduct teach Mankind Ingratitude, provoke 'em to be false, and blame 'em then for being so. Come, come, my Dear, let me advise you to quit these false Notions, and let you and I reform the Sex.

Char. And would you then put off all Pride, that glorious Bulwark of a Woman's Honour, and expose the Weakness of our Sex to the Impertinence of the Fops, and Triumphs of the Libertine?

Oliv. No; but I'd be discreetly proud; distinguish Merit from its Foil; not sooth the Vanity of forward Fops with silly Coquetries, but in a Moment dash their Hopes; and when the Man of Honour, Sense, and Constancy, such as deserv'd Regard, appear'd, and own'd his generous Passion, not play my little Artifices till I lost his Heart, or taught it to degenerate from its native Candour, but meet his Love with Generosity equal to his own.

Char. Fye! fye! this is all romantick.

Oliv. Thou canst not bear to hear thy darling Follies blam'd; what a long Fairy's Dance hast thou led poor *Beaufort*? And yet I know thou lov'st him; I wonder he can bear it; how can you be so unjust to him, to Love, and to yourself?

Char. Well, no more of the dull Subject now; if your Tea be ready, let's in, and there if I'm in the Humour, I'll confess all the Secrets of my Heart.

Oliv. With all my Heart. *(Exeunt.*

SCENE *Sir* Toby's.

Pedant, Tim. Snapſack, Plotwell *in the Pantry drinking.*

Tim. Well, in ſhort, it was a terrible Storm as ever I was in in my Life; I ſhall never forget it as long as I live; I'm ſure I ſhall evermore have an Averſion to Water, and ſo my good Friend *Snapſack* here's my humble Service to you. *(Drinks.*

Plot. This Story of the Storm gives me a good Hint, and I ſhall put my Project in Execution preſently.

*(*Pedant *walks about, ſcanning Verſes on his Fingers.*

Tim. My poor Tutor and I thought never to have ſeen dry Land again; ſo we both pray'd, and confeſs'd all our Sins to one another; but between you and I, my Tutor has been a ſad wicked Dog in his Time.

Ped. Come, fill the Glaſs about Gentlemen; methinks 'tis ſpirituous and edifying.

Snap. My humble Service to you, Sir.

Ped. I thank you, Sir, with all my Heart: Fill me a Bumper.

Plot. Come, Gentlemen, t'other Bumper, and I'll give you a Song.

Plotwell *ſings.*

Tim. Very fine indeed! egad, I think I begin to be bouzy. Come my good Friends, one Bumper to your Healths, and then I'll go and ſurpriſe the old Knight my Father with my Wit. *(Drinks.*

Timothy *endeavours to imitate* Plotwell's *Song, and falls aſleep into a Chair.*

Ped. Ha! *Timothy!*

Hath gentle Sleep, with ſoft Oppreſſion, ſeiz'd
Thy drowſed Senſe. — As the ſublime *Milton* hath it.

Plot.

Plot. Mind your Cue, *Snapſack.*

Ped. By *Jupiter Ammon,* my Pupil here has made his Exit. What will the old Knight ſay to us when we come Home?

Snap. Come, come Sir, never fear; he only wants a little Reſt after his Fatigue; he'll wake again by that Time we have taken t'other Bumper.

Ped. With all my Heart.

Arms and the Man I ſing; who forc'd by Fate,
And haughty Juno'*s unrelenting Hate,*

Fill about, fill about.

Expell'd and exil'd left the Trojan *Shore.*
Long Labours both by Sea and Land he bore.

Ah! noble *Virgil!* charming *Dryden!* Give me a Bumper.

Arms and the Man I ſing — (*Drinks and falls aſleep.*

Plot. Now, now's the Time; pull off that Coat of thine, *Snapſack*; they'll ne'er know thee again in thy Waiſtcoat.——So now begin.

Plotwell *and* Snapſack *make a bellowing.*

Heav'n have Mercy on us! What a Storm is here!—Oh! Oh! Gentlemen, wake and to Pray'rs.

Pedant *and* Timothy *wake in a Fright.*

Tim. Oh Lord! a Storm, a Storm! Pray, Tutor, let's to Pray'rs.

Ped. A Storm, ſay you? why as ſure as a Gun there is a Storm; it ſhakes the Ship ſo confoundedly I can ſcarce ſtand upon my Legs.

Hark

Hark, how the Cables crack, the fearful Sailors Cries
Ascend; and sable Night involves the Skies.

Hang me, if I hadn't clearly forgot that we were a Shipboard.

The furious Winds the swelling Surges beat.

Snapsack *within.*

O ho! all's loft; we're undone; she splits, she sinks! all shift for themselves.

Ped. But see! propitious Stars do yet appear;
There Pollux *shines, and fulgent* Castor *there.*
(Pointing to the Candle.

Tim. Pray Mr. Pilot how long have we to live?

Plot. Scarce a Quarter of an Hour; we're utterly loft.

Tim. Alack a Day! what shall I do? I shall certainly spue out of Fear.——Well! I'm resolv'd, if I am drown'd this Time, I'll never go another Voyage. Ah! Tutor, do but behold that great Wave there.

Ped. Ay, *The swelling Surges with a thund'ring Roar,*
Driv'n on each other's Backs insult the Shoar.

As the Poet says.

Tim. Well! I shall never be able to die. I'm sure! — How wicked I have been in my Time! How often have I got drunk!——How many Whores! Alack a Day!--- But now I think on't, my Tutor has been as wicked a Dog as I, that's some Comfort still. So Tutor, e'en let's go to Prayers together.

Ped.

Ped. With all my Heart.

O thrice and four Times happy those,
Who under Ilian *Walls before their Parents dy'd.*

Enter Maid.

Maid. For God's-sake, *Plotwell*, what's the Meaning of all this Noise? If my Master should hear ——

Plot. Pox on thee for intruding so unseasonably; get thee in about thy Business. —— (*Shoves her in.*

Ped. Hah! *Timothy*, see there how a Sea-Nymph stood close to our Poop just now.

Tim. No, no, 'twas only a great Fish.

Ped. A Fish! say you.

Tim. Ay, I'm sure 'twas a Fish by her Voice.

Snap. Ay, now she's going, we're sinking to the Bottom.

Tim. Oh! pray don't talk of sinking; I can never bear it, I am sure. —— What Shift shall I make? Dear Fish, don't eat me, for I'm my Father's only Son and Heir.

Plot. I'll throw this Piss-pot upon their Heads. (*Aside*

Alack! we sink e'en now; she leaks, she leaks, amain.

(*Throws the Pisspot upon 'em, and lets 'em down a Trap-Door into the Cellar.*

Run down into the Cellar, *Snapsack*, and drink 'em asleep again; then all's safe: I'll be with you instantly.

(*Exit* Snapsack.

Ha! ha! he! I vow to God, a very comical Out-of-the-way Transaction, this.

Re-enter Snapsack.

Snap. Pox on 'em, they're fast enough already for one twelve Hours, I'll warrant 'em.

Plot.

Plot. 'Tis very well; be within Call; perhaps I may want thy Assistance again.

Snap. You needn't fear me. (*Exit* Snapsack.

Plot. I protest I can scarce forbear laughing at my own Comedy; and if hereafter,

By Chance, some arch poetick Wag essay
On this to build the Model of a Play,
The hum'rous Scenes can never fail to please,
And universal Mirth in a gay Audience raise.

The End of the second Act.

ACT

ACT III.

Enter Valentine *solus.*

Val. 'TIS well; my Stars have done their worst; and I defy 'em now. Poor *Silvia!* and must we own it then at last? There is no other Way. — Sure he must melt, the hardest Heart must melt to see thy tender Beauties kneeling for Pardon; he must be charm'd to hear the Musick of thy Tongue, be proud to call thee Daughter, and bless me for his Disappointment.

Enter Worthy *unobserv'd.*

What Devil has possess'd Sir *Paul* too? An Hour scarce is past since he flew off; my Love was lost, and I forsooth must wear the Willow. Now his Mind it seems is chang'd again, and I must wear the Wife.

Wor. The Devil you must.

Val. Ha! *Worthy*, thou com'st in Time to help me curse my Fortune.

Wor. Ay, and my own too. I've over-heard the Matter as thou stood'st raving to thyself. But how comes this about? It puzzles me to reconcile this sudden Change of Politicks with Reason.

Val.

Val. All that I know I'll tell thee. I juſt now met my Father: Son, ſays he, you're to be married To-day. Go Home and dreſs yourſelf; go Home and hang yourſelf had been as welcome to me; it ſo confounded me, that I believe I look'd like an Aſs before him; not a Word cou'd I ſay, but made him an awkward Bow inſtead of an Anſwer.

Wor. What's to be done? ſome ſpeedy Counſel muſt be taken, or all's loſt: Where's *Plotwell?*

Val. I think I ſee him yonder; the Rogue comes juſt in the Nick.

Enter Plotwell *as in haſte.*

Plot. Where the Devil ſhall I find this Maſter of mine, now? This is the Plague of us Serving-Men, we muſt hunt out our Maſters through all their Rambles, with the Sagacity of Spaniels, and ten to one if we are not uſed like Spaniels when we've done; 'tis a hard Caſe, but I muſt not reſt till I have found him.

Val. Hold, *Plotwell!* Whether ſo faſt?

Plot. (ſees Val.) Oh! Sir, you're the very Man I have been hunting after; *(ſees* Wor.) Od's my Life; here's Mr. *Worthy* too.—Well, Gentlemen, I'm heartily glad I've met with you, for my Errand lies between you both.

Val. Oh! *Plotwell,* I'm ruin'd inevitably.

Plot. Do but hear me Sir?

Wor. We're both undone.

Plot. I know the Ground of your Fears.

Val. My Life lies at Stake, *Plotwell.*

Plot. I'm no Stranger to your Fears neither.

Val. 'Sdeath! *Plotwell!* But my Father tells me——

Plot. As I hope to live, Gentlemen! you'll turn my very Brains: I tell you I know what you'd both be at: You,

You, Sir, for your Part, are in a Peck of Fears now, leſt you ſhould ſit beſide the Cuſhion; and you, Sir, leſt you ſhould jump into the Saddle.

Val. Thou haſt hit the Nail of the Head, *Plotwell.*

Plotw. If I have, there's no Danger of its driving, Gentlemen, take my Word for it. Hark you, Sir, *(to Val.)* Sir *Paul* will be no Father-in-law of yours to-day.

Val. Ha! What Grounds have you to think ſo?

Plotw. I'll tell you Sir, upon meeting your Father this Morning, I underſtood by him (after a long Detail of Particulars which paſſed in Diſcourſe between us) that notwithſtanding all our Hopes to the contrary, you were actually doom'd to be marry'd to-day. However, I was reſolved the old Fellow ſhould not bubble me; therefore, as ſoon as I got looſe from him, I ſet my Thoughts to work, and begun to compare Things together. — I could ſee no Buſtle about Houſe; —the old Man walk'd moping about by himſelf,— bloody touchy and peeviſh— and his eldeſt Son and Heir to be married within this three Hours notwithſtanding. —— Inconſiſtencies; mere Inconſiſtencies, thought I. So, Sir, I immediately reſumed the Reſolution I had before taken, of viſiting Sir *Paul*'s.

Wor. Well ſaid; on with your Story.

Plotw. When I came there, not a Mouſe was ſtirring, as I could find: In ſhort, Sir, all was as quiet, and as little Sign of a Wedding there as at home. And I think, Sir, the Concluſion to be drawn from hence is pretty plain.

Val. Why, as thou ſayeſt, *Plotwell,* theſe are not ill Symptoms, truly.

Plot. Well, well, let us not triumph too ſoon; we know a little by Experience, that the old Proverb adviſes well, *Not to reckon our Chickens before they are hatched.* Take a

little of my ſage Direction along with you, Gentlemen, and I'll warrant you a good Iſſue; truſt the Helm to me, and fear not: But if, Gentlemen, you think it not in my Power to ſerve you, or, which is the ſame Thing, think you can ſerve yourſelves better, e'en take your own way, I'll not be anſwerable for the Conſequence. I waſh my Hands on't.

Wor. No, no, good *Plotwell*, we truſt all to thy Management; and remember that my Life depends on thy Succeſs.

Val. Well, what's to be done?

Plotw. Why, I would adviſe you to make all ſure, for fear of a Relapſe; and that (ſince, I'll pawn my Life, the old Folks deſign no Wedding to-day) Mr. *Worthy*, take hold of the Opportunity, and not ſuffer the Lady to be baulk'd.

Wor. I underſtand you not.

Plotw. Why, e'en make her a viſit; tell her the Danger of Delay; that ſhe has now an Opportunity ſhe may never have again; that the old Folks may once more change their Minds; that then no Power upon Earth can ſave her. In ſhort, never leave her till you're married.

Wor. Thou talkeſt thou knoweſt not what; thou forgett'ſt that I'm forbid the Houſe; and that what you adviſe is impoſſible.

Plotw. For ſhame, for ſhame! A Lover, and talk of Impoſſibilities! Come, come, I know your doubtful Humour, and have already provided you ſafe Conduct; and for the reſt, you muſt take care of yourſelf: Be at Eaſe, Sir, I have provided for you. I only beg one Word with my Maſter, and I'll wait on you inſtantly.

Wor.

Wor. Excellent *Plotwell!* be ſpeedy.—*Valentine* your Servant. (*Exit* Worthy.

Val. For God's Sake, *Plotwell*, what can my Father mean by all this? There muſt be ſomething more in the Bottom of it than I'm aware of What ſhould make the old Gentleman turn and wind thus?

Plotw. Why, I'll unravel to you the whole Myſtery, Sir. 'Tis very plain the old Gentleman is very much nettled at Sir *Paul Pliant*'s falling off ſo ſuddenly from his Agreement; and that, as the Caſe ſtands, he does not know who reaſonably to blame for the Matter. Now, ſhould you ſeem at all averſe to his Deſign, you'll give him the only Handle he wants, to lay all the Blame upon you; and then there will be the Devil to pay, I can tell you.

Val. Why, thou wouldſt not have me think of a Compliance, would'ſt thou?

Plotw. Why, Sir, in the firſt and foremoſt Place, you muſt conſider he's your Father, and you'll find it a very hard Matter to oppoſe him. Then, ſecondly and laſtly Sir, that Miſtreſs of yours, under the Roſe, is no better than a ———.

Val. Hold, Villain, thy ſacrilegious Tongue, or I ſhall---

Plotw. Nay, Sir, uſe your Pleaſure with your Slave; but if I might adviſe, you ought to tell your Father that you are ready to ſubmit at all Times to his ſuperior Wiſdom; and that if he thinks well of the Match, you are ready to comply.

Val. Would'ſt have me then belye my Heart? turn Hypocrite?

Plotw. Hypocrite! Ha,ha,he,—'Tis all the Faſhion, Sir.

Val. I tell thee, I cannot do it.

Plotw. Pray, Sir, be ruled.

Val. Pr'ythee don't perſuade me to it.

Plotw. Well, mark the End of it. —Besides, Sir, no ill Consequences can come of it; you need not fear the Danger of performing, promise never so lustily; for ere it can come to that, I'll take care that Mr. *Worthy* and Mrs. *Olivia* shall be tack'd as fast together as 'tis in the Power of Gown and Cassock to do it; at least, if they do their Part as well I do mine. But soft, here comes your Father; look brisk, and remember what I have said to you.

Val. No more; I warrant you.

Enter Sir Toby.

Sir Toby aside.) So, so, they're laying their politick Noddles together in deep, wondrous deep Consultation, I perceive.

Plotw. to Val. Have but Courage, dear Sir, to tell him you'll marry her, and if he gives you the least hard Word, or any Harm in the World comes of it, I'll be bound to be hanged for my Pains.

Sir Toby aside.) At it, at it; hard at it, faith.

Plotw. Now, Sir, mind your Cue.

Sir To. Valentine.

Plotw. Turn quick upon him, and seem surpriz'd at seeing him.

Val. turning quick. I beg your Pardon, Sir, I did not see you sooner.

Plotw. Admirably well done i'faith, Sir.

Sir To. Well! thou art ready to go to Church, I suppose, *Val.*

Val. As I always have been, so I always shall be ready to obey your Commands, Sir.

Plotw. The old Fellow's dumbfounded, faith.

Sir

Sir To. I take it very kindly at thy Hands, *Val.* I'll assure thee, that thou shew'st thy self so dutiful, especially in this Affair.

Plotw. Didn't I tell you how 'twould work, Sir. (*Aside to* Val.

Sir. To. Well *Val.* be within Call, we shall want you presently.

Val. I shall, Sir, (*Exit.* Valentine

Sir. To. Well *Plotwell*, what News abroad, hah ?

Plotw. I hear none, Sir, not I.

Sir To. None at all, sayst thou ? nothing stirring ?

Plotw. Nothing at all, Sir.

Sir To. That's strange. (*Walks about as in a Fret.*

Plotw. aside.) Now the old Gentleman's turn'd out of his Biass ; he frets and fumes like a losing Gamester.

Sir To. Can'st thou deviate for once, *Plotwell*, and tell me, without your Hums and Ha's, the Truth, and nothing but the Truth.

Plotw. I scorn to tell you a Lye, Sir.

Sir To. Well then, be ingenuous, and satisfy me only in this one Point : Does not this Wedding stick a little in your Master's Stomach, hah ? Is he not prepossess'd ? engaged elsewhere ? Does not he hunt other Game ? Is he not past the Cure of Matrimony ?

Plotw. Oh ! Sir, you're mistaken in him : He's quite another Man than I find you think him.

Sir To. Indeed ! I should be glad to be convinced of it.

Plotw. When you gave him his Swing, indeed, as he was but a raw Lad, as a Body may say, he would have his Bottle and Whore now and then, that's true. But however, his Amours for the most Part were safe, as well as private ; a She-Friend or two that were above a Bribe, tho' loose a little in the Hints. You should never

ſee him board a Maſk at the Play-houſe Door; your *Drury-Lane* Ware wold never go down with him. He had always an Eye to his Reputation, that I muſt needs ſay for him. But now Sir, he actually thinks of nothing but a Wife; he does not care how ſoon he ſettles; and I think the ſooner 'tis done the better.

Sir To. Methought he look'd a little melancholy, and out of Humour, for all that.

Plotw. He was a little nettled indeed, but not upon that Score, I'll paſs my Word for it.

Sir. To. Pr'ythee, *Plotwell*, what then?

Plotw. Ah! Sir, 'tis not worth ſpeaking of.

Sir To. Come, come, out with it: I muſt know, *Plotwell.*

Plotw. 'Tis next to nothing, Sir.

Sir To. Pſhaw! what does the Blockhead trifle for? Tell me, I ſay.

Plotw. I hope your Worſhip won't be angry then: But he thinks you are a little too cloſe-fiſted; that's all, Sir.

Sir. To. Who, I, *Plotwell?*

Plotw. Yes, you, Sir. Here, ſays he, has my Father ordered a Dinner to Day, that ſcarce ſtands him in half a Piece; who the Devil would take this to be a Wedding Feaſt? —— And now, Sir, between you and I, if I may be ſo bold as to ſay ſo, you ſhould have opened your Purſe-ſtrings a little wider. In ſuch Caſes, you are ſenſible, 'tis expected; and, as 'tis but for once in a Man's Life-Time, ev'n Extravagance is an Error on the Right Hand, Sir.

Sir To. Have done, Sirrah, will you? I ſhan't aſk your Advice in the Conduct of that Affair. Be gone; ſee if your Maſter wants you.

Plotw.

Plotw. Iv'e nettled the old Gentleman, 'faith.

(Exit. Plotwell.

Sir To. What can the Dog mean by all this? There's ſome Plot going forward, my Life on't.——But be it as it will, I may chance to ſnap 'em before they are aware of me.—Let me ſee.—My Son has promiſed, and he ſhall perform.—Upon that Foundation I'll proceed. If I could but ſtumble by Accident now upon my Neighbour *Pliant*, and bring Matters round about a little, I fancy the Knight and I might agree well enough at laſt. As for my Son, he can't look me in the Face and fly from his Word: So I have no Apprehenſions on that Side. Egad I'll go make the Knight a Viſit.—— No; that will be a little too forward.——Odd's my Life, here he comes doddling alone in *propria Perſona*, faith; nothing can happen more opportunely.

Enter Sir Paul Pliant.

Sir *Paul*, you are well met, how have you done ſince Morning?

Sir Paul. You are the very Man I have been hunting after, Sir *Toby*.

Sir To. Better and better. *(Aſide.)* I'm glad Sir, I have ſaved you further Trouble; and that I have met with you ſo luckily.

Sir Paul. I am glad to ſee you with all my Heart. But, Sir *Toby*, there was a certain Perſon (not to be particular) that informed me, and ſaid, he had it from your own Mouth too, that your Son and my Daughter were to be married to-day, which you know, as well as I, is all falſe. Now my Buſineſs at preſent is, to know whoſe Brains are moſt addled, yours who ſaid ſo, or his who reported it abroad, Neighbour.

Sir

Sir *To.* Good Sir *Paul*, give me your Patience; and ſince you tax me thus with a Particular which I did not in the leaſt expect, I'll tell you all I know of the Matter in as plain a Method as I can; and as we have been Neighbours and old Friends, I don't queſtion but you'll judge favourably both of me and my Conduct.

Sir *Paul.* Out with it then; ſpeak your Mind freely; you ſhall have no Interruption on my Side.

Sir *To.* Why then Sir *Paul*, you may eaſily remember what paſs'd between you and I this Morning, when you thought fit to fly from your Bargain, for certain Reaſons, or rather Suſpicions of your own: After you were gone, you need not doubt but I was in ſome Meaſure concerned, not only at the breaking off an Alliance with a Perſon I ſo highly regard as yourſelf, but likewiſe at my Son's Conduct, which had render'd him ſo obnoxious to you, and unworthy to be the Pledge of it.

Sir *Paul.* Very reaſonable.

Sir *To.* Thought I, what Method ſhall I take with this unhappy Son, that becomes the Character of a prudent Father? It had ever been my Obſervation, that the gentleſt Phyſick operates the moſt effectually upon ingenuous Minds. I remember too, that *Valentine* had in all Reſpects, till then, behaved himſelf moſt dutifully to me; nay, ev'n in this Point of Matrimony, (notwithſtanding all the ſuſpected Pre-engagements of his Affection) was, or pretended to be, ready to obey me: I likewiſe recollected all the Sallies of my own Youth, and made Allowance by my own Experience.

Sir *Paul.* Very prudent.

Sir *To.* Not, Sir *Paul*, that I would have you think me all the tender paſſive Father, nor ignorant or thought-

thoughtless of the Resentment and Authority of a Parent; so that the Circumstances of the Affair seem'd to reduce my Resolution to a Sort of a Dilemma. If I pass all tamely by, I give the World an Opportunity, and justly too, to blame my Conduct, and my Son occasion to despise me. If I fall foul upon him, rate him for his Follies, and act the severer Part, 'tis possible he may so excuse himself, as to make me repent my Rashness; for how naturally might he say. Yourself, Sir, have already prescribed a Remedy for these Diseases: The Time is coming when I must live to please a Wife: In the mean Time, it has been a Fault of Ignorance, if I have liv'd to please myself.

Sir *Paul.* Very considerate, truly.

Sir *To.* In short, I resolv'd to steer a middle Course, if possible, as the only proper Method I had to pursue: I determin'd therefore, to conceal all the Disagreement between yourself and me from him, and so to carry Matters as if the Match had still gone on, and no Demurrer been: The Consequence I proposed to myself from thence, was to sound the Bottom of my Son's Inclinations, and have sufficient Ground to deal with him accordingly: If he refuse to commit Matrimony, said I, when it comes to the Pinch, I shall then be satisfied that there is something more than youthful Frailty in the Matter, and that Sir *Paul*'s Suspicion is but two well founded: If he holds firm and eager for the Change, then he sufficiently clears himself of the most material Part, at least, of the Charge; and I don't question but Sir *Paul* will be easily induced to hear Reason, and all Things be in *statu quo*.

Sir *Paul.* Why truly, Sir *Toby*, I think you give a very fair and honest Account of the whole Matter; and I cannot

cannot chuſe but ſay, you have, in my Opinion, behav'd yourſelf with great Wiſdom in the Affair. I approve of your Scheme mightily: But, pray Neighbour, how does it ſucceed; by this Time you are capable of giving a great Gueſs. Had I not Reaſon for my Refuſal?

Sir *To.* I muſt confeſs, Sir *Paul*, I cannot blame your Caution: But I'll aſſure you, upon the ſtricteſt Enquiry I can make, I cannot find any Thing more in this Buſineſs of *Silvia*, than a youthful Frolick, or ſo. You know, Neighbour, we were both young once ourſelves, and ſhould not be too ſevere in our Cenſures; but as to the Buſineſs of the Wedding, I'll promiſe you he ſtands hard and faſt to it. I'm afraid the poor young Fellow will break his Heart if he ſhould be diſappointed.

Sir *Paul.* A, a, a, ah! Sir *Toby.* *(ſhaking his Head.*

Sir *To.* Come, come, I warrant 'twill be a Diſappointment on both Sides: For your pretty Daughter's Sake, for my Son's Sake, and for old Acquaintance Sake, let me intreat you to lay aſide all cauſeleſs Prejudice, and give me no Denial; but let the Wedding go on upon the ſame Foot I propoſed it, and to which you then readily conſented.

Sir *Paul.* You may ſpare your Entreaties, Neighbour; you know I'm not obſtinate; if you think 'twill be advantageous on both Sides, e'en let it be done without more ado: But if you think they won't both draw one Way, we had better never yoke them together. I'd have you weigh the Matter very deliberately, Neighbour; look round ere you leap, and put the Caſe all Ways; ſuppoſe my *Olivia* to be your Daughter, and your *Valentine* my Son.

Sir

Sir *To.* I do ſo, Neighbour; nay I have done ſo. I have view'd the Scheme on all Sides, put all Caſes, and every new Caſe I put gives me a better Opinion of the Cauſe.

Sir. *Paul.* Why, without any more *Pro's* and *Con's*, if you are verily perſuaded in your Mind that they'll make a happy Pair, the Fault ſhall not lie at my Door, I promiſe you. The Terms of Accommodation are agreed on.

Sir *To.* Once more then 'tis a Bargain; your Hand upon't. Really, Sir *Paul*, I always had a particular Regard to your Name and Character; and as a Teſtimony of it, you ſee how ambitious I am to unite our Families.

Sir *Paul.* And I aſſure you, Sir *Toby*, I've always had an equal Eſteem for you; and as a Proof of my Sincerity, I particularly invite your Daughter *Charlotte* to the Wedding. To be plain with you, I have Letters that the Ship wherein my Son is, came up the River this Morning; ſo that expect him home every Moment. You know we have formerly often talk'd of making a double Union of our Families; if you're ſtill of the ſame Mind, I think we may take the Opportunity of performing both Ceremonies as once, and ſave Charges.

Sir *To.* Nay, now, my good old Friend, you are too kind. It ſhall be ſo with all my Heart.

Sir *Paul.* I'll home and get every Thing in Order, and expect you within theſe two Hours.

Sir *To.* I'll do the like, and wait on you at your Time.

(*Exit* Sir *Paul.*

Sir *To.* I brought the old Knight about at laſt with a *Circumbendibus*. 'Egad, I play'd my Part like an Orator

tor with him. God a mercy, old *Toby*, 'faith. Well! I must go and look after my young Rogue tho', or he may chance to play me a slippery Trick at last.

(*Exit* Sir *Toby*.

SCENE, *Sir* Toby's.

Enter Plotwell, *and* Snapsack *in the Habit of a Sea-Captain.*

Plot. So, I see thou hast equipt thyself for carrying on our Design upon our Captives. I have already seen them, and prepossest them of their being taken Prisoners at Sea, by a Pirate, whose Name is Captain *Scare-Devil.* Remember therefore that is your Name now.

Snap. Ill warrant you.

Plot. I'm your Jaylor, I'll let you in to them.

(*Exeunt.*

Pedant *and* Timothy *in the Cellar.*

Tim. Well! didn't I behave myself bravely, Tutor? Didn't I fight like a Tyger?

Ped. Ay, that thou didst?

Tim. Come, come, Tutor, have a good Heart; never let your noble Courage be cast down, as the Saying is; many a valliant Man has been forc'd to surrender before now.

Ped. 'Tis very true, and the Poet very well advises,

By suffering well, our Fortune we subdue,
Fly when she frowns, and when she smiles pursue.

But the worst of it is, Mr. *Timothy*, that I'm afraid the worst is still to come. We know no more where we are than

than the Stone Wall; nor how to ſend your Father an Account of our Diſtreſs, in order to our Redemption; ſo that for aught I can ſee, we are likely to remain all our Days in Captivity.

Tim. Ah Lord! Tutor, 'tis very true as you ſay. I vow to God, I never thought one Word of that all this while. Ah! my poor Father, I ſhall ne'er inherit your Eſtate now. Well! I think 'tis an unlucky Thing to be witty. My Father often forewarn'd me, if I had had the Grace to follow his good Advice.

Ped. Ah! Mr. *Timothy*, I told you enough on't too, long ago: I hate (as an incomparable Author has it) a young Gentleman of a too forward Genius. —— But alas! how comes it that I talk ſo politely in the Height of my Affliction? But now I think on't, *Ovid* wrote his Book *de Triſtibus* during his Misfortunes.——

Ingenio perii, Naſo Poeta, meo.

Enter Snapſack, *attended by* Plotwell.

Snap. Where are the Priſoners; Jaylor bring 'em forth.

Ped. Coram quem quæritis adſum, Troius Æneas?

Tim. Tutor, Tutor, this is the Captain; pray tell him who I am. Do but obſerve with what a majeſtick Gait he comes.

Ped. Like poliſh'd Ivory beauteous to behold,
Or Parian *Marble when enchac'd in Gold.*

Tim. By *Jupiter Ammon*, I'm all in a Sweat for fear. —I wiſh I mayn't.—— I'll ſay no more. But I think

all the Breath in my Body will fly out at the Back Door, in Spite of my Teeth.

Snap. Like *Cæsar*, I may say, I came, I saw, and conquer'd; and as I can conquer, I can destroy or save just as the Merit of my Foes shall plead. Submission may prevail, when Opposition never can.

Tim. Lord bless me! how he blusters! Now dare not I, for the Heart's Blood of me, crack one Jest upon him, tho' I've half a Hundred at my Tongue's End; full of such Wit, sheer Wit 'egad, that I could cut him down whip slap dash in the Cracking of a Nut.

Snap. I understand by the rest of the Ship's Crew, your Names and Qualities; and have dispatch'd Letters to Sir *Paul Pliant* in *England*, that if he thinks fit, he may redeem you.

Ped. Mæcenas Atavis edite Regibus, O & præsidium & dulce decus meum!

Tim. Odso, I begin to have a little Heart again. Now, methinks, he talks as if he had some Grace in him.

Snap. In the mean Time you must content yourselves with your present Quarters. —— Jaylor take Care of 'em. (*Exeunt* Snap. *and* Plot.

Plot. I shall, Sir.

Tim. As sure as Death, as he went away, he gave me a Nod and a Smile: He couldn't but be taken with my Wit; Faith and Troth he couldn't.

Ped. The incomparable *Plautus* wrote a Comedy, call'd *the Captive*. Oh! *Plautus*, thou wert a Poet and Prophet too; for now we are truly Captives. —— But what must be, must be.

The End of the Third Act.

ACT

ACT IV.

Enter Olivia *and Maid.*

Oliv. PRY'THEE, *Betty*, think, contrive a little for me. Is there no way to get a Sight of *Worthy?* My good Fortune hitherto has been in vain, tho' I have ſcap'd the Man I lik'd not, if I am baniſh'd from the Man I love.

Betty. Never fear, Madam; a Woman's Invention ſeldom fails her in theſe Caſes; and I'll warrant you, one Way or other, I'll do your Buſineſs for you.

Oliv. But doſt thou conſider, Girl, the Difficulty of the Undertaking? Thou know'ſt that I'm watch'd as narrowly as a Priſoner of State; and all the Doors and Avenues are guarded againſt *Worthy*, as againſt a Rapparee. Nay, my Father has repreſented him as ſuch amongſt our Servants. Thou know'ſt what a Houſeful of Blunderbuſſes, Bandaleers, and Basket-Hilts we have kept on purpoſe to guard us from the Monſter; and that if *Worthy* were ſuſpected to be within Eye-Shot of the Houſe, what an Alarm we ſhould have; all would be in Arms; the Militia would march, and the Heroes cock and ſtrut like ſo many File Leaders on a Lord-Mayor's Day: Therefore conſider what thou doſt, for God ſake.

Betty. However, I ſay ſtill, Madam, deſpair not; methinks this Day's happy Deliverance ſeems to be an Earneſt of yet better Fortune.

Enter Footboy.

Footb. Madam, there's one Mr. *Pad* the Stay-maker below, has brought your Ladyſhip's Stays.

Oliv. Oh dear! let him come up; he's as good as his Word I find; I warrant poor *Stitch* work'd all Night, for fear of diſappointing a longing Lady on her Wedding Day; but, as it happens, he need not have made ſuch haſte: However, I promiſe myſelf they'll ſerve ſome much happier Occaſion, than that they were deſigned for.

Enter Worthy, *diſguiſed like* Pad.

Betty, as he is ent'ring. Lord! Madam, I think this is not Mr. *Pad*; and yet I think 'tis Mr. *Pad* too: I know not what to think; but if it be Mr. *Pad*, I'm ſure he's ſtrangely alter'd within theſe two Days.

As Olivia *looks at him, he diſcovers himſelf.*

Oliv. Worthy!

Wor. See my *Olivia*, what Diſguiſes Love can teach us! Almighty Love that transform'd *Jove* into a Swan, and made his heroick Son's victorious Club dwindle to a Diſtaff, has made of me e'en what you ſee me.

Oliv. But how durſt you venture? How comes all this to paſs? Methinks I have twenty Queſtions to aſk thee, and would have them anſwer'd all at once. Pardon my Tranſport, *Worthy*.

Wor. Dereſt *Olivia*, this is no Time for Queſtions, or for Anſwers; thus much only I may tell thee, that by *Valentine*'s Man *Plotwell*'s Contrivance, I apply'd myſelf

myſelf to honeſt *Pad* the Stay-maker, who was eaſily prevail'd upon to depute me to wait on your Ladyſhip with your Stays this Morning in his room. —— Will your Ladyſhip pleaſe to try 'em on?

Oliv. No, no matter Mr. *Pad*, at preſent; I thank my good Angel, I have not ſo urgent an Occaſion for 'em as I fear'd I ſhould. But have you brought your Bill with you, Mr. *Pad?*

Wor. Yes, Madam; and the Sum's a large one, a long Account of faithful Love, with all its Train of Sufferings; 'tis Time 'twere own'd, and the Balance paid. Think, my *Olivia*, ſuch an Opportunity ne'er may come again. Your Wedding, ſure, by the Hand of Providence is put off: But as your Father has chang'd once, who knows but he may change again? Nay, who knows how ſoon it may be ſo? Therefore now, my Deareſt, now's the Time to prevent all future Hazard; redeem yourſelf from your Captivity; — reward my faithful Love, and make us both happy.

Oliv. What can we do?

Wor. This Moment leave thy Priſon, and make thyſelf my Wife.

Oliv. Impoſſible! Thou know'ſt not what thou ſay'ſt.

Wor. Impoſſible! 'Tis eaſy, very eaſy; I have provided every Thing; all but your Conſent is ready.

Betty. Nay, Madam, now it all lies at your own Door, and if you loſe this Opportunity, as Mr. *Worthy* ſays, you muſt e'en thank yourſelf: Come, come, never ſtand between Hawk and Buzzard; venture, venture; I'll be anſwerable for the Conſequence Egad, I'd fain ſee a young Gentleman ask me the Queſtion ſo complaiſantly, ſo I would.

Oliv. Heav'n knows how willingly I would consent; but methinks what you propose is of too sudden Birth, and full of Hazard: Besides the Winter of our Loves does all seem past, and the gay Spring appears. What need we hazard all at once? Time lies before us; the Prospect is far extended; we shall have a thousand Opportunities to execute this Project, when every Branch of it shall have been duly weigh'd, and every Circumstance consider'd.

Wor. Talk not of Consideration, or of Weight, *Olivia*; the Loss of all this Time in doubt, is of more Weight than all; nor trust thy Fortune to a second Cast, when 'tis thy own already.

Betty. 'Slife, Madam, I hear my old Master come coughing up Stairs; we're all undone: What shall we do? This comes of your considering. Mr. *Worthy*, you must transform youself once more into Mr. *Pad*; there, take your Stays in your Hand.

As Sir Paul *enters*, Olivia *speaks.*

Oliv. I can't say but I like your Work well enough, Mr. *Pad*; but I shan't wear 'em to-day, as I expected; so you may leave the Stays with my Maid, and call again to-morrow, or any Morning, and I will try 'em on.

(Worthy *is going.*

Sir *Paul.* Hold, hold! who's this Daughter? Your Stay-maker, ha? Stay a little; you must wear your Stays, Daughter, sooner than you think for: I have just now been with Sir *Toby Testy*, and we are once more agreed: He has given me full Satisfaction in all my Scruples; so get yourself ready as fast you can, and come down into the great Parlour; in the mean Time, I'll

I'll go fetch old *Noverint* the Scrivener, that we may ſign and ſeal; and then my Chaplain ſhall perform the remaining Part of the Ceremony.

Oliv. Hear me, Sir, one Word, I beſeech you.

Sir *Paul.* Hear thee? What ſhall I hear? I think I've done all that a Father can do for thee. I've provided you with a pretty young Fellow for a Huſband, and 'twill be his Part to do the reſt.

Oliv. Sir, I would know a little what Satisfaction you have met with, that has ſo ſuddenly induced you to entertain an Opinion of Sir *Toby*'s Son's Morals, ſo widely different from what you did two Hours ago: The Reaſons you then gave me for your Diſlike, have ſway'd ſo much with me, that till I've Demonſtration of his Innocence of the Crimes laid to his Charge, I muſt confeſs I've an Averſion to him.

Sir *Paul.* Poh! Poh! I'll have none of your Averſions; 'tis enough that I am ſatisfied; pray ſet your Heart at reſt, and do as I bid you; and ſo good-morrow to you: D'ye hear, Mr. *Pad*, pray try on her Stays.

(*Exit Sir* Paul.

Wor. Now, my *Olivia*, tell me was my Counſel vain?

Oliv. Nor is it yet too late to follow it.

Betty. Nay, now 'tis abſolute Self-defence.

Oliv. Then let's away: But after we have 'ſcap'd the Caſtle, whither ſhall we fly for Refuge?

Wor. *Olivia* need not doubt but I have taken Care of that. I have on this Occaſion (by concert) the Liberty of *Silvia*'s Lodgings, *Valentine*'s Miſtreſs; thither we'll go directly, and put it out of mortal Pow'r to diſturb us more.

Oliv

Oliv. Away then; be at the back Gate; I'll meet you there in three Minutes.

(*Exit* Worthy.

Betty, pr'ythee reach me the little Casket out of my Scrutore, and my new Ridinghood, d'ye hear; it has not yet been ſeen, and I ſhall not be known in it: —— The beſt Diſguiſe in the World for an Eſcape, is a Ridinghood. —— Away Girl, Time's precious.

Exeunt.

SCENE *the Street before* Silvia's *Lodgings.*

Enter Plotwell.

Plotw. What the Devil! are we all wiſer than we ſhould be now? 'Sbud, if Mr. *Worthy* hasn't made good Uſe of his Viſit, we're all untwiſted ſtill. Egad, I think the old Fellows have as many Whimſies in their Heads, and know as little of their own Minds, as the young: Here has the Devil been and made Peace again between the two old Knights; and now the Wedding goes on ſtill. I'm bloodily afraid *Worthy* has not done as he ſhould do; the Fellow ſeems to have no Mettle in him. Zounds he makes Love like an *Oxford* Scholar. What the Devil can I do? I'd fain do ſomething to make all ſure.—— Let me ſee; — a deſperate Diſeaſe muſt have a deſperate Cure. ——It muſt be ſo; — let's ſee, theſe are Madam *Silvia*'s Lodgings. (*Knocks.*

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Well! What's the News with you?

Plotw. Aſk no Queſtions, good Girl; where's your Nurſery? your young Maſter?

Lucy. Within. Pray what d'ye want with him?

Plot.

Plotw. Ask no Questions, I say; fetch him presently, and come along with me.

Lucy. What to do, I say; I won't stir till I know for what.

Plotw. The Devil's in the Wench, I think. Zounds, make haste, and do as I bid you, or we are all undone.

(*Shoves her in.*

Re-enter Lucy *with the Child.*

Lucy. Well, what am I to do next?

Plotw. Play but this Card now for me to the best Advantage, *Lucy.*——

Lucy. What Plot's in Agitation now, Pr'ythee?

Plotw. The Devil's in Women for Curiosity; thou shalt see by and by, have but a little Patience. Come, go along with me, and by the way, I'll give you full Instructions how to behave yourself.——Oh the Devil!

(*In a Surprise.*

Lucy. What's the Matter now?

Plotw. Matter! quoth a! — Why yonder's Sir *Paul*, Madam Bride's Father, coming this Way: If we go forward, we must meet him. —— Now is this hopeful Scheme of mine broke all at once. ——I think the Devil owes us a Spite.— Let me see, — can I think of nothing? My Invention does not use to fail me. ——I must alter all my Measures.

Lucy. I can't conceive what you'd be at, not I.

Plot. Now, *Lucy*, I'll make as if I came from yonder Alley on the Right Hand; and do you (mind what I say) whenever you see a good Opportunity, put in a Word or two to back me.

(Plotwell *goes to a Corner of the Stage.*

Lucy.

Lucy. Well! I ſwear I'm ſtill in the dark as much as ever.

Enter Sir Paul Pliant.

Sir *Paul*. I'll make what haſte I can to the Scrivener, that I may catch him before he takes his Morning Whet, and makes himſelf addled and unfit for Buſineſs all Day.--- (Lucy *courteſies to him, and comes forward.)* Who art thou Child? ha! I don't know thee. Whoſe Child's that, ha?

Lucy. Bleſs me! Where's this *Plotwell* now? (*Aſide in Surpriſe.*

Sir *Paul*. What! are you Tongue-ty'd?

(Plotwell *comes forward, puffing and blowing, and bawling as loud as he can, pretending not to ſee Sir* Paul.

Plot. Heigh-day! what Game's here going forwards? —What Buſineſs have you here, *Lucy?* What do'ſt bring thy Brat here for? Whither art thou going to carry it?

Lucy. How can'ſt thou aſk me ſuch an impertinent Queſtion?

Plot. Who ſhould I aſk? there's no Body elſe to aſk as I can ſee.

Sir *Paul*. In the Name of Wonder, what Child can this be? (*Aſide.*

Plotw. Will you give me an Anſwer, or not, Huſſey?

Lucy. Oh Lord! Oh Lord!

Plot. aſide to Lucy. A little more to the Right.

Lucy. The Devil's in the Fellow, I believe.

Plot. Come, come, whoſe Boy is it? —— Speak out. (*Aſide.*

Lucy. 'Tis yours, and be hang'd to you, or ſomebody's that belongs to you.

Plot.

Plot. Ha, ha, he! This is a thorough-pac'd Whore; ſhe has the right Cant of all the Bawdy Siſterhood, faith.

Sir *Paul, aſide.* Surely this is Mrs. *Silvia*'s Maid, that I have heard ſo much talk of; I'll hearken a little further.

Plot. Are we the propereſt Perſons you cou'd pick out to make Cullies of, ha! Mrs. Impudence.

Sir *Paul, aſide.* Body o'me, I came juſt in the Nick.

Plot. Pack up your Alls, and get you gone about your Buſineſs, or—— *(aſide to her)* if you ſtir an Inch I'm undone *Lucy.*

Lucy. Confound you, for me——You terrify a Body ſo.

Plot. What! I muſt ſpeak twenty times to you to be gone, muſt I?

Lucy. What would the Fellow have, for God's Sake.

Plot. Have quotha! Come come, let me have none of your ſhuffling Tricks; but tell me directly and truly whoſe Boy is this in your Arms.

Lucy. As if you didn't know Sawce-box.

Plot. That's nothing to the Purpoſe, Huſſey.—— Anſwer me directly, I ſay, to what I aſk you.

Lucy. Why then 'tis yours, I tell you once more, or ſomebody's that belongs to you.

Plot. Which of the Somebody's? What! we had all a Finger in the Pye then, had we?

Lucy. Why if you will force me to ſpeak out, I can't help it?—— 'Tis your Maſter *Valentine*'s then.

Plot. What!—— my Maſter *Valentine*'s, ſay you?

Lucy. Can you deny it, Sir?

Sir *Paul aſide.* I find I had a right Notion of that young

young Fellow.—— I was never heartily inclined to this Match.

Plot. Here's a fine Plot! What! and I ſuppoſe you are jaunting tow'rds Sir *Paul*'s with him, ha?—— I'll call a Conſtable; I'll have you ſecur'd, faith Miſtreſs.

Lucy. What d'ye make ſuch a Gaping for?

Plot. Why! will you face me out that I didn't ſee this Baſtard convey'd to your Lodgings ſix Weeks ago?

Lucy. Oh! the impudent audacious Varlet!

Plot. You may brazen it out as long as you pleaſe; but I'll take my Oath, I ſaw Mother *Brown* the Porter's Wife carry him in laſt very Night was ſix Weeks, in a Basket.

Lucy. Well! Heav'n be prais'd, there were ſeveral Ladies of unblemiſh'd Characters at my poor Miſtreſs's Labour.

Plot. But ſhe was plaguily miſtaken in her Aim, *Lucy*, this Bout, I can aſſure you.—— Oh! thinks ſhe, if Sir *Paul* does but once hear that Mr. *Valentine* has had a Child by me, he'll never marry his Daughter to him, for certain: But o' my Conſcience, when the old Gentleman and his Daughter too come to hear that my Maſter is ſo good a Sportſman, they'll like him the better for it, I'll warrant you. Beſides, Child, your Plot's too late, you'll be a Day after the Fair; they're marry'd by this Time, or at leaſt will be ſo in half an Hour; ſo you had beſt e'en turn home to your Quarters again while you're well.

Sir *Paul aſide*. 'Tis you are miſtaken in your Aim; you'll find I'm not ſo fond of being a Grandfather as that comes to neither, good Mr. *Plotwell*.

Plot.

Plot. Therefore, in one Word, and one's as good as a Thouſand, if you won't get you Home with this ſquawling Brat, I'll kick him into the Middle of the Street, and you to the D——l, d'ye ſee.

Lucy. You ſhould get you home and ſleep; you're drunk, Man.

Plot. What the Devil! your Miſtreſs (for all my Maſter brought her ſtarving from *France* the other Day) now ſhe has ſet Foot on *Engliſh* Ground, begins to think herſelf naturaliz'd, and entitled to the Benefit of the Law, as much as e'er an *Engliſh* Whore of 'em all; and that the Law will oblige him to marry her, and make an honeſt Woman of her, whether he will or no.

Lucy. Why, good Mr. *Plotwell*, can you have the Face to deny it?

Sir *Paul aſide.* I had like to have made a pretty Spot of Work truly!

Plot. Who's there? —— Oh! Sir *Paul* you're come in the very Nick of Time.——Do me the favour to hear me but one Word, Sir.

Sir *Paul.* You may ſpare yourſelf the Pains, Mr. *Plotwell*; for I have heard it all.

Plot. How? All, Sir, ſay you?

Sir *Paul.* Ay, Sir, your whole Story from the Beginning to the End on't, I tell you.

Plot, Well, Sir, you've heard it all you ſay; and pray Sir, did you ever hear a Piece of Roguery to match it? Ought not this young Baggage now, think you, to be ſent to *Bridewell*, and heartily laſh'd for her Pains. —— Here's the Gentleman himſelf now.—— Don't think to palm your Whore's Tricks upon him.

Lucy courteſying. Indeed, and indeed, Sir, —— as I hope to be ſav'd, Sir,—— if I have told your Worſhip the leaſt Tittle of a Lye.——

Sir *Paul*. Enough, enough; —— I know as much as is requiſite for my Purpoſe.— Well! fare you well, *Plotwell*; I'll e'en beat the Hoof home again; I ſhall have no Buſineſs for the Scrivener to-day. —— A mighty lucky Accident this truly! ——

Exit Sir Paul.

Plot. *Lucy*, kiſs me.

Lucy. Kiſs thee!—— Stand off pray, and know your Diſtance, Sir. —— If I don't aquaint my Lady with all the ill Treatment I have met with from you, I'll give you leave to abuſe me ten Times worſe, if poſſible, than you have already.

Plot. Oh! you little Fool you, you don't underſtand State Affairs I find: ——Can't your politick Noddle now, *Lucy*, fathom all this Fetch of mine?

Lucy. Not I indeed.

Plot. Why then you muſt know this old Gentleman, Sir *Paul*, has been wheedled again into a good Opinion of the Match between my young Maſter and his Daughter; the Ceremony was to have been perform'd within this half Hour, and I had no other Means in the World than this to prevent it; —— and now I hope you're ſatisfy'd.

Lucy. But then, *Plotwell*, you might have prepar'd me for ſuch an Encounter, and giv'n me my Cue beforehand.

Plot. Pſhaw, Pſhaw, *Lucy*, thou art quite wrong in thy Notion; thou doſt not know thy own Perfection; thou would'ſt not have perform'd thy Part half ſo well by Art as by Nature. —— However I think our Buſi-

n eſ

ness is done, and so you may e'en go Home and rock the Bantling, and tell your Mistress she may sleep henceforth in Quiet. —— But hold, *Lucy*, now I think on't, I've more Business with thee. —— Let me see, —— how long have you and I been Play-fellows together? — We have been old Acquaintance, *Lucy*; and thou know'st I have always promised I would provide for thee. Come along, Child, I'll inform thee fully of my Design as we go. *Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Charlotte's *Chamber.*

Cha. Is then the Crisis of my Fate so near? Is this the Day must date my Happiness or Misery? So little Warning? Hard-hearted cruel Father! Oh that I could see my *Beaufort!* But for what, unhappy *Charlotte*, dost thou wish? Thou dost forget with what affected Airs and Scoffs thou ever hast received his generous Passion. Thou dost forget the many tedious Hours thou hast made him sigh in vain; rejoiced at all his Misery, and laugh'd while he complain'd; and like a harden'd Sinner, now 'tis too late, thou dost repent; too late can'st curse thy silly Woman's Arts, that drew thy Ruin on thee. *(Weeps.*

Enter Valentine, *and* Beaufort.

Val. In Tears my Sister? I confess this was designed for Execution-Day; but see, I bring you a Reprieve.—— *Exit.*

Char. Oh! *Valentine*, Oh! *Beaufort*, has Heav'n then heard my Pray'rs? Will you not despise me, *Beaufort?* Will you not in your Turn insult my Misery, and triumph o'er my Weakness? Oh! I'm to be mar-

ried, married to-day to one I never ſaw. —— Muſt I? ——

Beau. The Gods forbid it.

Char. Nor can my Tears, or all my Pray'rs, prevail upon my Father to defer it but for one ſhort Day.

Beau. 'Tis ſhort Warning, 'tis true; but the ſooner my *Charlotte* is marry'd, the ſooner my *Charlotte* will be happy.

Char. But ſay I was to be marry'd to you, would you diſpatch ſo ſerious an Affair ſo inconſiderately? Would you not ſtop and take a Day to think?

Beau. Try me, my Angel, and if I loſe a Moment in any Thought, but on my preſent Tranſport, then ſhall I not be worthy the Joys I ſhould poſſeſs.

Char. By Heav'n it ſhall be ſo: I do confeſs I love thee, *Beaufort*; but my Father——

Beau, Oh! *Charlotte*, cloud not my dawning Tranſport with the Name of Father. —— Say it once more my Charmer. Wilt thou at laſt repay my long and faithful Services, my Age of Love, with Love? Wilt thou be mine? and wilt thou be mine to-day?

Char. Pardon my Modeſty; I will.

Beau. Oh Extaſy! *(Going to embrace her.*

Char. Stand off, I charge you, and know your Diſtance, Sir. Alas! poor Captain, what credulous Creatures are you Men in Love? Ha, ha, he!

Beau. Ha! what means all this?

Char. I proteſt, Captain, I cannot chuſe but laugh to ſee how inſenſibly Vanity ſteals upon you. What engaging Charms muſt you believe there is in that Soldier's Mien of your's, that can win a Lady's Affections ſo in a trice? How often have I told you what an Averſion

I always had to a Red-coat? and will you not yet be satisfy'd?

Beau. Confusion! Am I awake? Or is it all a Dream?

Char. Oh! you were in a Dream most certainly; you dream'd as you lay before the Town, that you carry'd on your Approaches so vigorously, that the Besieged had beat the Chemade, and offered to surrender Prisoners at Discretion; but a sudden Salley from the Town awaken'd you, nail'd up all your Cannon, and beat you out of your Trenches.

Beau. Am I then to become your Scoff? How have I deserved this Usage?

Char. From the weak Foundation of your Pretensions. —— How happily! how gaily may a Wife live with a disbanded Captain upon half Pay!

Beau. Madam, you must excuse my Freedom, if I tell you this is ungenerous. —— I am a Soldier of Fortune, I confess; yet I am a Gentleman: But were I less, the long and faithful Service I have paid you, the generous everlasting Love I've sworn, might at least skreen me from Abuse. —— But no more; farewell for ever; may your Happiness ne'er be discompos'd, by a too late Reflection on the Wrongs of wretched *Beaufort.* *Exit.*

Char. Oh Woman! foolish Woman! what have I done? what am I doing? Shall I not call him back? ——Oh! *Beaufort, Beaufort,* come back and hear me.

Re-enter Beaufort.

Beau. Your Pardon, Madam; did I not hear you call me back?

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Re-enter Beaufort.

Beau. Your Pardon, Madam; did I not hear you call me back?

Char. Oh! how ſhall I ſpeak? What ſhall I ſay? Surely *Beaufort* can forgive a Woman's Folly, the wanton Sallies of a Woman's Tongue; the little Vanities our weak Sex delight in; can you not, *Beaufort?*

Beau. I can do any Thing you would have me do, but bear Inſults upon my Miſery. My Love is of ſo long a Date, 'tis grown too ſerious for Ridicule.

Char. Believe me, *Beaufort*, I am ſerious too.

Beau. Is it poſſible for Woman to be ſo?

Char, And for a Proof, accept this Ring; and as often as you ſee it, think on *Charlotte.*

Gives a Ring.

Beau. A Ring? but are you ſerious tho'?

Char. Oh! *Beaufort*, did you but know —— How can you chuſe but know?———

Beau. I ne'er was a good Interpreter of Riddles, I can gueſs nothing farther than that it is a Ring.

Char. Are you then grown ſo cold ſo ſuddenly; You were not once ſo, *Beaufort:* Behold theſe Bluſhes; behold theſe Sighs; behold that Ring; —— the ſilent Ring ſpeaks plain.

Beau. The Ring ſpeaks! What? —— Oh! here's a Poſy —— *With this Ring* (what's next?) *my Heart!* Oh *Charlotte*, how willing I am to be again deceiv'd! Speak plain thyſelf, and tell me then, wilt thou be mine again? Wilt thou deceive again? Again inſult my fond deluded Paſſion? Oh no! thy lovely Eyes ſpeak everlaſting Truth; I have deceived myſelf, and laid the Blame unjuſtly upon thee: Seal then my Pardon in one kind Embrace, and tell me once again thou wilt be mine, and in that Tranſport let me die.

Char.

Char. I cannot ſpeak for bluſhing; excuſe my Tongue the Taſk, and think it ſaid.

Beau. Oh! ſpeak my Deſtiny, and kill or ſave me with a Word.

Char. Be thine? —— I cannot.——

Beau. Unhappy *Beaufort!* Oh! farewel.

Char. Stay, cruel one! and hear me out; I cannot ——Oh! I cannot be another's. Oh! *Beaufort*, I am yours; nor ſhall the Malice of the World divide us.

Beau. Oh! killing Raptures! O angelick Sounds! By Heav'n my Tranſport's more than I can bear.—— But hold, my *Charlotte*; our Time thou know'ſt is ſhort. Within this Hour you muſt expect your Father's Summons; therefore e'en now reſolve to tie the ſacred Knot between us, and prevent all future Danger of a Separation.

Char. How can it be? 'Tis impoſſible it can be done ſo ſuddenly.

Beau. 'Tis very eaſy. Your Brother's Servant *Plotwell* has a Priſoner in your Father's Cellar, who is qualify'd by his Office to perform the Ceremony.

Char. *Plotwell* got a Priſoner? What do you mean?

Beau. 'Tis a Contrivance of his, in concert with me, to prevent your Miſery, and make you happy. Thou ſhalt know all at large hereafter.

Char. What you propoſe, I cannot diſapprove.

Beau. Come on then, and let blind Fortune frown ſo long as *Charlotte* ſmiles. *Exeunt.*

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE *Sir* Paul's.

Enter Sir Paul *and* Servant.

Sir *Paul*. NOT in her Chamber, say you? nor any where to be found? nor any Body knows when, or whither she went? Heigh-day! what's the Meaning of all this? Here's Trick upon Trick; I can no sooner discover the Bottom of one Roguery, but I've another upon me before I'm aware. I don't know which way to turn, or what to say, or how to think. I'll be hang'd if Sir *Toby* ben't at the Bottom of all this; he has employ'd his Agents, no question, to entice this silly Girl away to make all sure; and here, I warrant, I shall have 'em come by and by, just as at the latter End of a Comedy, Hand in Hand together, down o'their Knees, ask Pardon and Blessing, and think all will be well; but they shall find themselves very much mistaken. —— Indeed, Sir *Toby*, these Things shan't pass upon me. —— I protest, I always thought my Neighbour *Testy* a sly designing Fellow. —— Hold! let me see. — Suppose that Fop *Worthy* should have been buzzing hereabouts. —— No; that can't be; —— the House has been clear of him a long while; he was a cowardly

ardly Fellow; the Sight of a Blunderbuſs cool'd his Courage in an Inſtant.——Hold! let me ſee.—— Now I think on't, I met the Maſter of the Veſſel upon *Change* juſt now, who told me that my Son came with him; and that he ſaw him as ſoon as he landed, accoſted by a certain Perſon who carried him in to Sir *Toby Teſty*'s.—— The Matter ſeemed ſo ſtrange, I ſcarce believed him; but now, upon comparing Things together, the Matter's plain; 'tis all a Juggle and Contrivance of old *Teſty*'s.— It can be no Body's elſe.—— Egad, I'll go fetch my Lord Chief Juſtice's Warrant, and ſearch his Houſe immediately.—— A Villain!—detain my Son!

Enter Servant *introducing Sir* Toby.

Sir *Toby*. Brother *Pliant!* how fares it? You ſee, I'm come according to Promiſe: My Son has promiſed to meet me here; he'll wait on you in an Inſtant. — And as for my Daughter, if your Son be arrived, I'll ſend for her in an Inſtant.—Well! how fares the Bride? Ripe and ready Sir *Paul*, ha?

Sir *Paul*. Here's a deceitful old Rogue now. (*Aſide*.

Sir *Toby*. What dumb? ha, little *Paul!* Come, come, never fear, thou ſhalt be a Grandfather ere 'tis long, Boy.

Sir *Paul*. I believe you are one already, Sir *Toby*; nor do I think you ignorant of the Matter, any more than you are ignorant of my Son's Arrival, and that he's now at your own Houſe.

Sir *Toby*. Heigh-day? What is it troubleſome again? What the Devil's the Matter now? Pr'ythee, Brother *Pliant*, leave theſe Whimſies, and be merry at thy Daughter's Wedding. —'Sbud, if you won't, I'm reſolved

ſolved I'll be merry by myſelf, ſo I will.—— Your Son at my Houſe?

Sir *Paul.* Come, come, Sir *Toby Teſty*, don't think to laugh ſerious Matters off; theſe Things won't paſs upon me. What! if one Plot had fail'd, you had another in Agitation. You are reſolved to make ſure Work? For fear you ſhould not ſucceed, and work upon my eaſy Nature by fair Means, you were determined to do it by foul.— But, Sir, you ſhall find me a Man that knows when I am impoſed upon, and dare to reſent it.

Sir *Toby.* Fair Means! foul Means! impoſed upon! and reſent it! What the Devil! art thou poſſeſſed?— Thou talk'ſt in Parables, Man.

Sir *Paul.* Ignorant of the whole Matter, I warrant you! But, Sir, you ſhan't find that I'm ſo: I ſuppoſe by this Time your Plot has ſucceeded; I ſuppoſe all's over; they are married; they're faſt ere this.

Sir *Toby.* Pr'ythee, what doſt mean?

Sir *Paul.* Mean? Whom ſhould I mean?—— but my *Olivia* and your Son.——A Rape, a barbarous Rape, and of your own baſe Contrivance.

Sir *Toby.* O ho! egad, I begin to ſmoke the Matter now. A hah! little *Val.* is it ſo then? So hot upon the Matter? This is better and better ſtill.—— I wonder'd, indeed, the young Dog wouldn't come along with me; but pretending a little neceſſary Buſineſs, would needs meet me here; and now all's out, (*Aſide.*) Well! Neighbour *Pliant*, I'll aſſure you I know nothing of all this Matter; but egad I'm glad to hear it for all that, with all my Heart.

Sir *Paul.* Glad! who doubts it? that you've outwitted your old doating Neighbour and Friend, Sir *Paul Pliant!* A very triumphant Action truly!——But your Game

Game is not up yet, Sir *Toby*, I ſhall diſannul the Marriage.

Sir *To.* How?

Sir *Paul.* I ſay, I ſhall diſannul the Marriage, Sir *Toby*, and get your Rogue of a Son hang'd into the Bargain.

Sir *To.* Zounds, Sir *Paul*, what d'ye mean by this? This is carrying Matters too far: You ſhall find I can be angry as well as you.——My Son a Rogue? Hang'd ſaid you?

Sir *Paul.* Yes, hang'd, Sir, if Bigamy deſerves it, as our Law ſays it does.

Sir *To.* Ay; ſay you ſo, Sir *Paul?* Why this is mighty well.——What! have you done? Mayn't we have a little more of this hanging Story?

Sir *Paul.* No Matter, you may ſpare your Jeſts; what I ſay, I'll do and juſtify; and what I ſaw and heard, I will believe.

Sir *To.* Why! what did you ſee and here, pray?

Sir *Paul.* Why, I ſaw your Grandſon and his Nurſe together, and over-heard all her Diſcourſe with *Plotwell*, how ſhe threatened his Maſter *Valentine* in the Behalf of her Miſtreſs,—— and was informed too of my Son *Timothy*'s being decoy'd into your Houſe this very Morning, by one that ſaw the whole Tranſaction. —— What! you think I know nothing of the Matter; nothing of your Contrivance; but tho' it be too late to prevent, 'tis Time enough to revenge.

Sir *To.* 'Sdeath, I can bear it no longer. Zounds, Sir, 'tis all a Lye, and a damn'd Contrivance of your own, in order to ſave your Daughter's Portion: But I'm not to be impoſed upon by ſuch an old Rogue as you are. 'Sbud, Sir, draw.

(*Sir* Toby *draws.*

Sir

Sir *Paul.* What! to be chous'd and murther'd too! that's hard indeed.—— Well, Sir, I ſhall defend myſelf however, as well as I can. (*Sir* Paul *draws.*

Sir *To.* 'Sbud, ſure he won't fight, will he? I was in hopes I ſhould have bully'd him. Egad I find I muſt ſet the beſt Leg foremoſt, and be valiant, whether I will or no. (*Aſide.*

Sir *Paul.* Come, Sir, come on, I'm ready.

Sir. *To.* What the Devil makes *Valentine* ſtay ſo long? Sure he'll come preſently.—— Egad, I've no Stomach to Fighting.

Sir *Paul.* Come, Sir *Toby*, why d'ye delay? You ſee I'm prepar'd to receive you.

(*Sir* Toby *foams at Sir* Paul *at a great diſtance, while Sir* Paul *ſtands on his Guard.*)

Sir *To.* Have at thee then. What the Devil! will Nobody come to part us? I ſhall be drill'd thro' the Guts here in Defence of this ungracious Son of mine, before any Body comes to my Reſcue.

Enter Valentine, Silvia, Worthy, *and* Olivia.

(Val. *and* Worthy *part 'em.*)

Val. What Fiend has ſown theſe Seeds of Enmity between my Fathers?

Sir *To.* Who the Pox ſent for you? What Buſineſs is it of yours? ——'Sbud let me come at him.

Sir *Paul.* I fear you not

Val. Pray, Gentlemen, be pacified: Methinks this ſhould not be a Day of Strife; but Mirth and Gaiety; ——It is your Children's Wedding-day.

Sir *To.* Art thou marry'd faith, *Val.?* Egad I'm glad on't with all my Heart, were it but to vex the old Put: 'Sbud

'Sbud I'll be merry this Day, if it be but in Spight of him.

Val. 'Tis very true, Sir, I do aſſure you.

Sir *Paul.* Ay, Ay, I knew 'twould come to this before-hand; but it ſhan't do.

Sir *To.* Ah! dear *Val.* was this thy private Buſineſs? to ſurpriſe your old Dad, you Rogue you? Well, Heav'ns bleſs thee, *Val.* 'Tis his Father's own Boy, i'faith.

(Valentine *with* Silvia, *and* Worthy *with* Olivia *kneel.)*

Sir *To.* Hah! what do I ſee? Are my Eyes open? Am I awake?

Sir *Paul.* Hah!

Wor. Firſt, Sir, I beg your Pardon, and your Bleſſing here. —— We are the great Offenders.

Sir *Paul.* What! is this a Plot of yours then at laſt? Out of my Sight; out of my Doors both; nor ever dare to ſee my Face again.

Oliv. Here me but ſpeak, dear Father, and then determine as you pleaſe. *Worthy*'s Love to me has been long, and I believe as pure; nor was Love his only Merit; his Virtues, Fortune, Birth, all pleaded in his Favour: But if no Reaſon I can urge in my own Behalf, has Weight enough to appeaſe the Storm I ſee is gathered on your Brow, what has my Siſter done, *(pointing to* Silvia.) your *Arabella?* Tho' I am wretched, and have loſt your Favour, I'm happy ſtill in that I've found a Siſter for myſelf, for you another Daughter.

Sir *Paul.* Hah! my *Olivia*, thou talk'ſt in Wonders. Riſe all; methinks my Genius whiſpers in ſurpriſing Tranſports to me *Arabella*! Oh! 'tis ſhe, and all the Father in me melts with Joy and Tenderneſs. But ſay,

how comes all this to paſs? How com'ſt thou here my *Arabella?*

Sil. Oh Sir! the Story of my Life ſince I loſt you, is long, and full of ſad Variety; at Leiſure you ſhall know all at large; but now my Griefs are at an End, and I am happy; doubly happy now, both in a Father's and a Huſband's Love. Now I may boldly own a Secret which has long been kept: For when my Siſter, to avoid the Match ſhe lik'd not, left your Houſe this Morning, and *Worthy*, by concert with *Valentine*, had brought her to my Lodgings, (where their Hands were joined,) after the Ceremony was paſt, we began to talk of various Things: She kindly told me all the Story of their Loves, and in Requital, I disburthen'd all my Heart, and would relate the melancholy Tale of all my Sufferings; but when I told my Name and Family, the Scene was changed, our Tears were turned to Joy, and our tranſported Souls were loſt in Raptures: *Valentine* too no ſooner heard the bleſt Diſcovery, but finding me to be your Daughter, he no longer could contain his Joy; proclaimed aloud our Marriage, which Fear of his Father till then had kept a Secret, and own'd me for his Wife.

Sir *Paul.* O *Arabella!* 'tis Joy unſpeakable to ſee thee once again. But why, good Heav'n, muſt this Bleſſing be attended with a Curſe? 'Tis Grief of Heart, my *Arabella*, to ſee thee married to that Villain's Son.

Sir *To.* Sir *Paul*, I am now cool and calm, and have laid by my Paſſion; pray do you ſo too, and hear me.

Sir *Paul.* What can you ſay, Sir *Toby?* Where is my Son? Have you not decoy'd my Son?

Sir

Sir *To.* By Heav'n not I; nor can I guess your Meaning by it. Already you see I'm clear'd of half your Charge against me by Proofs indubitable; *(pointing to* Olivia, *&c.)* Nor do I doubt to clear myself in your cooler Judgment of all other Imputations to my Prejudice. —— You say I have decoy'd your Son, and that he is at my House: Pray then, Sir *Paul,* go with me; search all my House; examine all my Servants upon Oath; and then acquit me, or condemn me as you please.

Sir *Paul.* Agreed; till when I will suspend my Judgment.

Sir *To.* Come on then. *Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to Sir* Toby's *Cellar.*

Pedant, Timothy, Lucy, Plotwell.

Lucy. Sir, 'tis thro' a thousand Hazards I have run to pay this Visit to your Misfortunes. This honest Jaylor did inform me fully of your Worth and Character, and by his Privity and Assistance I've ventur'd hither; tho' if my Father Captain *Scare-devil* should know——

Plot. Oh Madam! you need not doubt my Secresy.

Tim. Never stir, Madam, if I am more rejoiced at your lovely Presence, and the Tender of your Affections, and Promise of Marriage, which you have been pleas'd to make me, than I am to think how beneficial this Marriage will be to the rest of Mankind; our Eldest-born can never prove less than Prince of Wits, and King of the Jokers.

Lucy. I must confess I always desir'd to marry a Wit, and the Character I had of you, enamour'd me. Princes have woo'd me long, and woo'd in vain. —— Illite-

rate Wretches, I deſpiſe 'em. Your Wit alone could captivate my Heart.

Ped. Timothy be careful; you remember the Proverb, *Mulieri ne credas, ne mortuæ quidem.*

Tim. Poh! Pox of Proverbs! Oh Madam, I was always facetious from my Cradle; my poor old Nurſe us'd to cry, and ſay, ſhe was ſure I ſhould be ſhort-liv'd; I was too witty for my Age. Then would I laugh up in her Face: Ah! you little Rogue, do you laugh, ſays ſhe. I ſhall never forget it the longeſt Day I live.

Lucy. I never would have run the Riſk of my Father's Anger thus for your Sake, if I hadn't perfectly underſtood your Perfections.

Tim. Then I ſhall never forget how I us'd to ſit at home by the Fire Side o' Winter Nights, and play at Crambo. Oh! Crambo was Meat and Drink to me! and tell a many ſuch comical Stories, would make all my Father's Men and Maids laugh till they bepiſs'd themſelves. —— You muſt know my Father's a rich Man, and I'm his only Son and Heir, when I'm in my own Country.

Lucy. But Time ſlides while we are talking.——The next Time I viſit you, I'll bring a Prieſt with me, who ſhall join our Hands.

Tim. O Lord, Madam, that may be done this Inſtant; my Tutor here can do the Job as well as any Man at all; can't you Tutor?

Ped. Why, upon Conſideration, Mr. *Timothy*, I am of Opinion that Delays may be dangerous, and perhaps hazard the Loſs of this Preferment.——

Lover

Love's Crisis in the happy Minute lies,
Hit but that Minute, and you gain the Prize.

As a late ingenious Author very elegantly expresses himself.

Tim. Then pray, dear Madam, don't delay.

Lucy. Well! I'm content; I hope Necessity will excuse all Indecency.

Tim. Come then, Tutor, pull out your Book, and about it.——See what it is now to be a Wit.

Sir Toby *at the Door within.*

Sir *To.* Sirrah! who are you? What do you keep Guard for? Open the Door I say.

Plot. aside to Lucy.] Hearky'e *Lucy*; we're all undone; there's my old Master; what shall we do?

Lucy. Nay, as you brought me in, you must help me out.

Sir *To.* Open the Door I say.

Plot. We must hide our Prisoners, that's certain. *(Aside.)* Hark, Gentlemen, there's my Master Captain *Scare-devil* at the Door, he's in a great Rage at something; let me advise you to hide yourselves in these two empty Hogsheads; if he misses you, I'll tell him you were set at Liberty by this Lady, his Daughter's Orders. —She must pacify her Father, and take another Time to consummate your Nuptials.

Tim. With all my Heart, Faith.

Ped. The Contrivance pleases me.—*Diogenes* the *Cynic* lived in a Tub.

After a Scuffle, Sir Toby, *Sir* Paul, *&c. enter, driving* Snapsack *in before them.*

Sir To. So, *Plotwell!* What's here a doing? What dost do here with this Trull? And why was that Rascal set to keep the Door?

Val. Lucy, how came you hither?

Sir *Toby*. What! is your Rogueſhip dumbfounded?

Plot. Sir, I only came down into the Cellar to drink my young Maſter and Miſtreſs's Healths.

Sir *To*. Sirrah! that ſhall not ſerve your Turn: I know your Rogue's Tricks well enough. Sir *Paul* here aſſures me that his Son lies hid ſomewhere in my Houſe: Do you know any thing of the Matter?

Plot. Indeed not I Sir, How ſhould I know?

Sir *Paul*. Pray, Sir *Toby*, let theſe Fellows be examined ſtrictly; there's ſome Miſchief at Bottom, my Life on't.

Sir *To*. Sirrah, confeſs the Truth, or I'll find a Way to force it from you.

Plot. What would you have? Out of nothing I can confeſs nothing.

Sir *To*. Fetch me a Couple of Horſewhips. I'll ſoften you, I warrant you. *(Servant goes out and returns with two Whips.)* So, ſtrip theſe two Raſcals.

(They ſtrip Plot. *and* Snap.

Snap. *Plotwell*, What ſhall we do? I'll confeſs all.

Plot. Confeſs and be hanged if you will, I care not.

Sir *To*. Now give each of them a Whip, and let them ſcourge the Truth out of one another; and if they favour one another, I'll ſend them both this Inſtant to *Bridewell*.

Plot. Come, *Snapſack*, behave thyſelf like a Man; we can't confeſs more than we know.

Sir *To*. Come, come, begin, or to *Bridewell* ye go.

Plot. There's no Remedy, *Snapſack*; come, there's no Malice. *(Kiſſes him.)* Now begin; thou ſhalt give the firſt Blow.

Snap. No, you muſt begin; you're the greateſt Knave, I am but an Underſtrapper.

Plot.

Plot. Then I'll give thee the firſt Blow. *(Whips him.*
That's for keeping Centry no better.

(They whip one another.

Sir *To.* Hold a little.—Well Gentlemen; how dy'e like it? Will you confeſs yet?——What! dumb ſtill? Nay, then you ſhall play out the Rubbers: Come, come, to it again.

Snap. O hold Sir; I will confeſs.

Plot. Hold your Tongue, you Chicken-hearted Puppy.

(Strikes him.

Sir *To.* Go on; What! will you confeſs?

Plot. Well! ſince I ſee it muſt out, if your good Worſhips will give me your Pardon, I'll confeſs all I know.

Sir *To.* Be quick then, and ſpeak the Truth.

Plot. Firſt, Sir, I do confeſs that in order to prevent the Match which you deſigned for my Maſter to-day, I furniſh'd Mr. *Worthy* with the Means of viſiting Mrs. *Olivia*, and contriving their Eſcape together to be married; and to make all ſure, put Sir *Paul* out of Conceit with my Maſter *Valentine*, by meeting him with the Nurſe and Bantling this Morning.

Sir *Paul.* Villain! was that a Contrivance of yours then? But what of my Son?

Plot. Why Sir, I do confeſs that to prevent my young Miſtreſs *Charlotte*'s Marriage with your Son, I watch'd his Landing, decoy'd him hither, made him drunk, and have kept him Priſoner here ever-ſince, that Mrs. *Charlotte* might have Time and Opportunity to be married to Captain *Beaufort*; which was done e'en now in the Cellar, by Mr. *Pedant*, Sir *Paul*'s Son's Tutor.

Sir *To.* My Daughter married, ſay'ſt thou, Villain? Oh! the Strumpet! Run Sirrah, fetch her hither.

(To a Servant.

Sir

Sir *Paul.* But where is my Son? Produce him, let me ſee him.

Plot. He and his Tutor are in thoſe two Hogſheads.

Sir Paul *goes to the Hogſheads.*

Sir *Paul. Tim,* Where art thou?

Tim. Oh ſpare me, moſt noble Captain *Scare-devil!* Indeed, I have not married your Daughter, nor ever will. Oh——Oh!——

Sir *Paul.* What's that he ſays? Releaſe him from his Priſon. *(Servant tumbles* Tim. *and* Pedant *out of the Hogſheads.*

Tim. Oh! Oh! Oh!

Ped. Monſtrum horrendum, informe, ingens cui Lumen ademptum.

Sir *Paul. Timothy! Pedant!* Why don't you riſe? Do you not know me? I am your Father *Timothy.*

Tim. *peeps up.* Oh Tutor, Tutor, here's my Father, Sir *Paul Pliant,* come to redeem us already.

Ped. Oh Sir *Paul,* I am very glad to ſee you; you come in good Time to redeem us from Captivity, and the mercileſs Hands of Pirates.

Sir *Paul.* Pirates, quotha! What Villanies here have been tranſacting.

Sir Toby *walks up and down in a great Paſſion,* Val. *follows him endeavouring to pacify him.*

Val. Sir, if you pleaſe.

Sir *To.* I tell you I am not pleaſed, nor ever will be pleaſed, till I've turn'd her out of Doors, and ſent her Captain to the Devil.

Enter a Servant with Beaufort *and* Charlotte.

Char. Oh! Sir, upon my Knees, I beg your Pardon; hear me, and forgive me.

Sir

Sir *To.* Forgive thee, Sorcereſs ? Haſt thou not brought a Scandal on thy Name and Family ? —— Sieze that Villain. —— (*points at* Beaufort.) I'll have him hang'd or drown'd; or ſome way or another, I'll make an Example of him in the firſt Place.

Beau. draws. Hands off, ye Scoundrels; —— And know, Sir *Toby*, tho' I beg your Bleſſing, yet I ſcorn your Threats or Frowns : —— Or uſe me like a Gentleman, or not at all. —— Your Daughter is my Wife.— Who dares diſpute my Title ?

Ped. Your Title, Sir, myſelf can well atteſt ; I join'd your Hands this Morning, tho' then ignorant of your Names and Qualities. ——

En tibi ego ignarus Thalamos Tædaſque parabam,

As the Poet ſpeaks.

Sir *To.* A Pox confound your Pedantick Noddle for your Pains.

Sir *Paul.* Come, Sir *Toby*, the Captain looks like a Gentleman. —— Pray be pacify'd ; we'll all join our good Offices towards making up this Breach.

Beau. Gentlemen, I thank you ; I do confeſs my Sword is all my Wealth ; and faithful, honourable Love my only Merit : Fortune was cruel, and frown'd upon my younger Years, and drove me helpleſs and forlorn to wreſtle with the buſtling World. My Father was a Chevalier of *France*, his Name *Boureau*.

(*All are ſurpris'd but Sir* Toby, *who walks ſtill about in a Paſſion.*

Sir *Paul.* Ha ! thou ſpeak'ſt of Wonders. Go on.

Beau. I ſpeak Truth, Sir; theſe Gentlemen have known me long, tho' ignorant of my true Name and Fami-

Family. Misfortunes drove my Father from his Home, with an Intention to ſettle here in *England*.——Seven Winters then had never ſnow'd upon my Head, but yet one Siſter with myſelf attended him: In our Paſſage we were caſt away. ——Myſelf, by the Aſſiſtance of a Servant, (who is ſince dead) eſcap'd upon ſome broken Timber to the Coaſt of *Holland*: We went to the *Engliſh* Army then in *Flanders*, where I was bred, and ever ſince I have been able, have worn a Sword in the *Engliſh* Service: But my poor Father, and my helpleſs Siſter, both were loſt. *(Sir* Paul *runs and embraces him.*

Sir *Paul*. My Son! my Son! O teach me Heav'n to receive theſe Bounties as I ought! 'Tis Joy ineffable, too rapturous, and too mighty for my Age to bear: See here the old *Boureau*, once wretched, now thy happy Father: See both thy Siſters too; this left behind in *France*, this ſav'd from the Fury of the Waves with me, *Olivia*, *Arabella*, embrace your Brother. —— O let us all embrace.

Beau. My Father, and my Siſters! Unlook'd for Bleſſing! Joy has ſurpriſed my Tongue, and ſtruck me Dumb. What ſhall I ſay? or how ſhall I expreſs the crowding Tranſports of my ſtruggling Soul? Oh my Father! Oh my Siſters! *Embracing them.*

Tim. What! an't I my Father's only Son and Heir then?

Sir *Paul*. Unhappy *Timothy!* I've now no further Uſe for thee; thou art no Son of mine; but when (as I thought) juſt Heav'n had puniſh'd me with the Loſs of him who was my real Son, I took thee in thy Childhood from thy Father, who was my Servant, and bred thee as my own: Now thou art what thou wert again; but be of Cheer, I will provide for thee as thou ſhalt merit.

Lucy.

Lucy. 'Egad, I find I had like to have been bubbled; I'm glad they came as they did, I had been marry'd to the Fool elſe.

Sir *Paul.* Now, Sir *Toby*, I particularly become your Suitor, that all may be forgiv'n. I hope you're now ſatisfied as well as I, that there is no further Cauſe of Anger left: I hope you will forgive your Children, and the Frailty of my Age.

Sir *To.* Forgive thee, Man, ay, with all my Heart, Blood and Guts. —— Dear *Val.* let me kiſs thee. —He was always the beſt-natur'd Boy in the World. —Right Father, Faith. ——You too my *Charlotte*; —my Children all, I give you Joy.—— Joy to all the Company.

Sir *Paul.* My Bleſſings too attend you all, my Children. —— Well, Sir *Toby*, this has been a long perplex'd Buſineſs, and has at laſt taken a quite different and much happier Turn than all our wiſe Foreſight and Deſign could promiſe; tho' the ſurprizing Turns of Fortune are nothing new to me.——The Story of my Life is full of ſuch Examples. —— Within at Dinner you ſhall hear it all, by what Accidents I was forc'd to leave my native Country, and to change my Name. —— It may be no ill Addition to our Entertainment.

How weak alas! is all the Pow'r of Man,
His Strength all impotennt, his Counſel vain;
Heav'n in a Moment all our Schemes deſtroys,
And weighs our Merit in an equal Poize;
Exerts o'er all an arbitrary Sway,
And will afflict or bleſs us in its own juſt Way.

F I N I S.

PROLOGUE:

By a FRIEND.

OUR Author owns (he hopes, without Offence)
He treats not wholly at his own Expence:
Yet gives you no whipp'd Sillabubs of France,
Serv'd up with Sing-song, Ribaldry, and Dance.
Terentian *Humour, join'd with* Cowley's *Wit,*
Tho' coarsely cook'd, would be substantial Meat:
But we dare promise, in the present Play,
A Roman *Supper,—dress'd the* Roman *Way.*
Forgive the Metaphors thus oddly chose!
'Twas done in pure Good-nature to the Beaux.
Thus teach we Horace *to this Race of Cooks,*
More skilled in Soups than conversant in Books.
Terence, *we tell them, had the Rules by Heart;*
Disposed his Dishes with the utmost Art;
But kept the healthful Appetite in view,
And season'd not his Sauce au grand Haut-Gout.
Simple, tho' elegant, was each Design:
On such the Scipio's *of that Age could dine.*
Nor need we doubt, but such an honest Feast
Will please the Scipio's *of this Age, at least;*
The Few who judge by Reason, not by Rote,
And plead not Custom for a tastless Vote.
If they can relish what our Scenes present,
Sit thro' the Meal, then move away content,
The rest may rail: Our Host shall count his Guests,
Not by their Number, — but more solid Tests.

EPI-

EPILOGUE:

To be ſpoken by SILVIA.

TO you, grave Judges of the Pit, I'm come,
To know our baſhful Poet's final Doom;
Yonder he ſtands, in a moſt piteous Caſe,
Trembling to hear what Sentence you ſhall paſs.

He humbly begg'd, that I his Cauſe wou'd plead;
Thoſe moving Eyes (ſaid he) muſt needs ſucceed:
The Beaux you'll doubtleſs to our Party gain,
Thoſe gen'rous Sparks can't hear a Maid complain,
Hear her for Mercy ſue, and let her ſue in vain.
Thoſe damning Blades, the Criticks, moſt I dread,
Who ſeldom mind what's by a Woman ſaid,
Except —'tis in a Corner, or a Bed.
There, there, indeed, you cannot be withſtood;
Criticks themſelves are made of Fleſh and Blood.

I heard, with Patience, what he had to ſay;
But firſt, like a true Lawyer, took my Fee,
Then promis'd him my Intereſt for his Play.
And ſince I'm Council for the Poet choſe,
I'll plead his Cauſe, tho' I were ſure to loſe.
Well then——Conſider, Sirs, our Bard is young,
'Tis the firſt Time his modeſt Muſe e'er ſung;

EPILOUGE.

Her aukward Notes let your Indulgence spare,
She'll sing more artfully another Year:
'Twas'nt a Day did Rome's *bright Fabrick rear.*
A tender Plant soon withers and decays,
Unless 'tis warm'd with the Sun's genial Rays:
So droops the Infant Muse, her Spirit's gone,
Without the enliv'ning Plaudits *of the Town.*
But, after all, shoud'nt his Cause prove good,
And you're resolv'd to nip him in the Bud;
Yet for my Sake this Favour grant him still;
Let him live one Third Night, *then* —— *damn him if you will.*

FINIS.

Bellamy
trans 1709, Taffy's Triumph
" 1722 Cambro-Britannic Engineer

MUSCIPULA,

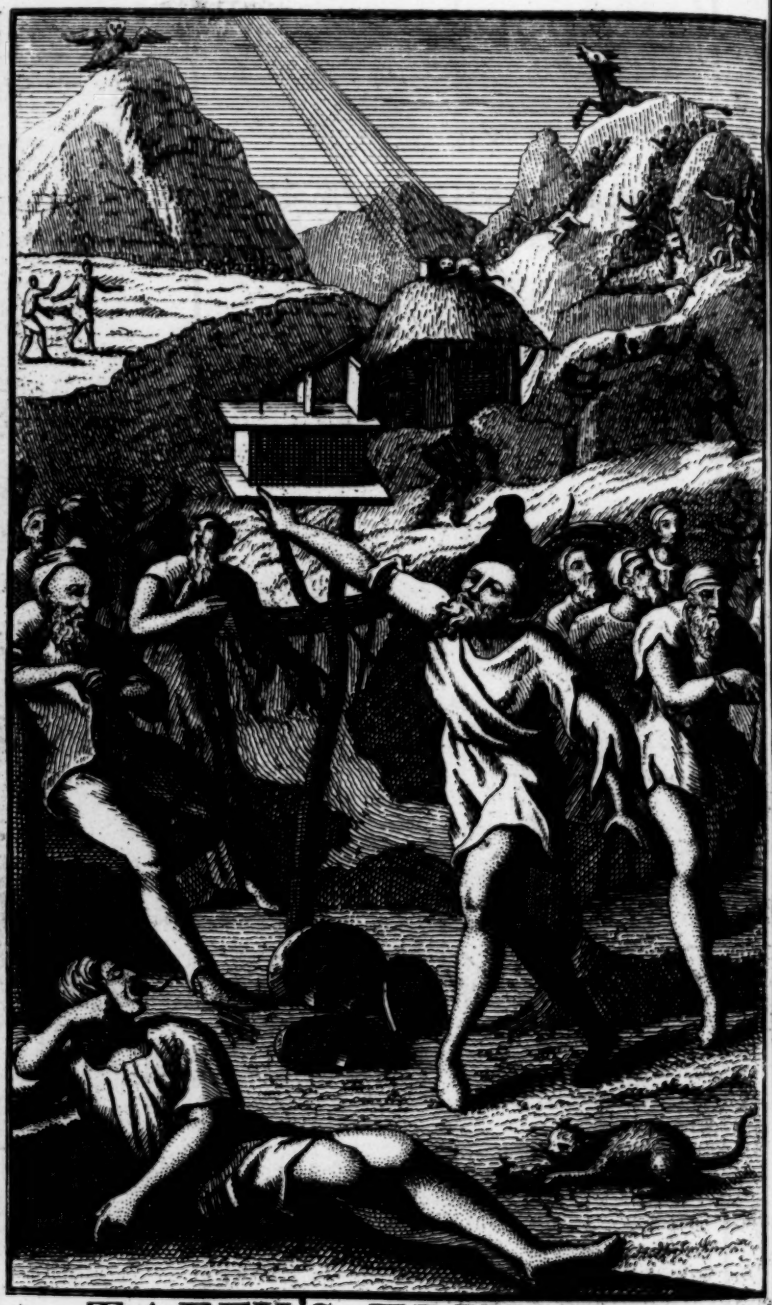
SIVE

KAMBROMYOMAXIA.

Ἀπηνέες ἄνδρες
Καινοτέρας τέχνας ΞΥΛΙΝΟΝ ΔΟΛΟΝ ἐξεύρεντε
Ἣν ΠΑΓΙΔΑ παλέουσι, ΜΥΩΝ ὀλέτειραν ἐοῦσαν!
ΟΜΗΡΟΥ ΒΑΤΡΑΧΟΜ.

A.

OM.



TAFFY'S TRIUMPH.

THE MOUSE-TRAP; OR, THE CAMBRIAN PATRIOT.

——————— *Inhuman Men,*
Skilful in Guile and Mischief, have contrived
A DIRE MACHINE, *full of insidious Fraud,*
They call a TRAP, *a mortal Foe to* MICE.

Hom. Batr.

ROBERTO LLOYD

ARMIGERO,

COLL. MAGD. OXON.

Socio-Commensali.

UM MUSCIPULA nostra, in Murium *solummodò Pernicem excogitata, mihimetipsi quoque in Damnum cesserit; utpote quæ in Lucem prodierit alienis Maculis abundè inquinata: Nugas has, qualescunque sint, novis Typis mandare potius visum est, quàm Mendacis Præli Errata agnoscere, æquè ac mea.*

At

TO

ROBERT LLOYD, *Esq;*

Fellow-Commoner

OF

MAGDALEN COLLEGE,

IN

OXFORD.

SIR,

SINCE my MUSCIPULA (which was invented with no ill Design on any living Creature but MICE) has prov'd very prejudicial to its *Author*, by falling into unskilful Hands, and appearing in *Publick* most shamefully incorrect, I resolv'd to revise my PROJECT, and publish a *New Edition* of it (trivial as it is) that I might not be accountable for the egregious Errors of an illiterate *Printer*.

How

At vereor, Juvenis dilectissime, *nè me* Licentiam *plusquam* Poeticam *sumpsisse credas, dum tuo Nomine Opusculum hoc ausim exornare, quod iracundioribus quibusdam vix in Patriæ tuæ Laudem confici videatur. Hoc si ità foret, neque ego dignus essem, qui in Gentem tàm illustrem turpissimam facerem* Contumeliam ; *nec Tu, qui eam in Te acciperes. Leviores autem sunt hæ ludicræ Musæ Exercitationes, quàm ut Famæ* Cambro-britannicæ *quicquàm possent detrahere, aut ut Authorem*

——————————Seria ducant
In mala.——————————

Fatendum quidem est, me humilius Argumentum è Populo Laudis fœcundissimo cepisse, qui sublimiores potiùs Epico Carmini *Imagines, quàm ridiculo Poemati Materiam suppeditasset. Præterquàm verò quod inclyta* Cambrorum *Gesta* Jocosæ *minùs conveniebant* Musæ ; *haud Fas erat ea Linguâ Latinâ deterrere, quæ non aliâ aptiùs possint exprimi, quàm quà ipsi utebantur* Heroes. *Summa tamen Excusationis meæ (siquidem quibusdam Excusatione caruisse videar) hæc est ; quod nihil aliud vellem, quam ut Antiquissimæ Gentis tuæ Dignitatem meritò ostentatam vindicarem.*

Jampridem Græcia *furtivos, undecunque potuit, Honores sibi arrogavit : Et parum contenta à* Chaldæis Astronomiam, *à* Phœnicibus Literas, *à* Cretensibus suum *pœne*

Jo-

How I ſhall anſwer for my *more than Poetical Aſſurance*, in preſuming to make you the PATRON of this *little Performance*, I own, SIR, I am at a Loſs; ſince *ſome Gentlemen*, of too warm and ſanguine a Complexion, may be apt to put a wrong Conſtruction on my *Deſign*, and look on it as a very aukward Compliment to your Countrymen.

DID I intend it as a *Satire*, I ſhould never forgive myſelf for attempting to aſperſe ſo bold, ſo brave a Nation; nor can one of your Character, in my Opinion, fairly admit of ſuch a Thought. This MOCK-POEM ſurely is too ludicrous, of too light a Nature, to caſt the leaſt Cloud over the Glories of any True-Born BRITON, or procure its *Author* the ſerious Reflection of any Man of Senſe.

I MUST own I have made choice of a *low Subject* on a People ſo *highly deſerving*, and who are capable of furniſhing more pompous *Images* for an EPIC POEM, than ridiculous *Materials* for a Piece of *Burleſque*. Beſides, as the Exploits of the *Cambro-Britons* are too Great and Heroic for the Pen of a *Comic Muſe*, it would be an Act of Injuſtice to commemorate them in any other Language than their own. I have this to offer only in my Defence, (for ſome perhaps may imagine I ſtand in need of an Excuſe) that I had nothing in my Eye but the Honour of your Country, and the publick Vindication of its renown'd Antiquity.

GREECE has long ago in a clandeſtine Manner graſped at all the Honours ſhe could lay the leaſt Pretence to; and not ſatisfyed with having tranſlated *Aſtronomy* from the *Chaldæans*, *Letters* from the *Phœnicians*; nay their

Jovem *transtulisse, adinventâ insuper MUSCIPULA imperfectam adhuc Gloriam voluit consummâsse. Cuinam idcirco* Britoni *Bilem non moveret,* Homerum, *qui haud ultra ter mille Annos abhinc scripsisse censetur, stupendam hanc Machinam nupero attribuisse Artifici, quæ longè vetustiori* Cambrorum *Astutiæ acceptam refert Originem? Hâc quidem de Causâ* Famæ *Gentis tuæ maturè prospiciendum esse duxi, nè aut* Græci Cambros *tuos æmulâ Vetustate exuperâsse viderentur; aut* Homeri *Faber suas à TAFFEIO vestro Laudes surriperet.*

Quùm verò Cambri tui *ob tot eximia Facinora justè inclaruerint, nil mirere, si anxius hæream quibus* Te *præsertim Encomiis,* Mi charissime Condiscipule, *celebrare gestiam. In quo, & Patriæ, & Gentilitiæ, Virtutes tùm ambiguâ commiscentur Elegantiâ, ut augurari vix liceat, utrùm plus Splendoris, Familiæ, an Nationi Tuæ sis allaturus. Obsirmatum in tuendis* Cambriæ *Tuæ* Juribus *Amorem, honestam in vindicandis Legum institutis Pertinaciam, piam in conservandâ* Ecclesiæ *Castissimæ Dignitate Fortitudinem, Majores Tui Tibi derivârunt. Et quid non optimo Jure spondeat sibi* Wallia; *dum accrescentem indiès præcocis*

their JOVE himself from the *Cretans*, was arrived to that Pitch of Assurance, as to engross to herself (esteeming her Glories otherwise incompleat) the *sole Invention* of the MOUSE-TRAP.

How then should any *True-Born* BRITON forbear to shew his just Resentment, to hear so modern an Author as *Homer*, who at fartheſt wrote but Three Thousand Years ago, ascribe this GRAND PROJECT to the elaborate Thought of a cotemporary *Artist*, when it is full well known it ow'd its Original to the teeming Brain of a Judicious WELCH-MAN, who lived some Hundreds of Years before he was born or thought of!

FOR this Reason, SIR, I esteem'd it my Duty to convince the World of so egregious an Error, to vindicate your Country's Right to Antiquity, and to prevent that same *Homer*'s modern *Engineer* from running away with all the Applause of so *useful* an *Invention*, which is alone due to your *celebrated* TAFFY.

AND here I confess, *Dear Fellow-Collegian*, since your Countrymen have been so remarkable for their uncommon Atchievements, I am at a Loss for proper Colours to express your Merit. For in you, SIR, the Virtues of your Country, and your most worthy Family, are so ambignously interwoven, that is is difficult to determine whether you are a greater Ornament to the One, or the Other. You have deriv'd from a *long Train of Ancestors*, an unshaken Resolution to defend the Rights and Privileges of the *best Constitution*, and an holy and flaming Zeal to maintain the Honour of the *purest Church*. And may not WALES be justly big with the greatest Expectations, when with Pleasure she beholds so *bright* as

Genius

cis Ingenii Gloriam non sine summâ Lætitiâ prævideat; dùm hæc eximia Virtutem, Semina accurata MAGDALENÆ *nostræ Cura felicissimis excolat Auspiciis.*

Cùm dehinc ad subactam Maturitatem adoleverit Judicii Acumen, & inter majores Amicorum plausus, tenuiores hæ meæ Laudes evanuerint; parvulum hoc mutuæ Amicitiæ Pignus, subindè aspicere ne dedigneris. Neque sis prorsus immemor, aut mei, aut

Actæ non alio Rege Pueritiæ.

Sum,

Omni Obsequio,

Tibi devinctissimus,

Mag. Coll.
Oxon.
1709.

E. HOLDSWORTH.

Genius daily ſhooting forwards, and Our MAGDALEN, by her benign Influence, promoting the Growth of ſo promiſing a Plant.

WHEN hereafter your Judgment ſhall arrive to its full Maturity, and my poor *Eulogiums* be loſt in the more extenſive Commendations of your Friends, I hope you will ſometimes condeſcend to ſmile on this *Trifle*; and accept of it as a Teſtimony of that Friendſhip which has hitherto been preſerved inviolably between us.

I am

SIR,

Your moſt Obliged,

Moſt Obedient,

Humble Servant,

E. HOLDSWORTH.

MUSCIPULA.

Onticolam Britonem, *qui primus Vincula* Muri
Finxit, & ingenioso occlusit Carcere Furem,
Lethalesq; Dolos, & inextricabile Fatum,
Musa, refer. Tu, Phæbe *potens, (nam tu quoq; quondam*
Muribus infestum *dixerunt* Smynthea *Vates)*
O! faveas; & tot Cambrorum *è Montibus unum*
Accipiens vice Pindi, *adsis dum pingere Versu*
Res tenues, humiliq; juvat colludere Musâ.

Mus

THE

MOUSE-TRAP.

SING, *heav'nly Muse*, in Lays harmonious sing,
The CAMBRO-BRITON, whose prolifick *Brain*
First form'd an ENGINE, to the jovial MICE
Ill-boding, menacing Destruction dire.
And Thou, *All-pow'rful* PHOEBUS, deign to aid
Her *Flight* audacious: Erst (as *Poets* sing)
Thou once profess'd thyself to MICE a *Foe*,
Dreadful, implacable: Nor scorn to own
Some lofty *Cambrian Mount*, which lifts its Head
High as *Parnassus*; but from thence dart down
Thy *Influence*, while she pursues her *Theme*,
Tho' trivial, in sublime, MILTONIC Verse.

Mus, *inimicum Animal, prædari, & viveri rapto*
Suetum impunè diu, Spolii quà innata Libido
Jusserat, erravit, sceleratim exercuit Artem
Impavidus, saliensq; hinc illinc, cuncta maligno
Corrupit Dente, & Patinâ malè lusit in omni.
Nil erat intactum, sed ubiq; domesticus Hostis
Assiduus conviva aderat; non Mœnia Furtis
Obstare, aut Vectes poterant servare Placentas,
Robustæve Fores; quà non data Porta, peredit
Ipse sibi introitum, Dapibusq; indulsit inemptis.

Pestis at hæc totum dum serpsit inulta per Orbem,
Cambria *præcipue flevit, quia* Caseus *illic*
Multus olet, quem Mus *non, æque ac plurima, libat,*
Aut leviter tantùm arrodit, sed Dente frequenti
Excavat, interiusq; Domos exculpit edules.

Gens tota incensa est super his, Rabiesq; Dolorq;
Discruciant Animos, frendent, Juga summa pererrant,
Stare Loco ignorant; nam Cambris *prona Furori*
Corda calent, subitâq; ignescunt Pectora Bile;
Cum Digitis, credas Animos quoque Sulphure *tinctos.*

Ergò

To Plunder, and to Rapine giv'n, a MOUSE,
Horrible Monſter! wander'd from Diſh to Diſh,
And knew no *Danger*, for ſhe knew no *Gin:*
Long exercis'd the ſly, *Mercurial* Art,
Unpuniſh'd, uncontroul'd; nor left untouch'd
Brown Bread or *White*, or *Milk*, or *Bacon* rough,
Or fragrant *Cheeſe*, delicious in Decay.
And, tho' unwelcome, came a conſtant *Gueſt*,
Daring, audacious, nor would bear Repulſe.
In vain with Walls, and Bars, and folded Doors,
They ſtrove to ſtop his Entrance; for with Teeth,
As Razors keen, he'd gnaw his Paſſage thro',
And taſte of Food delicious, without Coſt.
But whilſt this *Peſt malevolent* ſpread o'er
The gloomy Face of this Terreſtrial Globe,
In thee, O *Cambria!* chief ſhe tyranniz'd;
For *Cheeſe*, thy *choiceſt Product*, tempting ſmells,
And odorous, which the MICE, meer *Epicures*,
Not, as all other *Viands*, only taſte,
Or lightly nibble, curious delicate,
Dainty, not liking, but with greedy Eyes,
And greedier Teeth voracious, from the Morn
To Even, excavate the ſolid *Maſs*,
And 'midſt their *Eatables* prepare their *Dome*.
At this the CAMBRO-BRITONS, vex'd, with Fury burn,
And Indignation. Madneſs and deep Revenge
Tear their ſwoln Breaſts. Their Eye-Balls fiery red
Appear, with glowing Vengeance, and Deſpair.
They fret, they fume, from *Cliff* to *Cliff* they rove
Wandring, impatient; for theſe Paſſions, *Hate*,
Malice, and *Diſcord* naturally ſhake
Their State of Mind; and *Reaſon* never rules,

Ergò jubente Irâ, dignas cum Sanguine Pœnas
Sumere decretum est, sed quâ Ratione Latronem
Tam cautum illaqueant, quo Vindice Furta repellant
Incertum; neq; Felis *enim tua,* Cambre, *tueri*
Tecta, nec adversis poterat succurrere Rebus.
Illa quidem varias posuit circum Ora Cavernæ
Insidias, tacitoq; Pede ad cava Limina repens
Excubias egit; frustrà; Mus *nempe pusillo*
Corpore securus, tantò & præstantior Hoste
Quo minor, intentum Prædæ si forte videret
Custodem ante Fores, retro irruit, inque recessus
Aufugit curvos, atque invia Felibus *Antra:*
Inde Caput metuens iterùm proferre, nec ausus
Excursus tentare novos, nisi Castra moveret
Prædo, atq; omne aberat vigili cum Fele *Peric'lum.*

Sic Cambri (Cambros *liceat componere* Muri)
Elusere Hostes, cùm Julius, *Orbe subacto,*
Imperio adjecit Britonas; *sic nempè recessit*
Ad Latebras Gens tota, & inexpugnabile Vallum,
Montes; sic sua Saxa inter, medioq; Ruinæ
Delituit tuta, & desperans vincere vinci

No-

But *ſenſual Appetite* claims conſtant Sway.
Thus, prompted by their Rage, they doom their *Foe*,
With one Conſent, to Puniſhment condign:
But by what Means to apprehend *this Foe*,
And put in Execution their *Deſign*,
They know not, dubious; for GRIMALKIN ſtern,
But trivial Aid (if any) could afford.
Vain were their *Ambuſcades*, her narrow Watch,
And ſly, and ſubtle Motions tow'rds the Mouth
Of the ſmall *concave Dome*; the MOUSE ſecure,
Fearleſs within the narrow Compaſs lies,
Nor dreads her hoſtile Paws; *Greater* than ſhe
By being *Leſs*. If haply he eſpies
His *watchful Guardian* at his *narrow Port*,
He ſoon ſculks in, and thro' the *dark Receſs*
Runs winding, to GRIMALKINS bulky, Paths
Unpaſſable, impervious; yet not dares
To peep Abroad, or new *Excurſions* make,
'Till his dire *Enemy* removes her *Camp*,
And *Danger*, with her *Perſon*, diſappears.
Thus whilom CAMBRIA (pardon the Compare)
Baffled victorious CÆSAR; when to his Arms
Invincible BRITANNIA yielded, and
Confeſt him *Lord Supreme*, him Homage paid.
For thus each CAMBRO-BRITON ſtrait repair'd
To *craggy Hill*, or *lofty Mountain*, ſafe Retreat,
Impregnable by *Nature*, not by *Art*.
Thus, in the *conclave Cliffs* they ſculk'd, they hid;
Midſt of deſtructive Ruin ſafe, ſecure,
And tho' of Conq'ring thoughtleſs, yet diſdain'd
To be *o'ercome*; nor were, tho' fled, *o'ercome*.

At

Noluit ; hinc priſcos memorant longo Ordine Patres,
Indomitaſq; crepant Terras Linguæq; Senectam.

Felinos *igitur poſtquam* Mus *ſæpiùs Ungues*
Fugerat, & Britoni *Spes non erat ulla Salutis*
A Socio Belli, ſupremo in Limite Terræ
Concilium accitur, quâ nunc Menevia *plorat*
Curtatos Mitræ Titulos, & Nomen inane
Semi-ſepultæ Urbis ; properant hinc inde frequentes
Patreſque, Proceresque, & Odorum Sulphure *Vulgus.*

Tum Senior, cui ſæpè ſuis in Montibus Hircus
Prolixam invidit Barbam, cuiq; Ora Manuſq;
Priſca *incruſtavit* Scabies, *ſpectabilis Aulâ*
Stat mediâ, fractus Senio, Poſtiq; *reclinis*
Cambrorum *vexato Humeris ; & Gutture ab imo*
Denſas præcipitans Voces, " Non, inquit aperto
" *De Bello, ſed Furto agitur ; non exterus Hoſtis,*
" *Sed majus graviuſq; Malum, nimis intimus Hoſpes,*
" *Compulit huc Populum. Dominabitur uſq; Tyrannus*
" Mus *petulans ? Vos ergo,* Patres, *venerabilis Ordo,*
" *Quêis Patriæ pretioſa Salus, finite Dolores*
" *Conſilio tantos, & ſi Spes ulla ſuperſit,*

" *Pro-*

At this puff'd up, their GENEALOGIES
In *Length prodigious* they produce, and boast
Their *Land* unconquer'd, and their *Tongue* antique.
Thus when the MOUSE long Time GRIMALKIN 'scap'd
Watchful, Death menacing, and no Relief,
No Consolation from her Care was found;
Two HERALDS, by the *Nation*'s strict Command,
With awful Ceremony, and with Trumpets Sound,
Proclaim a COUNCIL forthwith to be held
In the remotest Part of all their Land,
Where now St. DAVID's (once in high Renown)
Her Title to a *Bishoprick* deplores
Deficient, *Shadow* of what once she was.
The *Summons* heard, the SENATE hither came,
With *Hundreds* and with *Thousands* on their Way
Attended, who with *sulph'rous Scent* the Place perfum'd.
When strait a SENATOR with *Comic Beard*,
In Length prodigious, philosophic, and
With Hands by *foul Disease* scab'd o'er, all rough
To Sight ungrateful, stammering in his Speech,
Midst of the GRAND AUDIENCE thus began.
" Tisn't 'cause *Open War*, or *Foreign Pow'r*
" Infests us, that we're here in *Council* met;
" But what's more dangerous, a *Domestic Foe*.
" Shall then, my *Friends*, my *Countrymen*, shall then
" A haughty, insolent MOUSE the *Tyrant* play
" For ever unoppos'd, to CAMBRIA's Shame,
" And constant Obloquy? Let *Us*, on whom
" Our *Country's* future Woe or Bliss depends,
" With *Force united*, and with *Arms* essay
" To *disenthrone* this proud *Usurper*, and

" Com-

" *Propitias adhibite Manus; sic* CADWALADERI
" *Dum clarescat Honos, vestra hîc quoq; Gloria crescet.*

Dixit, & ante Oculus Fragmenta, & mucida tollens
Frustula, Reliquias Furti, Monumenta Rapinæ,
Exacuit Cambrorum *Iras: Nunc æmulus Ardor*
Vindictæ, nunc Laudis Amor, sub Pectore Patrum
Ardet, inauditam meditatur quisq; Ruinam
Muri, *MUSCIPULAMq; statim extudit omne Cerebrum.*

At quidam ante alios notus Cognomine TAFFI,
Et magis Ingenio celebris, cui WALLIA nunquam
Æqualem peperit, Faber *idem, idemq;* Senator
Eximius, sic orsus erat: " *Si Gloria Gentis*
" Caseus *intereat, metua ne tota Colonum*
" *Deficiat Cœna, &* Mensæ *Decus omne* secundæ
" *Divitibus pereat; quoniam ergo* Wallica *Virtus*
" *Et* Feles *nequeant superare hæc Monstra, fabrilis*
" *Dextera quid possit, quid Machina vafra, Doliq;*
" *Experiar;* Dolus, an Virtus, quis in Hoste requirit?

Talia jactantem circumstant undeque fixis
Hærentes Oculis, sperataq; Gaudia læto

Mur-

" Compose our present Evils; then, while the Name
" Of great CADWALADER on *Cambrian* Hills
" In Lays harmonious is sung, or pip'd,
" Shall this *Day's Work* be trumpeted by *Fame*.
He ended frowning, and before their Eyes
Producing *various Fragments*, the *Remains*
Of an old *Mouldy Cheese* the MOUSE had eat,
Added new Fewel to their Flames; and now
Desire of quick Revenge, and pleasing Praise,
Move 'em alternately: *Each* does devise
Unheard-of Torments; of all Terms of Peace
Thoughtless, should Terms of Peace be sought.
But ONE *Ycleped* TAFFY, soon up rose,
Great CAMBRIA's chiefest Pride, who seem'd alone
For Dignity compos'd, and high Exploit;
Both *Vulcan* and a *Senator*, whose Tongue
Dropping down *Manna*, charming to the Ear,
With soft, persuasive Accent thus began.
" If CHEESE, most NOBLE PEERS, our Nation's Boast,
" Should be by this *intestine* Foe destroy'd,
" I dread the Consequence; the *poorer Sort*
" Inevitably must *one Meal* forego,
" And *You* one *dainty Course* (Afflictions great
" Which O ye GODS avert!" (Then here he paus'd:
For Grief had stopp'd the Organs of his Speech)
But soon recovering, his *Discourse* renew'd.
" Since therefore, nor the Dint of *Cambrian* Arms,
" Nor shark GRIMALKIN's Paws avail, I'll try
" What my *Right Hand*, my *Art* can do, t'expel
" *Mine*, and, to me what's more, my *Country's* Foe.
He scarce had finish'd, when such Murmur fill'd
The Crowd, as when the Woods and Rocks retain

The

Murmure certatim testantur, & unde Salutem
Promissam expectent, rogitant, ardentq; doceri.

Ille Caput scalpens, (nam multum scalpere Cambris
Expedit) horrendum subrisit, & Ora resolvens
Talia Verba refert : " *Cùm fessus Membra Quieti*
" *Hesternâ sub Nocte dedi, & Sopor obruit altus*
" *Lumina,* Mus *audax sectatus, opinor, Odores*
" *Quos non concoctus pingui exhalavit ob Ore*
" Caseus, *accessit furtim, & Compage solutis*
" *Faucibus irrepsit, jamq; ipsa in Viscera lapsus,*
" *Crudas Ventris Opes rapere, hesternamque; paravit,*
" *Heu ! malè munito furari è Gutture Cænam.*
" *Excussus subitò Somnis, sub Dente Latronem,*
" *Dum resilire parat, prensi, frustraq; rebellem*
" *Morduci Vinc'lo astrinxi. Sic Carcere* Murem
" *Posse capi instructus, nova mox Ergastula, mecum*
" *Hæc meditans, statui fabricare, Animoq; Catenas*
" *Effinxi tales, mihi quas suggesserat Oris*
" *Captivus. Mirum O ! quali regit omnia Lege*
" *Dextra Arcana* Jovis ! *Quàm cæcis Passibus errat*
" *Causarum Series ! Nobis* Mus *ipse Salutem*
" *Invitus dedit, & quos attulit ante Dolores,*

" *Tol-*

The Sound of bluſt'ring *Boreas :* Such Applauſe
Was heard as TAFFY ended : All demand
To know this *New Invention*, Inſtrument
Of promis'd Joy to them, to MICE of Woe.
TAFFY ſome Time deliberating ſat,
Scratching his *Pericranium* (Cuſtom old,
Approv'd expedient, when in penſive Mood
The CAMBRO-BRITON ſits, and deep in Thought)
Smiling Majeſtick, full as *Delphian* Prieſt,
To all the PEERS on either Hand thus ſpake.
" Laſt Night, when tir'd with Work and Thought, I lay,
" Couch'd on my matted Bed, and gentle Sleep
" With ſoft Oppreſſion ſeiz'd my drowzed Senſe ;
" A bold preſumptuous MOUSE, by frequent Scent
" Of *toaſted Cheeſe* invited, ſtrait approach'd
" My Mouth wide-gaging, and with agile Leap
" Ruſh'd down my Throat impetuous, and within,
" Plund'ring my *Magazine* of all her Store,
" Alarm'd, I ſuddenly awoke ; mean while
" The MOUSE, conſcious of Guilt, with equal Speed
" Retir'd, and paſſing by thoſe *hoſtile Guards*,
" Now watchful, was ſurpriz'd betwixt their *Points*,
" And left his Breath with guſhing Blood effus'd.
" Thus then inſtructed that our common *Foe*
" Might be impriſon'd, and his Power reſtrain'd ;
" Thoughtful of what had happen'd, I reſolv'd
" T'exert my Skill *Vulcanian*, and compoſe
" (As Fancy ſhould ſuggeſt) a murd'rous TRAP.
" (O wond'rous ! With what conſtant, ſteady Care
" Does the Right Hand of the dread Thund'rer JOVE
" Manage all Secrets !) Thus the ſilly MOUSE,
" Prime Cauſe of all our Miſery and Woe,

" *Tollere jam docuit ; neve hunc habuisse Magistrum*
" *Vos pudeat,* Patres ; Fas est vel ab Hoste doceri".

Hæ ubi dicta, Domum repetit, comitantur euntem
Plaudentes Populi, atq; benigna Laboribus optant
Omina. Tum celeri sua quisq; ad Limina Cursu
Nuncius it, Laribusq; refert, quæ Munera TAFFI
Ingenio speranda forent ; dumq; Ordine narrant
Omnia, dumq; Deis, ut tanta Incæpta secundent,
Vota ferunt, monitæ præsago Pectore Feles,
Plus solito lusere, & (si Fas credere Famæ)
Sub manibus Matrum saliere Coagula Lactis.

Intereà TAFFI Manibusq; Animoq; vicissim
Instat magno Operi, & Divina Palladis Arte
MUSCIPULAM ædificat ; *fit Machina mira, novâq;*
Induitur Vultûs Specie Tragi-comica *Moles.*

Quin age, si tibi, Musa, vacat, Spectacula pandas
Infantis Fabricæ, & percurrens singula, totam
Compagem expedias. Quadrati Lamina Ligni
Summum imumq; tegit ; Filiorum Ferreus Ordo
Munit utrumque latus, parvisq; uti fulta Columnis
Stat Domus ; Introitus patet insidiosus, Amicum
Muribus *Hospitium ostentans ; sed desuper horret*
Janua, Perniciem minitans, tenuiq ; Ruina
Suspensa est Filo ; (usq; adeò sua Stamina Parcæ
Muribus *intexunt, & pendent omnia Filo.)*
In summo Tecti, mediaq; in Parte Tabellæ,
Stat Lignum erectum, scisso cum Vertice, cui Trabs
Parvula transversim inseritur, justèque libratas
Utrinq; extendit Palmas, quarum altera quantùm
Deprimitur, tantùm annexam levat altera Portam.

In-

" To his own Ruin, and Perdition ſure,
" Firſt Remedy preſcrib'd with good Effect:
" Nor ſcorn Inſtruction, tho' from one ſo mean;
" 'Tis worthy Praiſe to learn ev'n from a *Foe*.
He ſaid; departing, all the fav'ring Crowd
With deaf'ning Shouts return'd him loud Acclaim,
Wiſhing him all Succeſs, elate with Joy.
Th' *Aſſembly* thus broke up, each to his Home
Repairs blithſom, and to his GODS relates
TAFFY's Emprize; and whilſt they invocate
Their Aid on his Behalf, (if Fame lye not)
With more than uſual Mirth GRIMALKIN skipp'd,
Winding her Tail in many a Wreath, careleſs,
Unmindful of her Food, or by Preſage,
Or Inſtinct, thoughtful of far happier Days.
TAFFY, mean time, with buſy Thought intent
On this GREAT WORK, by divine PALLAS' Aid,
Erects a MOUSE-TRAP wond'rous to behold.
Now fail me not, *O Muſe!* who thee implores
Submiſſively for Aid, while I deſcribe
This Artificial FABRICK, *Godlike* WORK.
Its *Zenith* and its *Nadir* were compos'd
Of Wood form'd Quadrate; on each Side
A Row of ſtrong retentive Wire: The *Dome*
Stood (as it were) on various Pillars propp'd.
The treacherous Entrance lay wide ope, to MICE
Seemingly hoſpitable, but o'er Head
The Door hung ticklish, menacing, or Death,
Or ſtrict Confinement. In the Midſt there ſtood
A *Column* rais'd up forky, on whoſe Top
A *Beam*] Lath-like lay croſs, whoſe utmoſt Points
Stretch'd equal Diſtance both Ways: One depreſt;
The other does the Door contiguous uplift.

Interiore Domo, per Tecti exile Foramen
Demissum pendet Ferrum, quod mobile ludit
Huc illuc facili Tactu! curvatur in Hamum
Infima Pars, Escamq; tenet; Pars altera prendit
Perfidiosa Trabem extremam; at cum senserit Hostem
Lethales gustâsse Cibos, Mora nulla solutam
Dimittit Portam, primumq; ulciscitur Ictum.
His ità dispositis, pendentem protinùs Hamum
Induit Insidiis TAFFI, exitiosaq; Muri
Ipsa Alimenta facit; sed quò fragrantior esset
Caseus, & Murem *invitaret longiùs, Escam*
Fatalem torret Flammis, Vimq; addit Odori.
Et jam Nox memoranda aderat, cùm fessa Cubili
Membra levans TAFFI, juxta Pulvinar amicam
MUSCIPULAM statuit, fidoq; Satellite tutus
Indulsit facili Somno. Gens improba, Mures
Lascivi intereà exiliunt, Noctisq; silentis
Præsidio confisi errant; tum Naribus acer
Mus *quidam, Dux eximius, Diis natus iniquis,*
Castra inimica petit, quò grato Flamine tostus
Caseus *allexit. Venienti prima resistunt*
Clathra, aditumq; negant; sed turpem ferre repulsam
Ille indignatus, Munimina ferrea circum
Cursitat, & crispat Nasum, intriotumq; sagaci
Explorat Barbâ; jamq; irremeabile Limen
Ingressus, Votiq; potens, tristem arripit Escam
Exitiumq; vorat lætus, potiturq; Ruinâ.
TAFFI, exaudito Strepitu, quem pendula Porta
Lapsa dedit, cubito erigitur, Thalamoq; triumphans
Exilit, impatiens discendi, quis novus Hospes

Ve-

Within, from the Houſe-Top, a *Wire* hangs down
Dangling, the Sport of every Wind, or Touch;
Whoſe lower Part, crooked like Fiſh-hook, held
The Bait ſweet-ſcenting, and whoſe top-moſt Point
Touch'd lighty the *thin Beam*; which, when the MOUSE
Unwary, nibbling, moves it, ſtrait lets go,
Claps down the Door, and holds *her Captive* bound.

Thus all compos'd, and order'd, TAFFY ſoon
Baits the deceitful Hook, and makes ev'n *Food*,
Preſervative of Life, the Means of Death.
But firſt, to make it more delicious, and to MICE
More grateful, odoriferous, *toaſts* it well.

Darkneſs now riſing, and from End to End
Night's Hemiſphere veiling th' Horizon round,
And timely Dew of Sleep with ſlumb'rous Weight
Cloſing his Eye-Lids; at his Head he fix'd
His *Guardian* MOUSE-TRAP; ſo ſecure, repos'd.

Mean Time the jovial MICE (a turbulent Rout)
Dance up and down preſumptuous, truſting
To the dark Covert of th' opacous Night.
When on a ſudden their great CHIEFTAIN-ſnuffs,
Scenting the *Cheeſe*, and under Planet born
Malevolent, makes towards the hoſtile TRAP.
At firſt the *Lattice* barr'd his Way; enrag'd,
Not able to endure ſo baſe Repulſe,
Wrinkling his Noſe, from Place to Place he hies,
And by ſagacious Beard explores the Door:
And now th' irremiable Threſhold paſt, poſſeſs'd
Of what he wiſh'd, devours the fatal Bait.

TAFFY the joyous Sound o'er-hearing, which the Door
High pendant, clapping down, had made, aroſe
Triumphant, and with winged Speed prepar'd
To welcome to his TRAP his unknown *Gueſt*.

Venerat. Intereâ furit intùs Ridiculus Mus,
Et Fronte, & Pedibus pugnat, jamq; intervallis
Clathrorum Caput impingit, Ferrumq; fatigat
Dentibus insanis. Sic olim in Retia Marsus
Actus Aper, fremit horrendus, sinuosaq; quassat
Vincula, Ludibrium Catulis, diffusa per Armos
It Spuma, arrectæque rigent in Pectore Setæ.

Postera Lux oritur, decurrunt Montibus altis
Præcipites Cambri, *nam cunctas venit ad Aures*
Res nova; quippe Asinus, *solitâ Gravitate remissâ,*
Et jam Pigritiæ oblitus, lascivior Hædo
Ascendit Montem, quâ Cambrum, *dissonus Ore,*
Præconum *simulans, ter rauco Gutture rudens,*
Te celebrat, TAFFI, ter publica narrat Amicis
Gaudia. Bubo *etiam* (Cambrorum *dictus ab illo*
Tempore Legatus) *per Compita ubique, per Urbes,*
Totâ Nocte errans, Rostrum ferale Fenestris
Stridulis impegit, cecinitq; instantia Muri
Funera. Parturiunt Montes; *atq; agmine denso*
Penbrochiæ *multus ruit Incola,* Mervimiæque,
Quiq; tenent Bonium, & Mariduna *Mœnia Vate*
Inclyta Merlino; *veniunt fœcunda* Glamorgan
Quos alit, & Vagæ *potor, rigiduſq; Colonus*
Gomerici Montis. *Tum circumstante Coronâ*
Illudit capto TAFFI, iratumq; lacessens,
" *Nequicquam lucteris,* (ait) *damnaberis Aræ*
" *Victima prima meæ, memoriq; hæc Limina tinges*

" *San-*

And now the impriſon'd MOUSE with Fury burns
And deep Deſpair; between the diſtant Bars,
With Force impetuous runs his frantick Head,
And with contracted Brow attacks the Wire,
Implacable, and impotent to bear
His mighty Grief: So when the griſly *Boar*
Once ſees himſelf beſet, in Toils enclos'd,
He whets his Tusks, he looks aghaſt, he frets,
Erects his Hide, and foaming churns the Ground.
Soon as to re-ſalute the World with Light
Leucothoe wak'd, and with freſh Dews embalm'd
The Earth, the CAMBRO-BRITONS quit their Mounts,
All conſcious of the News, with winged Speed.
For now the ASS his Gravity forgetting,
Wanton, laſcivious as the *Goat*, aſcends
The Mountains, on whoſe Top he brays,
Wide-gaping, imitating *Cambrian Herald*,
And *Thrice* proclaims aloud Great TAFFY's Name,
And to his Friends, high pleas'd, the General Joy;
Sounds ominous! The OWL at Midnight flying,
Thro' every Town, with Beak uncomely bent,
Screams out to MICE the Trump of doleful Doom.
The Hills brought forth, the CAMBRO-BRITONS flock'd
In Numbers numberleſs from every Place,
From *Pembrook*, *Merioneth*, and *Merlin*'s *Walls*,
Glamorgan's fruitful Soil, and from the Banks
Of *Vaga*'s lucid Stream, and from the Mount
Of *Gomer*. When in a circular Form
The Crowd promiſcuous ſtood, TAFFY produc'd
His *Captive*, and inſulting, thus began.
" In vain thou ſtruggleſt, thou by Fate art doom'd
" My *Victim*; on my *Altar* ſhalt thou burn:
" Thy Blood ſhall here be ſpill'd, Memorial

Of

" *Sanguine; Spes nulla est, retrò fugientibus obstant*
" *Non exorandi Postes : Dabis, improbe, Pœnas*
" *Pro Meritis, Vitamq; simul cum Carcere linques.*

Vix ea fatus erat, cum Ludicra Felis *aprico*
Culmine desiliit Tecti quò sæpe solebat,
Cruribus extensis, molli languescere Luxu.
Aspicit instantem Captivus, & erigit Aures,
Gibbosoq; riget Tergo, nec Limen apertum
Jam tentare audit, sed in ipso Carcere solam
Spem Libertatis ponens, sua Vincula prensat
Unguibus hamatis, Pedibusq; tenacibus hæret.
Excutitur tamen ; & Feles *rapidissima Prædæ*
Involat, & frustrà luctantem evadere sævo
Implicat Amplexu, crudeliaq; Oscula figit.
Nulla datur Requies; agili Sinuamine Caudæ
Gaudia testatur Victrix, & flexile Corpus
Lascivo versans Saltu, modò Corpore prono,
Attentè invigilat Muri, *modò Colla benignis*
Unguiculis levitèr palpans, mentitur Amorem
Dum lacerare parat ; variâ sic Arte jocosam
Barbariem exercet, lepidâq; Tyrannide ludit.

At Nugis tandem defessa, nec ampliùs Iram
Dissimulans, acuit Dentes, & More Leonis
Impasti, incumbit Prædæ : jam Pectore ab imo
Murmurat, & tremulos Artus, & Sanguine sparsa
Viscera dilaniat. Plebs circumfusa Cruorem

In-

" Of our Nation's Joy. All Hopes are vain,
" All Flight th' inexorable Door denies.
" Thou ſhalt have Torments equal to thy Crimes,
" (If poſſible) —— Not *Syſiphus*'s Toil,
" Not all *Ixion*'s Pangs, when on the Wheel,
" Dire Conſequence of *Tattling!* nor the Smart
" *Prometheus* felt on *Caucaſus*, or huge
" Gigantic *Tytius*, when with Thunder ſtruck,
" Shall ſtand in Competition with thy Woe.
He ſcarce had finiſh'd, when from Sunny Top
Of that ſame *Dome* GRIMALKIN leap'd, where oft
She lay in lazy Mood, ſtretch'd out at length.
The *Captive*, ſpying his *Foe* advancing ſtern,
His Ears erects, his crooked Back humps up,
Nor dares to make Excurſion; moſt ſecure
In his once hated Priſon-Walls, he hugs
His pleaſing Chain, 'till by main Strength of Arm
Oblig'd to quit his Hold, GRIMALKIN's Paws
Salute him roughly, ſtruggling to eſcape.
No Truce on any Terms is granted, ſhe her Joy,
By waving of her flexile Tail, declares,
And wanton Leap: Now on the Ground ſupine,
Sedulous, ſhe eyes the MOUSE; now gently pats
Her Neck with her clench'd Claws, pretending Love,
While in her Heart ſhe meditates Revenge;
Thus *triumphs* barbarous, and the *Tyrant* plays.
Now ſhe with ſporting tir'd, her inward Rage
No more diſſembling, whets her fatal Teeth,
And like a *Lion* falls upon her *Prey*,
Grumbling, with Hunger pinch'd, and Limb from Limb
Divides, obdurate, mercileſs, the trembling MOUSE.
Whilſt now the joyous *Populace* behold
The wiſh'd-for End of their *Inteſtine Foe*,

With

Invisum aspiciens, lætis Clamoribus implent
Æthera; Clamoresq; Echo, Cambræ *Incola Terræ,*
Læte refert; resonant Plinlimmonis *ardua Moles,*
Et Brechin, *&* Snowdon; *Vicina ad Sidera fertur*
Plausus, & ingenti strepit Offæ Fossa *Tumultu.*

Tu, TAFFI, æternùm vives; tua Munera Cambri
Nunc etiam celebrant, quotièsq; revolvitur Annus,
Te memorant; Patrium Gens grata tuetur Honorem,
Festivoq; ornat redolentia Tempora PORRO.

FINIS.

With loud Acclaim they rend the vaulted Skies;
And *Echo* Speechleſs, but when others ſpeak,
Catching their Voice, well pleas'd, returns the Sound.
Plinlimmon's Hills, and *Snowdon*'s lofty Mounts,
And *Brechin*'s and the Ditch of *Offa* join
In *Chorus*, to compleat the *General Joy*.
Thou TAFFY ſhalt for-ever live, thy Name,
Thy Genius all-excelling, on *Record* ſhall ſtand:
Ev'n now, each CAMBRO-BRITON, ſolemnly
One Day on the revolving Year obſerves,
Of thee Memorial, and thy great Exploits;
And, in their *Country*'s Honour, crown their Brows
With odoriferous, never-fading LEEK.

FINIS.

Jacta est Alea ___ TER

(4

BACK-GAMMON:

OR, THE

BATTLE of the FRIARS.

A

Tragi-Comic Tale.

Audire, atque Togam jubeo componere quisquis
Hoc Mentis Morbo calet.—— Fabula de Te
Narratur.—————— HOR.

LONDON:

PRINTED for the AUTHOR.

BACK-GAMMON:

OR, THE

BATTLE of the FRIARS.

A

Tragi-Comic Tale.

OF two Battalions ſet in Rank and File,
And of the various Plunder and the Spoil;
How each th' Approaches of the other dreads,
With two ſagacious *Gen'rals* at their Heads;
How *Shot* the *Elephantine Tooth* becomes,
And *Boxes* rattle in the ſtead of *Drums*;
How Luck and Skill alternately advance;
(The Force of Judgment, and the Pow'r of Chance)
Of Paſſions overflowing in a Trice,
And all the dreadful Tyranny of Dice,
I ſing:——Inſtruct me to recount the Fray;
And give me Patience,—more than when I play!

A doughty Friar, *Fabris* was his Name,
Of ſober Aſpect, and of goodly Frame,
In *Table-Battles* many a Foe had ſlain;
And was become the Champion of the Plain.
Wiſer in Art, he bolder grew in Arms,
And all the Country dreaded his Alarms.
The holy Brotherhood with Terror ſtruck,
All the Lay-herd were Victims to his Luck:
The Males againſt him never could ſucceed,
And all the weaker Sex were weak indeed.
For in this *Table-War* the Fair engage,
And make ſometimes an *Amazonian* Age.
Nothing could ſtop the Friar's warm Career;
Some fell for want of Fortune, ſome for Fear:
In num'rous Conflicts he had never fail'd;
When Art fell ſhort, th'Almighty *Dice* prevail'd.
Thus the great * *Swede* triumphantly went on,
And Battles, without Number Battles won;
Vanquiſh'd his Enemies without Controul!
The hardy *Ruſſian*, and the rugged *Pole*.
But let not this, my Friend, elate thy Mind;
Survey the dubious Caſualties behind:
See the great *Charles* at laſt to Fortune yield!
At laſt view † *Peter* Maſter of the Field!
Hence Caution learn: Oh! learn to be afraid,
And keep ſecure the Conqueſts thou haſt made;
Leſt thou art forc'd thy Trappings to reſign,
And the renown'd § *Pultowa*'s Fate be thine.
The Friar's Fame, extended far and near,
Had reach'd at laſt a Brother Friar's Ear.

* *The late King of* Sweden. † *The* Czar.
§ *The Place where the* Czar *routed the King of* Sweden.

He

He too in *Table-Battles* early taught,
From *Alma Mater* had the Science brought:
Propoſing wiſely ſome Diverſion hence,
If doom'd to toil in *Eſſex*, or the *Fens*.
Vituleo deem'd it but a pious Care,
Both to revenge the Holy and the Fair;
And Expectation of the coming Sport,
Made a long, ſultry, tedious Journey ſhort.
They met: And dauntleſs at the fatal Board
The Signal gave.—*Size Quator* was the Word.
Fabris, with Pleaſure ſparkling in his Eyes,
Braves his new Foe, and all his Art defies:
He then his Troops in martial Order plac'd;
Vituleo did the ſame, and boldly fac'd:
(His valiant Troops the *Olive* Colour boaſt,
And *Fabris* led the *Ethiopian* Hoſt)
The Battle moves: The wary Chiefs look round,
To ſee, and gain th' Advantage of the Ground.
For the firſt Onſet *Fabris* did prepare,
And *Quator Size* began the mighty War.
(This was a Service he perform'd by Rote,
And got the * *Point* that ſuited with his Coat)
Vituleo then, two *Sixes* by his Side,
Came ruſhing forward with a manly Stride.
Fabris as yet conceal'd his inward Pain,
Duce Ace oppos'd, but oh! oppos'd in vain:
Homeward three Paces mov'd, he ſingly ſtood,
And ſtopt directly in *Vituleo*'s Road.
This is my Pris'ner, Sir, *Vituleo* cries,
And if he meets me once again, he dies.

* *The Parſon's* Point.

Fabris attempts to place him in the Field,
And *Sixes* were his *Buckler* and his *Shield.*
With those, alas! he no Admittance found:
The Enemy began to seize the Ground.
With *Treys* into an empty Space he ran,
And got a Guard too for his *Naked Man.*
Trois Ace for *Fabris* did Admittance gain,
And he possess'd him of the homeward Plain.
Duce Ace stept forth, and took him on the *Pate*;
He falls a Victim to his adverse Fate:
And when he came again, he came too late.
No Room for his untimely *Quators* now;
Two *Treys* again pursu'd the fatal Blow,
Filling a Space, and moving forwards too.
Fabris attempts the Trenches once again;
But *Cinque* and *Quator* made th'Attempt in vain:
Vituleo presses on with *Cinque* and *Duce*,
And made the future Blows of little Use.
This for a Rampart he design'd to keep,
O'er which the nimblest Warrior could not leap.
In Safety now the *Olive* Squadrons move;
In vain the *Ethiopian* Pris'ners strove,
In Number Three; they could no farther go,
Coop'd up within the Trenches of the Foe.
The Friar almost did his Faith renounce,
And lost a triple Victory at once.
Another Battle *Fabris* then demands;
But found that Fortune had forsook his Hands:
Quite vanquish'd, he began to sue for Peace;
And still *Vituleo*'s Triumphs did increase.
A little Truce concludes th'unequal Fight,
And this, like others, ended with the Night.

The

The Morn advanc'd, *Vituleo* was the ſame;
And *Fabris* did the whole Creation blame:
The ruder Paſſions to Expreſſion ſwell,
And the poor faultleſs *Dice* are wiſh'd at H—ll.
Oh! had the Devil on this Method hit,
To try the *patient Man* in *Holy Writ*;
Satan had then ſucceeded in his Plot,—
Back-Gammon would have done, what he could not!
Innumerable Battles then were fought;
Innumerable Victories were got.
Fabris was laviſh of his former Gains,
And almoſt yielded up his whole *Domains:*
Unable his ill Fortune to endure,
Pawn'd the contingent Profits of his *Cure*;
The growing *Copp'ces* now were ſcarcely ſafe,
The Pig, the Gooſe, the Turkey, and the Calf;
Made Stake of Things Abroad, and Things at Home,
And ranſack'd ev'ry Corner of his *Dome*.
At laſt, deſpairing, he himſelf addreſt
To one more precious Corner than the reſt;
Advancing ſly, with undiſcover'd Stealth,
He mounts a Chimney, conſcious of his Wealth;
Plays the Mechanick in the duſty Scene,
And with his *Caſſock* ſweeps the Chimney clean.
Now Crowns, and Guineas, and Piſtoles were taken
Forth from the gloomy *Treaſury* of *Bacon*;
Stor'd in the dark Receſſes of a Cleft,
Both from himſelf ſecure, and Midnight Theft.
The od'rous Place th' enfranchis'd Money ſhows,
And is an Information to the Noſe.
Vituleo, ſtill victorious, gains the Spoil;
The Chimney can do nothing now, but boil.

The

The ſhining Tenants to *Vituleo* fled,
The empty *Sachel* was in Triumph led,
And, to new Offices converted, ſtrives
To clean his ſullied Table, and his Knives.
So have I ſeen the nimble Eel diſgrac'd,
And by a rude Barbarity uncas'd:
The Meat made ready for the hungry Lip,
And the tough Outſide dwindled to a Whip,
Hung up, expos'd in mercenary Shops,
The Sport of Boys, and Puniſhment of Tops.
Now Heaps of antient Manuſcripts were brought,
With which before the Pariſh had been taught.
Your *Doctrines* I refuſe, *Vituleo* cry'd,
And to accept a *Pawn* from *Heav'n* deny'd.
The *Victor* deem'd them an improper Stake,
And ſpar'd the *Paſtor* for the *People*'s Sake:
Sav'd him the cruel Labour of his Skull,
And many a quaint *Epitome* from *Bull*.
Now ſlumbers *Tillotſon* in Duſt ſecure,
Deſtin'd no new Tranſcriptions to endure;
Now *Sanderſon* ſhall with his Conſcience ſleep,
And *Nelſon* his own Holidays may keep.
Fabris now ſmiles, on ſecond Thoughts, to find
That all his petty Volumes were behind;
Rejoices in his undiminiſh'd Stock,
And ſtill retails 'em weekly to his Flock.
But gueſs the Torments which he felt at Night,
After the Shock of this diſaſtrous Fight!
With Dreams of *Boxes* and of *Dice* oppreſt,
His Eyes knew none but interrupted Reſt:
Duce Ace purſues him with repeated Spite,
And is the Viſion of the tedious Night.

To

To bear ill Luck was more than he could do,
And be tormented with the Shadow too.
From Side to Side he turn'd, and turn'd again:
Words can't expreſs the Friar's anxious Pain.
The dreadful Apparition of a *Box*
His broken Slumbers ev'ry Moment mocks.
Provok'd at laſt with this continu'd Scoff,
He threw the Bed-clothes, and his Slumbers off:
Down Stairs he hies, with unimagin'd Speed,
Determin'd to perform a glorious Deed.
The *Tables*, the firſt Objects of his Ire,
Were headlong thrown directly in the Fire:
They crack'd, and fum'd, and ſparkled as they fir'd,
And mock'd the Paſſions they had once inſpir'd.
And next the *Dice*, the chief Offenders, went,
In Vice Companions, and in Puniſhment:
By them to many a ſinful Word betray'd,
He for Attonement a Burnt-Off'ring made.
As yet unſatisfy'd, the *Boxes* laſt
He on the Flames with Indignation caſt:
" Go burn, go burn, ye Miniſters of Vice,
" And rattle, if you can, the calcin'd *Dice!*
The One ſoon yielded to the pow'rful Flame,
And Duſt and Aſhes inſtantly became;
The other, of a harder Subſtance form'd,
Obey'd not, but inſtead of burning warm'd:
Of Braſs compos'd, no Alteration knew,
But as it hotter than his Paſſion grew.
This Box had waited oft on *Fabris'* ſelf,
And many Years been Servant on the Shelf;
Contain'd a Spice immoderately warm,
Which often does ſome Good, and often Harm.

Fabris, now recollecting what was best,
The antient Service of his *Box* confess'd;
Himself for his Precipitation blames,
And gravely takes it from the dying Flames.
Resplendent on the Cupboard now it shines,
And does the wonted Office when he dines:
Doom'd justly to th'eternal Want of *Dice*,
Is now confin'd to Pepper and to Spice.
Fabris, thus cur'd of his long Thirst of Game,
And by his adverse Fortune render'd tame,
The *Sunday* after his ill Fate bemoan'd,
And his bad Conduct in a *Lecture* own'd;
Put on *Forbearance* with his *Sable Robe*,
And preach'd on the most *patient Text* in JOB.

FINIS.

5

THE FAIR COUNSELLOR: OR, THE Young LADY's CONDUCT after MARRIAGE.

A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

CHARLOTTE and OLIVIA.

LONDON:

PRINTED for the AUTHOR.

THE FAIR COUNSELLOR:

OR, THE Young LADY'S CONDUCT after MARRIAGE.

Char. GOOD Morrow, my dear *Olivia.*

Oliv. The like to you, dear *Charlotte.* Bless me! how you're alter'd! I protest you're a perfect Beauty!

Char. Fie, Fie, *Olivia*, you should not rally your Friends.

Oliv. I speak my real Sentiments I assure you.

Char. Perhaps my new Gown becomes me. You like the Fancy then? 'Tis the newest Fashion.

Oliv. 'Tis extreamly neat and pretty, and the Colour charms me. If I may be so free, *Charlotte*, Who made you this noble Present?

Char. From whom should a virtuous Wife receive her Presents but her Husband?

Oliv. You are happy, *Charlotte!* Fortune has not ſo ſmil'd on me. Had I beſtow'd myſelf on any Thing but Sir *John*.———

Char. You don't repent, I hope, already?

Oliv. How ſhould I do otherwiſe. *Charlotte*, do but ſurvey me. Is this a Dreſs for a Lady? I am perfectly aſhamed, my Dear, to appear in Publick. Every Tradeſman's Daughter makes a better Figure.

Char. The true Ornament of a Wife does not conſiſt, *Olivia*, in gaudy Dreſs; but in a modeſt Behaviour, and the Embelliſhments of the Mind. The looſe Town Ladies indeed may ſtudy every Art to attract the Admiration of Fools: But a virtuous married Woman is gay enough, if ſhe can pleaſe her Husband.

Oliv. But my ungrateful Wretch, though ſo very ſaving at Home, is laviſh enough Abroad. Drinking, Gaming, and Whoring are the Sum Total of his Account.

Char. Huſh; good Words *Olivia!*

Oliv. 'Tis no better nor worſe, *Charlotte*. And when after a long, tedious Expectation on my Part, he reels Home between One and Two in the Morning, drunk as a Beaſt, he flings himſelf on the Bed, and entertains me either with the Muſick of his Snoring, or drowns me with a Flood of Claret; not to ſay more.

Char. Hold hold! you have been too open already, and ſaid too much. Give me leave to tell you, you degrade yourſelf in expoſing your Husband's Frailties.

Oliv. Oh, *Charlotte*, he is a moſt intolerable Bedfellow!

Char. And what Reception do you give him when he comes Home in this Diſguiſe? You ſcold, I preſume.

Oliv.

Oliv. Ay, you may depend on't. He finds I have not loſt my Tongue.

Char. And is he ſilent at the ſame Time?

Oliv. No, no, he ſwears like a Bully of *Alſatia*.

Char. And does this Tongue-Battle never advance to Blows?

Oliv. Once the Storm grew ſo high, that I did expect them.

Char. Indeed!

Oliv. He brandiſh'd his Cane, and threatened me moſt violently.

Char. Didn't you dread the Thunder?

Oliv. Not I truly! I ſnatch'd up a Chair in my own Defence, and had he offer'd to touch me, he ſhould have felt the Weight of it.

Char. A very pretty Shield I'll aſſure you, had you had but a Broom for a Launce!

Oliv. He ſhould have found me as ſtout as an *Amazon*.

Char. After all, *Olivia*, there is no Conduct in all this.

Oliv. Don't tell me of Conduct. While he ceaſes to act as a Man, I ſhall never be perſuaded to regard him as a Husband.

Char. Ay, but remember what St. *Paul* ſays, *Wives be ſubject to your Husbands with all Reverence.* St. *Peter* too propoſes *Sarah*, who called her Husband LORD, as a perfect Pattern of Obedience.

Oliv. You ſay right. But then that ſame *Paul* ſays, *Husbands love your Wives.* In ſhort, *Charlotte*, let him play his Part as he ought, I won't be deficient in mine.

Char. But where Things are ſo circumſtantiated, that both can't bear the Sway, the Wife ought doubtleſs to ſubmit. But tell me, did he with-hold his Hand, or did he really ſtrike you?

Oliv. No; the Coward's Fears prevented him.

Char. But ſtill I preſume you ſcolded on.

Oliv. I did, you may take my Word for't.

Char. And how did he behave himſelf in the mean Time?

Oliv. Why, ſometimes he'd ſeem to be aſleep, ſometimes paſs by me with a careleſs Air, and diſregard what I had ſaid to him. Then again he would take down his old Baſs Viol, with ſcarce a whole String to it, and make ſuch a hideous Noiſe.——

Char. At which you grow impatient.

Oliv. So far, that I could tear his Eyes out.

Char. *Olivia*, Shall I be free with you?

Oliv. As free as you pleaſe.

Char. You ſhall take the ſame Liberty with me. And this Right I think we may juſtly claim, from the ſtrict Friendſhip which has from our Infancy been preſerved inviolable between us.

Oliv. 'Tis very true. And there is no one of my Acquaintance, I'll aſſure you, that I ſo ſincerely love and reſpect as yourſelf.

Char. Know then, though your Husband proves never ſo unkind or indiſcreet, your State is unalterable. Formerly, indeed, upon a matrimonial Diſtaſte, the Thing call'd a Divorce was eaſily procured, and all was in *ſtatu quo*. But Authority has long ago abrogated that Cuſtom. *For better for worſe, till Death do us part*, is now the fatal Sentence.

Oliv. Our wiſe Maſters took a wrong Step when they aboliſh'd that Law.

Char. Fie *Olivia*, fie, 'twas the Will of Heav'n.

Oliv. I can never believe it.

Char. 'Tis true tho'. The beſt Expedient therefore that can at preſent be found, is to endeavour after a mutual

Peace

Peace and Harmony; to contend which ſhall be moſt conformable.

Oliv. But ſhou'dn't I endeavour to bring him to my Bow if I can.

Char. I can't tell what you call bringing him to your Bow; but I am fully perſuaded, the Husband's Extravagance is too often owing to the Wife's Indiſcretion.

Oliv. It ſeems all Things go ſmoothly on between you and yours.

Char. A perfect Calm.

Oliv. But was it always fair Weather from the Beginning?

Char. I can't ſay ſo. Some little Clouds have hung over our Heads; though we never had what you may call a Storm. All Men have their Humours, and every Woman, *Olivia*, has her Failings; which though they deſerve our Obſervation, ſhould never be the Objects of our Contempt.

Oliv. Very true.

Char. It often happens that Affections grow cold between Man and Wife before they well know one another. Be very circumſpect therefore in your Conduct at firſt. If once there is a mutual Diſtaſte, 'tis a difficult Matter to make up the Breach, eſpecially where the Quarrel ariſes to Reflections. A broken China Cup muſt never be moved when firſt 'tis glu'd. Let it ſtand till it is well dry'd, and it will be as ſtrong as any of the Set. All poſſible Care therefore ought to be taken by the married Couple, to confirm their firſt Union, and make it fix and ſettle; and the beſt Means to attain this End, is a reſpectful Deportment, and complacent Endearments; for the good Opinion Men have of us, when founded only on our Beauty, is ſeldom laſting.

Oliv. Pray oblige me with your Art of Management.

Char. I will; and let me recommend my Method to your Practice.

Oliv. Do ſo: And I'll purſue it, if poſſibly I can.

Char. There is no great Difficulty, if you are but willing. You're both young, and in a Manner newly married; ſo that it is not too late to begin.

Oliv. That's very true.

Char. I'll tell you then. But pray mind me.

Oliv. Moſt attentively.

Char. My firſt Care was always to appear before my Husband innocently gay, and perfectly good-humour'd. I ſtudied his Temper and Inclinations; watched all his Motions, and obſerv'd what moſt pleaſed and moſt offended him. In ſhort, I took the ſame Methods as your Keepers do with your Elephants, and Lions, and other wild Creatures committed to their Care, that are not to be tamed by Force.

Oliv. My hopeful Bargain is one of thoſe wild Animals.

Char. Why will you interrupt me? Pray let me go on. No Man of common Prudence will appear before an Elephant in White, or a Bull in Red, becauſe thoſe Colours are their natural Averſion, and make them outrageous. The Sound of a Drum or a Trumpet, I have heard, will ſo exaſperate the Tyger, that he'll tear himſelf to Pieces. Your Jockies, when they break their Horſes, ſpeak them fair, ſtroke down their Mains, clap them on their Necks, and practiſe ſeveral little Arts to make them gentle, and correct their vicious Habits. How much rather ought we to ſtudy the Art of pleaſing our Husbands, to whoſe conſtant Society, good or bad, we are fatally confin'd for Life?

Oliv.

Oliv. Proceed.

Char. Theſe Things premis'd, I inſinuated myſelf into his Favour, by avoiding every Thing that I thought would give him the leaſt Diſtaſte.

Oliv. As how pray?

Char. Firſt, In the Oeconomy of my Family (which indeed is a Wife's peculiar Province) I took Care not only to have Things done, but done according to his Fancy, even in the moſt minute Circumſtances. For Example, ſuppoſe my Husband loved one Diſh more than another, dreſſed after this or that Manner, or his Furniture ranged after this or that Order, his Will was always my Law.

Oliv. But could you be thus indulgent, *Charlotte*, to a Husband like mine, that's for-ever at the Tavern?

Char. Give me leave to ſpeak, and I'll tell you. If I found my Husband indiſpoſed, or out of Temper, I never offered to divert him with wanton Smiles, or idle Jeſts, but put on a grave and ſerious Look, ſuitable to his own. As a true Glaſs always reflects the Image of the Perſon that looks in it; ſo ſhould a diſcreet Wife that of her Husband, whether exalted with Joy, or depreſs'd with Sorrow. If he happened to be angry, I either anſwered him in the ſofteſt Terms I could poſſibly conceive, or ſat down in Silence till Reaſon had reſumed her Seat, and waited for a more favourable Opportunity for the Vindication of my Conduct. The ſame Methods I always took in Caſe he came Home in Drink. I entertained him with no Diſcourſe but what was gay and pleaſant, and by all the little innocent Arts of Love and fond Endearments decoyed him to his Bed.

Oliv. Paſſive Obedience, and Non-Reſiſtance to every wayward Humour, *Charlotte*, is a hard Doctrine for us Wives who have ſottiſh Husbands.

Char.

Char. As if there were not Faults on both Sides, and your Submiſſions were not mutual. We Women can put on our Airs ſometimes, and our Husbands are forced to give Way to them. There are proper Opportunities however for a Wife in a ſerious Way to expoſtulate with her Husband, in Affairs of Moment and Importance; but ſhe ought not, in my Opinion, to diſpute with him about Trifles. When ſhe finds him cool'd, and free from all perplexing Thoughts, then is the Time, in the moſt endearing Language, and with all the Calmneſs imaginable, to argue the Caſe with him, or rather to beg of him, that he would make his Health, Fortune, and Character, the Objects of his more ſerious Conſideration. Tho', as I ſaid before, ſuch Admonitions as theſe muſt be delivered in the ſofteſt Terms, or they'll never anſwer the End propoſed. I have often made a previous Apology to introduce ſuch a Diſcourſe. I have asked mine, if he would not take it amiſs, ſhould one ſo unfit to direct as I am, preſume to offer my Advice, and think myſelf concerned for his Honour and Intereſt. But in all theſe Caſes I contrive to be as ſhort as poſſible; and as ſoon as I have declar'd my Mind, drop the Diſcourſe of my own Accord, and find out a Subject more entertaining. Our Sex, my Dear, are very apt to dwell too long upon ſuch tender Topicks, which moſt undoubtedly is a great Fault. But take this Caution along with you, that you never engage in any controverſial Points with your Husband before Company, or complain Abroad of what's tranſacted at Home. A Quarrel, where there is no Eye-witneſs to it, is preſently decided: But in Caſes of Extremity, where the Provocations riſe too high, and are of too heinous a Nature for a Woman to conceal or bear with Patience, good Manners will oblige her to diſ-

cloſe

close the unhappy Secret to his Friends or Relations, rather than her own, and shew by her modest Complaint, that her Husband's Vice, and not his Person, is the Object of her Grief and Resentment.

Oliv. There are but few Women, *Charlotte*, now a-days, such Stoick Philosophers.

Char. By such a prudent Conduct, we lay our Husbands under an indispensable Obligation to treat us with equal Civility and Complaisance.

Oliv. But all the Indulgence in the World will have no Influence over some Men.

Char. I can't think so. But suppose 'tis Matter of Fact; consider, Child, you are ty'd for Life, and let your Husband be as chagrin as he will, 'tis better to comply with his ill Usage, or by fair Means to make it tolerable, than to live in one perpetual Storm. Suppose I should produce Examples of some Husbands, who have reclaim'd their Wives by this gentle Method.

Oliv. My Spouse won't make one of the Number, I am sure.

Char. There is an intimate Friend of mine, a very ingenious and accomplish'd Gentleman, who marry'd, some few Years ago, a young Lady about sixteen Years of Age: She had a rural Education only, and never saw the Town. My Friend was mighty fond of one bred up in artless Innocence, thinking he should be able with less Trouble to form her to his Fancy. As soon as they were marry'd, he recommended Musick and Dancing to her, as Accomplishments absolutely necessary, and very serviceable to her in her future Conduct. As Miss had been always indulg'd in Ease, was a Stranger to all refin'd Conversation, and had no Taste

for

for any other Amuſement than romping amongſt her Father's Servants, ſhe ſoon grew tir'd with her new Maſter, prov'd very obſtinate and perverſe; and when reminded of her Duty, would wiſh herſelf dead, and weep to Exceſs. When my young Gentleman found ſhe was not to be prevail'd on by Reaſon, and that ſhe had a natural Averſion to all Improvements, concealing his Diſſatisfaction, he kindly invites her to ſpend a Summer at her Father's. This Motion, you may ſuppoſe, was very chearfully comply'd with. Soon after their Arrival, my Friend takes an Opportunity to ride out with the Old Gentleman, and leave his Spouſe with her Mother and Siſters. When they were in the Fields, and alone, he tells him the whole Story, and the real Occaſion of his Viſit: That he hop'd to have been perfectly happy in the Poſſeſſion of his Daughter, but that he met with an unexpected Diſappointment; that ſhe was deaf to all Perſuaſions, forever in Tears, very reſtleſs, and making all that were round about her as uneaſy as herſelf; deſires him to interpoſe with his Fatherly Authority, and lend a helping Hand to her ſpeedy Reformation. Sir, ſays the Father, I have wholly reſign'd her to your Government; and if, after all your tendereſt Endearments, you ſtill find her undutiful, you are welcome to take ſuch other Methods as you think moſt fit to force her Obedience. Sir, replies the Son-in-Law, I am not ignorant of my Power, but am very unwilling to put it in Execution. I love your Daughter, and deſire to have her brought to a Senſe of her Duty by your Parental Admonitions and Authority, and not by Frowns and ſevere Treatment. About a Day or two afterwards, the Father takes his Daughter into the Cloſet, and with a ſtern Countenance charges her with the

the Guilt of Ingratitude; tells her, that tho' ſhe had ſo little Merit, he had procur'd her, with the greateſt Difficulty, one of the beſt of Husbands; that ſhe wasn't conſcious of her own Happineſs, and was unworthy to be his Servant; that if ſhe perſiſted in her Rebellion, ſhe ſhould never ſee his Face again. Not to he tedious, the old Gentleman grew ſo hot, that my Lady begg'd Pardon for her paſt Offences, and faithfully promis'd a future Amendment. Hereupon the Father cools again, accepts of her Submiſſion, and aſſures her, as ſhe comply'd with her Promiſe, ſhe ſhould find his Favour and Indulgence.

Oliv. I long methinks to hear the Concluſion.

Char. On this they parted. The Girl returns to her Husband's Chamber, finds him alone, asks Forgiveneſs in the moſt ſubmiſſive Manner, and gives him repeated Aſſurances never to offend him more. He takes her in his Arms, ſalutes her, and engages to bury her ill Conduct in Oblivion on thoſe Conditions.

Oliv. But did ſhe keep them?

Char. With all the Exactneſs imaginable. Never was Woman more humble, during the Remainder of Life: Her Husband's leaſt Requeſt was obey'd with all the Readineſs and Pleaſure imaginable. Some Years after this ſhe publickly acknowledged her good Fortune in a Husband, and declar'd that of all Women ſhe had been moſt miſerable without him.

Oliv. Such Husbands as theſe, *Charlotte*, I preſume are like your Comets, ſeen but once in an Age.

Char. I'll give you now another Inſtance of an Adventure that happen'd but lately here in Town. ——But I have

have dwelt too long upon this Subject already. I fear I have been troublesome.

Oliv. Not in the least; my Dear, I could listen to your Stories all Day long. I'll assure you I think them very entertaining.

Char. You are very obliging *Olivia.*——There is a young Gentleman of no mean Birth or Fortune, (excuse my concealing his Name) whose favourite Diversion was Hunting. One Day, as he was warm in Pursuit of his Game, by Accident he met with a young Country Girl, very poor, but a perfect Beauty. The GOD *of Love* shot all his Fires into our Sportsman's Bosom at first Sight. He frequently paid his Visits at her Mother's homely Cottage, which he prefer'd to a Palace. DIANA was the Goddess he still paid his publick Court to, but VENUS was the secret Object of his Adoration. His Wife, a very discreet and accomplish'd Lady, jealous of her Husband's frequent Absence, in a short Time discovers the whole Intrigue. She takes a proper Opportunity to survey the Citadel of Love; tastes of their Drink, examines into their daily Diet, and finds no tolerable Furniture, no Conveniences of Life, but all the visible Marks of the lowest Poverty and Distress. She returns Home, and in a Day or two after (in Pity and Compassion to their unhappy Circumstances) equips them with a Silk-Quilt, a Down-Bed, a Silver Tankard, Silver Spoons, Knives and Forks, and other useful Materials, and a curious cold Collation. These she delivers to the poor old Woman, with a small Purse of Guineas, to enable her, when she saw the young Gentleman again, to give him a more genteel Reception. She pretends to be the Lover's Sister, and under that

that Notion leaves her. Some few Days after this Transaction, the Husband steals out, and pays his Country Beauty another Visit. He gazes round about him, is surpris'd at the new Metamorphosis, and enquires with Concern into the Cause of his unexpected, and formal Entertainment. A young Lady of Quality, they tell him, a Sister of his, whose Name they knew not, had supply'd them with those extraordinary Accommodations, and given express Orders to treat him after a more respectful Fashion. He says little, but, upon mature Deliberation, concludes his Wife the Person he stands indebted to for all these undeserved Favours. At his Return Home, he endeavours by artful and seemingly careless Questions, to sift out this important Truth. She ingenuously confesses all, and assures him she thought it her Duty, when his Inclination led him to such humble Amusements, to take Care that his Reception should be decent at least, tho' not suitable to his Character or Fortune.

Oliv. A mere patient *Grizzel!* —— Had he been my Husband, I should have thought a Bed of Nettles too soft for him.

Char. Hear however the Conclusion. The young Rover, reflecting on his Wife's Generosity, and his own Ingratitude, resolves on an immediate Reformation, and becomes the most fond, most constant Husband breathing.—— I presume you know Sir *George Airy.*

Oliv. Perfectly well.

Char. He, you may remember, tho' a gay, fine young Gentleman, marry'd my Lady *Autumn.*

Oliv. Her Estate you mean.

Char. You love to rally. —— Soon after Consummation, his Passion for my Lady, as she was past her

Bloom, began visibly to abate, and the fair young *Lais* became her powerful Rival. He made her frequent and open Visits. In short, he seldom supp'd or slept at Home. Let's hear, *Olivia*, how you would have shewn your Resentment on this Occasion.

Oliv. Why, I'd have torn all the Hair off the young Gipsy's Head, and have box'd my false Knight's Ears into the Bargain.

Char. Her Conduct, however, was just the Reverse. She gives this Beauty a Invitation to her House, and entertains her as her Bosom Friend, and faithful Companion. Thus, without any other Magick Charms, she attracts her Husband from the Tavern.

Oliv. For my Part, I'd die before I'd be my Husband's Pandar.

Char. But of two Evils chuse the least, *Olivia*. Is it not more prudent, think you, to be thus submissive, than by opprobrious Language to provoke him to be more extravagant, and lay the Foundation of an everlasting Quarrel?

Oliv. Patience, *Charlotte*, is a Virtue, I own; but on such an Account, I should never be endu'd with it.

Char. I'll trouble you but with one Instance more, and then have done. There's a next Door Neighbour of ours, one Sir *Toby Testy*, as honest, good-natur'd a Gentleman as lives, but a little too sanguine sometimes, and indiscreet in his Passion. Last Week, on some trivial Distaste, he carry'd his Resentment so high as to cane my Lady, a Gentlewoman of the most mild, most sweet Disposition I ever knew. Unable to bear with Patience so gross an Affront, she immediately retires into her Closet, and vents her Sorrow in a Flood of Tears. Her Husband

Husband soon after follows her; and finding her in that disconsolate Posture, Madam, says he, can't you bear to be spoken to, without crying like a Baby? Sir, she replies very discreetly, your Treatment has been very ungenerous, and deserves a higher Resentment. But I think 'tis more consistent with your Honour, and my Love, to bemoan my unhappy Fate in Silence, than expose you to the World by noisy, tho' just Reflections. This she utter'd with such an Air of Modesty and Concern, as quite melted down her Husband's Heart. He clasps her in his Arms, with ten thousand endearing Protestations never to disoblige her more. Nor did he to his dying Day.

Oliv. My Husband can promise, indeed, as well as the best of them all.——

Char. But not perform, *Olivia*, ha! —— What then you are still up in Arms?

Oliv. Ay, and ever shall be, I believe. Pr'ythee *Charlotte*, what wouldst thou have me do?

Char. Follow but my Advice, and if you prove unsuccessful, I'll be your Slave for ever. Take care that your House be neat and clean, and fit for his Reception. Let your Deportment be courteous and free, yet always within the Limits of that Respect and Esteem which is a Husband's undoubted Right. Be not too talkative, nor yet too silent; too wanton, nor yet too coy. Let his Diet be well chosen, and well dress'd, and provide that for the Generality which you think will gratify his Appetite most. Be frequent in your Invitations of such Friends as you find he most regards. Receive them with Freedom and good Humour, and never be sparing in your Entertainments. If he plays you a Tune on his Viol, do you return the Obligation with a Song. By

ſuch eaſy and innocent Methods as theſe, you'll ſoon reclaim him, make him take Delight in his own Houſe, and conſiderably retrench your Expences.

Oliv. Should I follow your Scheme, I fear I ſhall never make a Convert of him.

Char. Try but the Experiment, and if it fails, then let me bear the Blame for ever. —— I'll go find your Huſband out, and give him his Leſſon.

Oliv. You'll oblige me extremely. But I would not for the World be known to have a Hand in the Plot. Should he find it out, the Houſe would be too hot to hold us.

Char. I'll play my Cards to the beſt Advantage, never fear. I'll order it ſo, if poſſible, that he ſhall introduce the Diſcourſe himſelf, and give me the Detail of your unhappy Quarrels. I'll ſeem deſirous to wave the unwelcome Subject, and in a careleſs Manner tell a Lye or two for once in your Favour, and let him know with what Tenderneſs and Affection I have heard you mention his Name.

Oliv. Succeſs attend you.

Char. I don't queſtion it in the leaſt, if you'll but play your Part. Till to Morrow, *Olivia*, Adieu,

Oliv. Your Servant, dear *Charlotte*; ADIEU.

FINIS.

6

SELECT

TALES and FABLES

IN

Prose and Verse.

To which is prefixed,

A

SHORT ESSAY

ON THE

Nature and Beauty

OF

FABLE:

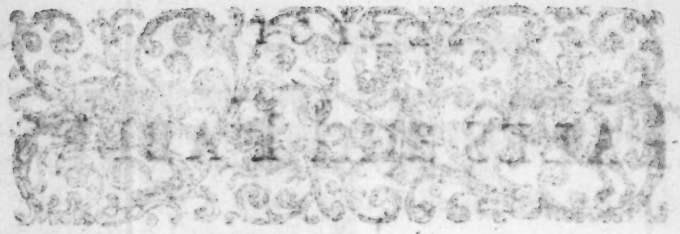
Extracted from

Monsieur *DE LA MOTTE.*

——*Veluti in Speculum.*—— HOR.

LONDON:

PRINTED for the AUTHOR.



A

SHORT ESSAY

ON THE

Nature and Beauty

OF

FABLE.

Of the NATURE *of* FABLES.

FABLE is a Method of Instruction agreeably conceal'd under the Allegory of an Action; a concise Epic Poem, that may without Restriction make its Choice in Nature of any Thing that suits its Humour best, for its Design; and even may constitute imaginary Actors. According to this Idea, Fable has pleased in all Ages and Coun-

Countries whatſoever; and there are two natural Reaſons for its Succeſs: Self-love is ſoothed by Inſtruction, and the Fancy employ'd by Allegory.

Of the Truth *which ought to be included in* Fable.

SOME uſeful Truth muſt in the firſt Place be lock'd up in the Fable. A Fable without a Moral would be unnatural and prepoſterous. Symbol is its very Eſſence, and by Conſequence, it muſt carry along with it a more extenſive Senſe than its literal Conſtruction.

This Truth ought to be inſtructive, and a Guide to our future Conduct. Fable is but Philoſophy in Maſquerade, which drolls and is facetious, purely to gild the Moral it conceals, and is ever then moſt improving, when moſt gay and entertaining. A Train of Fictions thus conceived, diſpoſed in ſuch a pleaſing Light, might compoſe a moral Treatiſe, for ought I know, much more valuable than the moſt artful and direct Diſcourſe. The Definition of Virtue and Vice is a ſimple Speculation only, and has little or no Influence over the Paſſions. To be told, that Liberality is the Medium between Avarice and Prodigality, is but a dry Information. Fable diſengages itſelf from theſe dogmatical Precepts; and by painting Virtue and Vice in their proper Colours, creates in us an Eſteem for the one, and an Averſion to the other.

A Fabuliſt ſhould diſdain all trivial vulgar Truths. 'Twould be a ridiculous Attempt to form a Fable to prove that Man is mortal; but an acceptable Service, to remind us that our Death is uncertain, and that the Grave receives both Young and Old.

Of

Of the Morality *of* Fable.

A TRUTH once chose we must clothe it in Allegory, which should by no Means be display'd either at the Close or Introduction to the Fable. Fable naturally begets Truth in the Minds of those to whom 'tis told; otherwise the Precept would be plain and manifest, contrary to the very Notion of Allegory, which is supposed to conceal it.

The Moral, in my Opinion, is more properly disposed at the End, than the Beginning of a Fable. If made the Introduction, the Pleasure of the Allegory is in a great measure lost. All the Reader has then to do, is to give a Judgment of its just Invention; he hasn't the Honour to find out the hidden Beauties himself; and it is a sort of an Affront to imagine that he could not make the Discovery. On the contrary, if 'tis reserved to the Conclusion, the Fancy during the whole Fable has room to exert itself, and at the Close is pleas'd to meet the Author, and takes it as an Obligation to be still further informed.

Of Images.

THE Choice of an Image, under which a Truth should be conceal'd, is conditional. It must be just; that is to say, it must signify, without any Reserve, that which we propose should be implied. It must be one; that is to say, it must tend to one principal End. It must be natural; that is to say, it must be founded on Nature, or at least upon common Opinion.

An

An Image is unjuſt, when the Truth it would preſent us with is not clear and diſtinct. It offends againſt Unity, when all the Lines don't center in one certain Point of Sight. It is unnatural, when it bears no Proportion to our common Ideas.

Of the Actors *of* Fables.

IN regard to the Actors, Animals are the firſt that preſent themſelves before us. Some think they are the only eſſential Perſons, or at leaſt have the moſt Right; and the Word, Fable, only revives their Idea of ſocial and converſing Brutes.

It muſt be confeſs'd, that Animals in this Kind of Allegory are very proper Perſons. They are a Species ſo very near our own, that to reſemble us there is little elſe to do, but to indulge them with the Faculty of Speech. All their Actions have ſuch an Air of Diſcretion, that the Generality of Mankind have allowed them to be rational Creatures.

When Animals act with Truth, the Sentiments and Diſcourſe we put into their Mouths will ſeem ſo too. We imagine we have little elſe to do, but to tranſlate their Language; and that we only want to underſtand it, to confirm our Notion. But tho' Animals are ſuch very proper and convenient Actors, there is no Reaſon why they ſhould exclude all others. We may with Authority make uſe of ſuch as *Æſop* has done before us. We may, if we think proper, introduce the *Gods*, the *Genii*, or *ourſelves*. We may endow all *Animals* and *Plants* with Speech. The *Virtues* and *Vices* may be proper Actors. In ſhort, we may animate the whole Creation. If Neceſſity requires it, the *Fountain-head* may make Complaints

plaints against the *Stream*; the *File* may ſmile at the *Serpent*; the *Earthen Veſſel* and the *Iron Pot* converſe, and ſail together down the Flood.

Thoſe Actors that are ſeldom introduc'd, and are the moſt fantaſtick, grow natural, and juſtly are preferr'd before all others; ſince they are moſt proper, either thro' their Conformity, or their Juſtice, to repreſent the Truths they would reveal. Moreover this Variety gives us ample Room to alter our Images; leads the Imagination from one Object to another; whilſt the Mind moves from Truth to Truth.

Of the Stile *of* Fable.

WHEN an Author has once invented his Fable, and provided himſelf with proper Truths, Images, and Actors, his next Buſineſs is to execute his Scheme with all the Graces 'twill admit of, and to beautify every particular Circumſtance and Sentiment his Tale will bear. The ſame Juſtice which ought to preſide over the principal Invention, ought to watch with an obſervant Eye over its Order and Diſpoſal, that the whole may be entirely Novel, and appear in due Proportion. 'Tis not ſufficient that every Part is in its proper Place; it muſt have all the Symmetry and Graces, which in relation to the whole are conſiſtent with it: And 'tis the peculiar Care alone of Circumſtances, that gives the Work a Sanction, and if I may be allow'd the Expreſſion, its *laſt Beauty*.

The *Familiar* is the *general Stile* of *Fable*. As *Animals* were her firſt Actors, Fabuliſts then thought they had ſufficiently qualified them, by putting Words into their Mouths, tho' never ſo vulgar; and that it was abſolute-

ly

ly necessary, that their Discourse should be as simple as their Actions. When other Characters were introduc'd, the Language still was fix'd: This they religiously supported, and *Jove* himself, majestick as he was, was forc'd to acquiesce in this irrevocable Law.

There was some Foundation indeed in Reason for this Conduct. The *Familiar* is much more insinuating than the Sublime. The latter is the Language of Reflection and Study, the former the Dictates of immediate Thought. Against the one we stand upon our Guard; but make no Defence against the other; and Instruction will prevail upon us more, be more effectual, as she seems less jealous. A compos'd Air and formal Dress make her but aukward and uneasy.

But this *familiar Stile*, so requisite to *Fable*, still retains her proper Elegance; and tho' this easy Air gives it its Character, there are hidden Beauties more difficult perhaps to be discern'd than any the *Sublime* can boast of. The *Sublime* is much more liable to give Offence. Things in an *elevated Stile*, are doubtless more conspicuous, if our Choice is good: And yet upon that Choice alone, the Beauties of the *Familiar* all depend. *Sublime Expressions*, tho' without Judgment chosen, often impose upon us, and seduce us; whereas the *Familiar* can affect us no way, but by its Merit and judicious Application.

The *Fabulist* therefore ought to be extremely curious in his Diction, and his Turns. Under the Pretence of Familiarity, he shouldn't stoop too low, and grow insipid: But should propose throughout the Whole to shine with native Wit, and take uncommon Pains not to appear Laborious.

Thus

Thus the *Familiar* has different Degrees, according to the *Subjects*, and the *Actors* it employs. Sometimes the *Subject* is repugnant to this Stile; if ſo, the *Diction* muſt be pompous. We muſt comply with *Convenience*; and Art confeſſes her the Judge of Rules.

As an Author ſhould always make Choice of this familiar witty Stile, ſo he ought always to adorn his Tales with ſomething novel and jocoſe. He ſhould find out the Art of fixing the Mind intent on the minuteſt Objects, not by pompous Ornament, but by gay ſprightly Scenes.

One Species of the jocoſe Stile in Fable, is to transfer to Beaſts our moſt familiar Appellations, ſuch as *Goodman Crow*, *Goſſip Fox*, his Majeſty the *Lion*, and the like. Theſe wanton Terms aptly apply'd are copious and extenſive. As I apply to Beaſts theſe human Appellations, ſo would I give them all that belongs to them. Theſe Species I call a Commonwealth, a numerous Aſſembly, a Diet, a Senate; their different Inſtincts, Laws and Regulations. This witty Maſquerade, which no ways blinds our Knowledge, but only better repreſents us to ourſelves in them, ſtrikes all at once the Fancy, and ſhews under one Character the Brute and Man.

Another Species of the Jocoſe is to compare great Things with ſmall. As for Inſtance.

Two Cocks long liv'd ſworn Friends without Debate;
By chance a Pullet ſtrutted by the Gate:
War inſtantly enſues, fierce Light'ning flaſhes
In both their Eyes——Thus Love laid *Troy* in Aſhes.

The Agreeable may be display'd a thousand Ways; but Descriptions are its favourite Employ. These are proper Embellishments for Fable, and we may introduce them as often as the Subject will admit: Yet still we mustn't be too far transported, and let Description run into Digression.

Another Ornament is Reflection; which should be made smart, with an Air of Authority; yet the Expression should be natural, and the Thought, the Result of the Subject. Thus *Fontaine*.

I'll have a Husband, says the Nymph too bold,
Shall be genteel, well shap'd, nor young, nor old;
Of one too cold, of one too warm afraid,
I'll steer the middle Course. —— Mark well the Maid!

These cursory Reflections, which run, if I may be allow'd to talk poetically, like the Nymphs o'er a Field of Corn without depressing it, give no Pain to the Narration; nay, instead of being Interruptions, they are Beauties. Touches of this Nature throw solid Sense into a Fable; they no ways obscure the whole essential Truth, but still add new, which as we read, well pleas'd we gather up, and as they come upon us unawares, they strike the Fancy still the stronger.

I could wish the Fabulist no more but this, *viz.* that he does Justice to his Sentiment, and always paints it in its plain and native Colours. I would distinguish here between the Natural and Simple. The Natural comprehends Ideas more uncertain, is the Reverse of what is strain'd, and too far fetch'd; whereas the Simple

ple is peculiar to Reflection, and regards the Sentiments alone.

The Sublime, according to this Idea, may be ſimple. Old *Horatius*, when one, to excuſe the Conduct of his Son, ask'd, What would you have him do, when three oppos'd him? Anſwer'd, ——*Die.*—— This Anſwer is ſimple, becauſe 'tis the abſolutely naked Expreſſion of the old *Roman*'s Sentiment, who had rather that his Son ſhould die like a Man of Honour, than live and be a Coward. He does not give a direct Anſwer to the Queſtion; he only ſpeaks the Dictates of his Heart. There are more frequent Occaſions for this Siile in Fable than any other Compoſition, and 'twas the Character of *La Fontaine*, that he never was without them.

Of Imitation.

'TIS not by the ſervile Imitation of any favorite Author, that we can attain the Art of diſpoſing theſe Beauties in the faireſt Light. Let us copy Nature as cloſely as we can; 'tis ſhe alone gives Life and Beauty to an Original: But too few of our Moderns practiſe this Rule. When an Author now a-days propoſes to treat on any ſelect Subject, he firſt conſults thoſe who have excell'd on that Topick before him; and thro' a falſe Notion of Study, makes a Common-Place-book of their various Phraſes, their Diction and happy Turns. This is to give the Stile a formal grammatical Caſt only, without duly reflecting, that this Stile is no more than a certain choice and regular Diſpoſition of Ideas, the neceſſary Reſult of an Author's Manner of Conception. But he ought principally to have conſider'd the Character of the Mind, which produc'd this Choice.

A fine Taste is not attain'd by such servile Observations, such trifling Practices; but is form'd by a long Habit of reading the best Authors; as Politeness is by a frequent Conversation with Persons of Merit and Distinction. We don't propose to copy exactly their particular Airs; those who study them alone, are at last only affected Fops, and the Objects of Ridicule; but by the Dint of observing with delight the easy and genteel Manner of Address, natural to Men of polite Education, this Accomplishment may be acquir'd; which is no more than a lively Notion of Decorum, which every one practises according to his own Taste, and the Character he bears.

The Ambition of being what we are not, too often proves of fatal Consequence; by this unhappy Inclination, sometimes, we neither are the Persons we copy after, nor ourselves. We divest ourselves of our own proper Character, which by Study and Improvement might, it's possible, shine and have its Graces, when the Character we would put on sits aukwardly on us, and was never design'd for us.

My Notion therefore in short is this, That when an Author is inclin'd to write on any Topick whatever, he ought to have a just Idea of all the Beauties 'twill admit of, to make them familiar to him, to be Master of them, to turn the Bent of his natural Genius that way, and then pursue with Courage what he aims at, and scorn to be a servile Imitator.

These are in general my Notions of Fable. I could have swell'd the Account, and descended to Particulars, but I thought it was proper to reserve some Work for the Reader, whose further Reflection may make this Discourse complete. I shall only add a succinct Account of the most celebrated *Mythologists*, antient and modern.

THE

THE CHARACTERS

Of the Four most Celebrated

FABULISTS,

VIZ.

Æsop, *Phædrus*, *Pilpai*, and *La Fontaine*.

Æ s o p, the Inventor.

SOP still is in Possession of this Title, and without entering into the Dispute whether there were any Writers in his Way before him, 'tis sufficient that he brought Mythology to that Perfection, that his Predecessors are all forgot, and the most beautiful Strokes in that Art, that ever appear'd, were drawn by, or were ascrib'd to him.

Those who have given the World any Account of this Author, have enlarg'd upon the Deformities of his Per-

ſon. There's the very Spirit of Fable in their Deſcriptions; and it is very probable, that his monſtrous Form is but an imaginary Picture; that they have drawn this homely Veil over his Wit and Integrity of Heart, to ſhew their Skill in Lights and Shadows.

To purſue this Idea of him; there is no Doubt but his Fables were occaſional Compoſitions. He was an allegorical Cenſor, and drew his Pictures ſo exactly to the Life, that every one could find out his own.

He pry'd into the different Conſtitutions of all Animals, that his Symbols might be more harmonious and complete. He followed Nature ſo cloſely, that I am inclined to think ſome, under his Name, that are too far ſtrained and too whimſical, muſt be ſpurious. Theſe perhaps were ſome injudicious Preſents, though offered with Reſpect and good Deſign: They didn't conſider 'twas a Robbery, not an Addition to his Treaſure.

His Compoſitions are preciſe to a Fault; he purpoſely avoids deſcriptive Beauties, running, not gradually proceeding to the Fact, thoughtleſs of the Mean between the Neceſſary and Unuſeful. In fine, *Æſop* was an humble Philoſopher, and adapted his Precepts to the meaneſt Capacities; he had a modeſt Genius, turn'd for Improvement more than pompous Decoration.

PHÆDRUS.

PHÆDRUS was a Slave as well as *Æſop*. He was made free too as well as he; but had the Benefit of a ſuperior Education. He liv'd, when young, with an indulgent Maſter; whilſt the other had probably no one to direct him, but his natural Genius. The Taſte which

which the one had for Fable, was the Gift of Nature; the other's, the Result of a laudable Emulation. *Phædrus* was ambitious of being the *Æsop* of the *Latins*; as *Virgil* of being their *Homer*; *Terence*, their *Menander*; and *Horace*, their *Pindar*.

Æsop studied more to improve Mankind, than to gain a Reputation: He is so modest, he gives us no Account of himself. The Applause of future Ages seems the least of his Regard, and his Fables were never collected into a Volume till after his Decease.

Phædrus, on the other-hand, was determined to publish his Works himself. There is a studied Elegance runs through all his Fables; and though he's very familiar and easy, he's very genteel, and his Numbers are smooth and musical. *Æsop*, as I observed before, was a Philosopher; *Phædrus*, an Author.

Phædrus seldom makes his Fables long; yet they are prolix, if compared with those of *Æsop*. There is a Beauty always attends his Brevity: He abounds in well-chosen Epithets; comprises a Description sometimes in the narrow Compass of a Word; and adorns his Tales with Beauties, wholly unknown to *Æsop*; Beauties however requisite to Fable, whose chief End is Information. A dull, plain Allegory, after it is read, is never thought on more; whereas peculiar Graces return upon the Mind, and make a strong and lasting Impression.

Phædrus has taken the Liberty to introduce the History of his own Times into some of his Fables. Fable he knew did not only consist in Fiction, but in a Complication of Adventures to confirm one simple Truth. The History then was metamorphosed to an Allegory, was looked upon no longer as a real Fact, but an Image only, and the Ground-work for some important Moral.

His

His greateſt Fault was making his Morals the Introductions to his Fables; and thoſe, ſometimes too forced, and foreign to the Story.

However, let us do Juſtice to his Character: He has beautified with Abundance of Judgment the Simplicity of *Æſop*. His Elegance is ever entertaining; and within the Bounds of his Subject. But according to the Idea thus given of him, his Taſte was ſuperior to his Genius; he was always agreeable, but ſeldom merry; and ſtudy'd Plainneſs leſs than Nature.

PILPAI.

PILPAI was for many Years Governor of *Indoſtan*, under an arbitrary Prince: However, he was a Slave, though ſo advanced; for the Prime Miniſters in that Country are as much ſo, as the meaneſt Subject. Thus, we find, Slaves have been the Parents of Fable.

Pilpai's Fables were all political Precepts; a State Tract on the Laws of *Indoſtan*. A certain King of *Perſia*, appriſed of his beautiful Performance, ſent proper Meſſengers to buy up the Impreſſion, and ordered it to be tranſlated by his own Phyſician. The *Arabians* honoured him with their Tranſlation; and to this Day the *Eaſtern* World admire him.

Honour'd as he is, I ſhould rather quote him as an Example of Defects, than as a Model worthy to be copied. His Fables too often tranſgreſs the Rules of Juſtice, Unity, and Nature itſelf; ſome contradict the others; ſome, themſelves. His Animals make ſuch long, ſuch ſerious and profound Harangues, that their Characters are loſt in the Diſcourſe: Sometimes he makes them guilty

guilty of Actions, which don't resemble ours, but are peculiar to ourselves: Besides, his Fables are all link'd together, all confused.

In short, in some few Places *Pilpai* shines; but for the Generality his Works are juvenile, tho' serious; tedious and dry, and full of Reflections; because his Allegories are so contradictory, and offensive to the Rules of Justice.

LA FONTAINE.

LA *Fontaine* is *Æsop*, *Phædrus* and *Pilpai*, all in one. He has collected all the Beauties of the three, and like the Bee, stealing his Honey from a thousand Flowers, has obliged the World with the most beautiful Collection *France* can boast of.

The Narrations in his Tales indeed are too extensive; which in regard to their Manner, are as conformable to Fable, as the Reverse, in Point of Morals; and it looks, as if he designed by his instructive Fables to make Attonement for his immodest Tales.

His Thoughts were beautiful; his Simplicity more soft and engaging, than modest; for Modesty implies Reflection: But every Action, Word, and Composition, flow'd easy from the Abundance of his Heart.

So much an Original as he is, he was as partial an Admirer of the Antients, as if they were his Models. Brevity, says he, is the Soul of Fable. He gives no Reason for this Assertion; but as *Quintilian* said so, 'tis sufficient.

In his Stile he has collected all the Beauties: In every Sentence he displays the Charms of the Agreeable and Gay. By his artful Management, he makes the Familiar elegant and new; and to the Freedom of the Natural, adds the keen Satire of the Plain. He shews his Want of Judgment most in his Conclusions.

MORAL

MORAL

TALES and FABLES.

MELESICHTON and PROXINOE:

OR, THE

Rural Oeconomists.

M*elesichton* was a Native of *Megaris*, and a Gentleman of an illustrious Family in *Greece*. When young, the heroic Actions of his Ancestors took up all his Thoughts; and he gave early Demonstrations of his Courage and Conduct, in several bold and hazardous Engagements; but as he was too fond of Grandeur, his high and expensive Way of Living soon plung'd him into a Sea of Troubles. He was obliged to fly with his Wife *Proxinoë* to a Country-Seat on the Sea-shore, where they lived together in a profound Solitude. *Proxinoë* was a Lady highly esteemed for her Wit, Courage, and state-

ly

y Deportment; Many, who were in much better Cir-umſtances than *Meleſichton*, made their Addreſſes to her on Account of her Birth and Beauty; but true Merit a-one made him the Object of her Choice. Though their Virtue and Friendſhip were inviolable; tho' *Hymen* for many Years had never yok'd a happier Pair; yet their mutual Fondneſs and Indulgence prov'd now but an Aggravation of their Sorrows. *Meleſichton* could have borne with leſs Impatience the ſevereſt Frowns of Fortune had he ſuffer'd alone, without ſo tender a Partner as his *Proxinoë*: And *Proxinoë* with Concern obſerv'd, that her Preſence augmented the Pains of her *Meleſichton*. Their ſole Comfort now aroſe from the Reflection that Heaven had bleſs'd them with two Children, beauteous as the *Graces*: The Son's Name was *Melibœus*, and the Daughter's *Poëmenis*. *Melibœus*, tho' young, was very active, ſtrong, and courageous; in every Gentleman-like Exerciſe he excell'd all the neighbouring Youth. He rang'd around the Foreſts, and his Arrows were as fatal and unerring as thoſe of *Apollo*: However, the Arts and Sciences (thoſe Nobler Rays of Deity) were more the Objects of his Contemplation, than his Bow was his Diverſion. *Meleſichton*, in his Retirement, laid before him all the Advantages of a liberal Education, and imprinted on his Mind betimes, the Love of Virtue and Good Manners. *Melibœus*, in his Air and Mien, was unaffected, ſoft, and engaging; yet his Aſpect was noble, bold, and commanded Reſpect. His Father caſt his longing Eyes upon him, and wept over him with a paternal Fondneſs. *Poëmenis* was by the Mother inſtructed with equal Care, in all the various Arts with which the Goddeſs *Minerva* has oblig'd Mankind; and to thoſe curious Accompliſhments were added the Charms of Muſick: *Or-*

pheus

pheus never sung, or touch'd his Lyre more softly than *Poëmenis*. At first Sight she appeared like the young Goddess *Diana*, just risen from her native floating Island. Her silver Tresses were tied with a careless Air behind; whilst some few Hairs, unconfined, play'd about her Ivory Neck at the Breath of every gentle *Zephyr*. Her Dress was a thin loose Gown, tuck'd up with a Girdle, that she might move with greater Freedom. Without the Advantage of Dress, no Nymph was ever so beautiful, so free from Pride, so little conscious of her own Charms. She was never so vain or curious, as to examine her Features in any transparent Stream, The Conduct and *Oeconomy* of the Family was her whole Employment. But *Melesichton*, whose Thoughts were ever dark and gloomy, whose Hopes of a Return from his State of Banishment were now all lost, sought every Opportunity to be alone. The Sight of *Proxinoe* and his Children now aggravated his Sorrows: He would often steal out to the Sea-shore at the Foot of a large Rock, full of tremendous Caverns; and there a while bemoan his wayward Fate: From thence repair to a thick shady Vale, where (even at Mid-day) Sun-beam never entered. There would he sit on the Margin of a purling Stream, and ruminate on all his Ills. Soft downy Sleep ne'er closed his weary Eye-lids; his Words all terminated in Sighs; old Age before his Time had furrowed all his Face; in short, he grew negligent of Life, and sunk under the Weight of his Misfortunes.

One Day as he was reclin'd on a Bank in his favourite solitary Vale, tir'd and fatigu'd with Thought, he fell asleep; and in a Dream he saw the Goddess *Ceres*, crowned with golden Sheaves, who approach'd him with an Air of Majesty and Sweetness. "Why, *Melesichton*

" said

" said she, art thou thus inconsolable? Why art thou
" thus o'erwhelm'd with thy Misfortunes? Alas! replied
" he, I am abandon'd by my Friends; my Estate is all
" lost; Law-Suits and my Creditors for ever perplex
" me; the Thoughts of my Birth, and the Figure I
" have made in the World, are all Aggravations of my
" Misery: And to tug at the Oar, like a Galley-Slave,
" for a bare Subsistence, is an Act too mean, and what
" my Spirit never can comply with."

" Does then Nobility, replied the Goddess, consist in
" the Affluence of Fortune? No, *Melesichton*; but in
" the heroic Imitation of thy virtuous Ancestors. The
" just Man only is truly noble. Nature is sufficed with
" a little: Enjoy that little with the Sweat of thy
" Brow: Live free from Dependance, and no Man will
" be nobler than thyself. Luxury and false Ambition
" are the Ruin of Mankind. If thou want'st the Convenien-
" cies of Life, who should better supply thee than thyself?
" Art thou terrify'd at the Thoughts of attaining
" them by the severest Industry and Application?

She said; and immediately presented him with a golden Plough-Share, and an Horn of Plenty. *Bacchus* next appear'd, crown'd with Ivy, grasping his *Thyrsis* in his Hand, attended by *Pan* playing on his rural Pipe, whilst the *Fauns* and *Satyrs* danc'd to the melodious Musick. *Pomona* next advanc'd, laden with Fruits; and *Flora* dreft in all her gayest, sweetest Flowers. In short, all the *Rural Deities* cast a favourable Eye on *Melesichton*.

He wak'd, fully convinced of the Application and moral Use he ought to make of this celestial Dream. A Dawn of Comfort all on a sudden shot through his Soul, and he found new Inclinations rise to the Labours of the Plain. He communicated his Dream with Pleasure to the fair

Proxinoë, who rejoiced with him, and approv'd of his Interpretation. The next Day they leſſened their Retinue; the Valet and Waiting-woman were immediately diſcharged, and all their Equipage and Grandeur at once reſign'd. *Proxinoë* with *Poëmenis* ſpun whilſt they tended their Sheep, and at convenient Hours weaved their own Cloth, and Stuffs, and cut out and contrived every Thing to the beſt Advantage for themſelves and the reſt of the Family. All their fine Needleworks (in which *Minerva* herſelf could never be more curious) were now no more regarded; and the glaring Tent was reſign'd for the more advantageous Diſtaff. Their daily Proviſions were the Product of their own Ground, and dreſs'd with their own Hands. They milk'd their own Kine, which now began to ſupply them with Plenty. They purchaſed nothing without Doors. Every Thing was got ready with Decency, and without Hurry. Their Food was ſubſtantial, plain, and natural, and enjoyed with a true Reliſh, which is inſeparable from Temperance and hard Labour.

In this rural Manner they lived, and every Thing was neat and decent round about them: All the coſtly Tapeſtry was diſpoſed of; yet the Walls were perfectly White, and no Part of the Houſe either dirty or in Diſorder; none of their Goods were in the leaſt ſoil'd with Duſt. The Beds, tho' not of Down, were clean, and proper for Repoſe. The very Furniture of the Kitchen (which you ſhall ſeldom find in great Families) was as bright as Silver; nothing ſtood out of its proper Place. At Times of publick Entertainment *Proxinoë* made the beſt of Paſtry. She kept Bees, whoſe Honey was ſweeter than that which trickled from the Trunks of Oaks, that grew in the Golden-Age. Her Cows made her willing Pre-

ſents

ſents of large flowing Bowls of Milk. Her Garden was plentifully ſtor'd with Variety of Plants, for Service and Delight, in their proper Seaſon; and by her peculiar Induſtry and Skill, ſhe was the firſt of all her Neighbours, that could produce them in Perfection: Her Collection of Flowers too was very curious; Part of which ſhe ſold, after ſhe had reſerved a ſufficient Quantity for the Ornament of her Houſe. *Poëmenis* trod in the Steps of her induſtrious Mother; ſhe was ever chearful at her Work, and ſung as ſhe went along to pen her Sheep. No Neighbour's Flock could rival her's; no contagious Diſtemper, no rav'nous Wolves durſt ever approach them; her tender Lambkins dance upon the Plains to her melodious Notes, whilſt all the *Echoes* round about with Pleaſure repeat the dying Sounds.

Meleſichton till'd his own Grounds, drove his own Plough, ſow'd his Seed, and reap'd his Harveſt with his own Hand. He is now fully convinc'd that the Huſbandman's Life is leſs laborious, far more innocent and advantageous than the Soldier's. No ſooner had he cock'd and got in his Hay; but *Ceres*, with her yellow Fruits, invited him to the Field, and with large Intereſt repaid the Debt ſhe owed him. Soon after *Bacchus* ſupply'd him with Nectar, worthy the Table of the Gods. *Minerva* too complimented him with the Fruit of her favourite, ſalutary Tree. Winter was the Seaſon for Repoſe, when all the Family, met together, were innocently gay, and thankful to the Gods for all their harmleſs unambitious Pleaſures: They eat no Fleſh, but at their Sacrifices; and their Cattle never died, but on their Altars.

Melibœus was thoughtful and ſedate beyond his Years. He took on himſelf the whole Care and Management of the larger Cattle; he hew'd down large Oaks in the Fo-

rests; dug Aqueducts for the more commodious wat'ring the Meadows, and with indefatigable Industry would ease his Father. His Diversions at proper Seasons, were Hunting and Coursing, with the young Gentlemen his Neighbours; or improving himself in his Studies, of which *Melesichton* had laid the solid Foundation.

In a little Time *Melesichton*, by a Life thus led in Simplicity and Innocence, was in better Circumstances than at first: His House was stor'd with all the Conveniencies of Life; tho' there was nothing in it useless or superfluous. The Company he kept, for the most Part, was within the Compass of his own Family: They liv'd together in perfect Love and Harmony, and contributed to each other's Happiness: They lived far from Court, where Pleasures bear so high a Price: Their Enjoyments were sweet, innocent, easy to be attained, and attended with no Dangers in the Pursuit. *Melibœus* and *Poëmenis* were thus brought up and inured to rural Labours: Thus their former Characters served only to inspire them with greater Courage, and make them easy under the Frowns of Fortune. The Encrease of their Stock introduced no new and luxurious Course of Life. Their Diet was still as frugal as before, and their Industry continued with equal Vigour. *Melesichton*'s Friends now press'd him, (since Fortune once again had proved propitious) to resume his former Post, and shine again in the busy World. To whom he reply'd, " Shall I again give " way to Pride and Extravagance, that were the fatal " Cause of all my Misfortunes; or spend my future Days " in rural Labours, which have not only made me rich " again, but, what is more, compleatly happy?

To

To conclude; One Day he took a Tour to his old ſolitary Shade, where *Ceres* had thus kindly directed his Conduct in a Dream, and repoſed himſelf on the verdant Graſs, with as much Serenity of Mind, as before with Confuſion and Deſpair. There he ſlept again; again the Goddeſs *Ceres* in the like friendly Manner approach'd, and thus addreſs'd him. " True Nobility, *Meleſichton*, " conſiſts in receiving no Favours from any one, and " beſtowing them with a liberal Hand on all. Have " your Dependance on Nothing but the fruitful Boſom " of the Earth, and the Works of your own Hands. " Never reſign that for Luxury and Empty Shew, " which is the natural and inexhauſtible Fountain of " true Happineſs.

GRAND-

GRANDEUR no True HAPPINESS:

OR, THE

Pleasures of *Retirement.*

From *SENECA.*

THE Silver Moon, and all her Starry Train,
No longer now their borrow'd Light retain.
Night turns her sable Chariot to give way
To the more bright, more glorious Dawn of Day.
Wish'd Morning's come; and now the lab'ring *Swains*
Rouse from their homely Huts, and fills the Plains.
Now on the dewy Hills the *Lambkins* graze,
And the young *Heifer* round the Pasture plays.
The chearful Birds are now upon the Wing,
And as they fly their amorous Descants sing.
In tuneful Notes their new-born Joys express,
And in their Way the *Rising Sun* confess.

The

The greedy *Fiſher*, with a pleaſing Pain,
Stands near ſome murmuring Brook whole Hours in vain;
Yet baits his unſucceſsful Hook again.
Lucky at laſt he ſeizes on his Prey,
And wonders at the Fortune of the Day.
Early the *Fowler* ſpreads his artful Nets,
And round his Toils a *warbling Concert* ſets;
Whoſe well-known Strains the *Feather'd Choir* allure,
Crown his *Deceit*, and make his *Game* ſecure.

THESE are the *harmleſs Paſtimes* of the *Swain*,
That's bleſt with Peace, and undiſturb'd with Pain:
Whoſe humble Cottage and luxuriant Field,
(Life's greateſt Bleſſing) *true Contentment* yield.
Whilſt anxious Care the *Courtier*'s Boſom burns,
And Hopes and Fears torment his Soul by turns;
Like Whirlwinds penetrate thro' every Part,
And ſearch the inmoſt Secrets of his Heart.

Here, One on ſome *High Prieſt*, or *Peer* attends,
With a *Petition* for himſelf, or Friends:
Now here, now there, from Place to Place is toſt,
And yet at laſt perhaps his Labour's loſt.
A *Miſer* there, regardleſs of the Pain,
Or Danger, ventures thro' the *Liquid Main*,
And ſearches *both* the *Indies* to augment his Gain.
Never contented ſtill he graſps at more,
And 'midſt his Plenty lives for ever poor.
Here, a *fond Fool*, that's bloated with *Applauſe*,
Beſtow'd by *greater Fools* without a Cauſe,
Grows ſtrait imperious, thinks their Praiſes juſt,
And in the *Whirl* of vain *Ambition*'s loſt.
There, the brib'd *Gownſman* for his *Client* pleads,
And laughs at *Juſtice* if his *Cauſe* ſucceeds.

But

But FEW are THEY (alas! the Number's *few*)
Who true *Content*, true *Happineſs* purſue:
The longeſt Life's but an extended Span,
And the World's greater Half, ne'er riſe to Man.
Be then advis'd, the *certain* Now improve,
And ſeize the various Pleaſures of the *Grove*.
With your ſhrill Horns by Break of Day prepare
To rouſe the ſubtle *Fox*, or timorous *Hare*;
Or range for *Feather'd Game* the ſhady Woods;
Or draw with your fallacious Nets the Floods.
And when the Sun is in the Ocean ſet,
Let ſprightly Joys your harmleſs Sports complete.
To ſome indulgent *Sylvan Maid* repair;
The *Sylvan Maids* are generous as they're fair:
When at their Feet the ſuppliant Lover lies,
They meet his Paſſion with conſenting Eyes:
With gentle Smiles his amorous Sighs reward,
For Truth and Innocence are all their Guard.
Let others fondly pay their Court to *Fame*,
And *ſlave* to purchaſe an *Heroic Name*:
Let others in triumphant Chariots ride,
And ſacrifice their precious Peace to Pride:
Grant me, ye Pow'rs, an humble, *rural Seat*,
Free from the Noiſe and Hurry of the *Great*;
Where I with Pleaſure, tho' obſcure, may dwell:
RICH DISCONTENT is but a GLORIOUS HELL.

THE

THE
Dog and the Shadow.

Written in the Mad Year, 1720.

IN Days of Yore, a *Farmer's* Dog
(To uſe fam'd *Æſop*'s Apologue)
Took a ſly Tour around his Kitchen,
(As *Joan* her tatter'd Gown was ſtitching,
And *John* was buſy ſitting nigh her,
Telling *Love-Stories* at the Fire)
And ſquinted, *Eaſt*, *Weſt*, *North*, and *South*,
To find out ſomething for the Mouth:
And in the *Pantry*, on a Hook,
He ſpy'd a *Leg of Mutton* ſtuck.
This, this muſt be the *lucky Minute*,
Or elſe, quoth he, *Old Nick* is in it.
So up he mounts on his Fore-Paws,
And gripes the *Joint* between his Jaws.
But now I've got, thinks he, my *Booty*,
(Leſt *Joan* ſhould ſcold, or *John* ſhould ſhoot me)
For Preſervation's Sake, 'tis better
To Dine To-day a-croſs the Water.

Now

Now here 'tis proper to be noted,
That *Towzer*'s *Master*'s House was moted:
So in he jumps with his *Tit-Bit*,
And long'd on t'other Side to get.
The fam'd *Leander* couldn't more
Desire to land on *Hero*'s Shore.

But as the *Moat* was smooth and clear,
And gilt with *Sun-Beams* here and there,
The *Shadow* of his new-got *Prize*
Presents itself before his Eyes.
Bless me, quoth he, here's *noble Luck!*
Here's *Profit!* here's *Encrease of* STOCK!
Here's *Cent per Cent* got in a Trice:
This STOCK-JOBBING's a rare Device!
He said, ——And at the *Shadow* snaps;
And down the *Leg of Mutton* drops:
Too late he finds what he has done,
And sees at once his *Dinner* gone.
Speechless a while the PUPPY stood,
And lowr'd on the *deceitful Flood:*
But at the last, all drown'd in Tears,
He curs'd his *Fate*, and shook his *Ears*.

MORAL.

Was ever senseless Dog so bit?
Had ever WHELP *so little Wit,*
T' involve himself in so much Trouble,
For a meer SHADOW, *a* meer BUBBLE?

THE

THE PROCLAMATION: A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

FROM the immortal Realms above,
All drown'd in Tears, the *Queen of Love*
On Earth descends, in hopes to find
Her *vagrant Son* amongst Mankind.
Thro' *Paphos* Streets she frantic flies,
And thus her *little Rambler* CRIES.

Air. *Oh! Say, ye Men of* Paphos, *say,*
(And ease my anxious Care)
Saw ye my Cupid *pass this Way?*
Alas! he's lost, I fear.
The generous Swain *that shall reveal*
Where the young Wand'rer *is,*
Shall have from Venus *the* Reward
Of a transporting Kiss.

Rec

Rec. Amidſt the Numbers numberleſs,
That ſaw, and pity'd her Diſtreſs,
The gay *Alexis* ſoon appear'd,
And thus the mournful GODDESS chear'd.

Air. *No more, fair* Queen, *his Abſence moan,*
Your Sighs and Tears give o'er;
The GOD of Love *is very ſafe,*
And from all Harms ſecure.
Here, here, the little Tyrant *plays,*
And revels in my Heart;
Encircled with a thouſand Flames,
And many a pointed Dart.

Rec. At this Joy dances in her Eyes,
And in her Cheeks new Charms ariſe.
With Tranſport he the *Queen* ſurveys,
And, fond of her ſoft Promiſe, ſays,

Air. *Now, beauteous* GODDESS, *on your* Swain
Beſtow the proffer'd Kiſs;
Or let it come from Chloe's *Lips,*
And ſo augment *his Bliſs.*

CUPID and the BEE.

A

CANTATA.

Rec. AS on a ſultry *Summer*'s Day,
The *God of Love* went out to play;
A wanton *Bee* was on the Wing,
And touch'd the STRIPLING with his Sting.
Soon as he felt the raging Pain;
He thus to *VENUS* did complain.

Air. *See*, Mamma, *ſee*, *how I do ſwell!*
See, *how the Blood does ſtart!*
Oh! I can never, *never bear*
The aching, *raging Smart.*
A little Dragon *round me flew*,
Then ſettl'd on my Breaſt;
His fatal Sting *with Fury drew*,
And robb'd me of my Reſt.

Rec. The *Queen of Beauty*, when ſhe found
There was no Danger in the Wound;
Found that his Pain was almoſt gone;
Thus with a Smile addreſs'd her Son.

Air. *If such a* Little Animal
Can vex my Cupid *so;*
If but a Bee *can wound thee thus,*
Think what thy Sting *can do.*
O! think, my pretty little Boy,
How raging is the Smart,
Which the poor, slighted Lover *feels,*
When you transfix his Heart.

JUPITER and *DANAE:*

OR, THE

POWER of GOLD.

A CANTATA.

Rec. WHEN *Heav'n's gay God* essay'd to move
The chaste, coy *Danae* to love,
A thousand artful Ways Tales he told;
But nothing pleased, he found, like *GOLD.*
Therefore (resolv'd to win the *Maid)*
He chang'd t' a *Golden Show'r,* and said:

Air. *O! Lovely Charmer, beauteous Maid,*
See, humbly at thy Feet JOVE *lies!*
Thy mortal Charms transport him more
Than all the Beauties of the Skies.

See,

See, Fair-one, all this Yellow Flood
To thee I'll give, if thou'lt comply.
O! do not to a suppliant GOD
His wish'd-for Happiness deny.

Rec. The pleasant Prospect look'd so gay,
'Twou'd *Chastity* herself betray:
Her *Virtue* soon began to nod,
And thus the *Maid* bespoke the GOD.

Air. *No more shall* Danae *to* JOVE,
Prove like a Vestal *cold*:
The Shafts of LOVE *resistless are,*
When tip'd with Sacred Gold.

VENUS in TEARS,

FOR THE

DEATH of ADONIS.

A CANTATA.

Rec. AS *Beauty's Goddess* chanc'd to rove
Around her fav'rite shady Grove;
Surpriz'd, a while she speechless stood,
To find the Grass all stain'd with Blood.

But when ſhe caſt her Eyes around,
And ſaw *Adonis* on the Ground,
Saw his deep, ghaſtly, gaping Wound;
With hideous Cries ſhe fill'd the Air,
And thus expreſs'd her deep Deſpair.

Air. *Ah! dear* Adonis, *lovely Boy,*
My Soul's Delight, my only Joy!
Since Thee *untimely Fate has ſlain:*
(Could I) how freely would I die!
And to thy parted Spirit fly!
For IMMORTALITY'*s a Pain.*

THE

Agreeable MISTAKE:

OR

VENUS Diſcarded.

A CANTATA.

Rec. WITHIN a ſhady pleaſant Grove,
By Nature form'd alone for Love,
Aſleep the *fair Ophelia* laid,
While fanning *Cupids* round her play'd.

The

The *God of War* the *Virgin* ſpies,
And ſwiftly through the *Grotto* flies.
The ruſtling Noiſe her Slumbers broke,
And thus the *G O D* the *Maid* beſpoke.

Air. *Riſe, Beauteous* Cytharæa, *riſe,*
This Happy Hour *improve*;
While Vulcan *and his* ſmutty Train
Are forging Bolts *for* J O V E:
Let us beneath the Shade lie down,
And there renew our Flame;
Let us, poſſeſs'd of preſent Joys,
Forget our former Shame.

Rec. *Ophelia* trembl'd when ſhe heard
This am'rous Pray'r to her preferr'd;
And, like a *Virgin*, free from Stain,
Repuls'd her *Lover* with Diſdain.
The *G O D*, unus'd to be deny'd,
In moving Accents thus reply'd.

Air, *Why, lovely Charmer, doſt thou ſtop,*
The rapid Current of my Joy?
Oh! whence proceeds this ſudden Change?
Venus *ne'er us'd to be ſo coy.*

Rec. *Ophelia* ſtill maintain'd the Field,
And modeſtly refus'd to yield;
Still ſtrove, and ſtruggl'd to be gone,
And fain would from his Arms have run:
Tho' proud to be ſo cloſe purſu'd,
And thought a *Venus* by a *G O D*.
A thouſand Ways fond *Mars* eſſay'd
To ſoften the *relentleſs Maid*:

With *many a Sigh* he told his Pain;
Tho' *Sighs* and *Tears*, they ſay, will *move*,
And paſs for *Eloquence* in Love.
At laſt the am'rous *God of War*
(Unable ſuch Repulſe to bear)
Reſolv'd by *Dint of Force* to gain
What he by *Art* had ſought in vain.
Then, like a *Soldier*, ſeiz'd his Bliſs,
And raviſh'd from the *Fair* a KISS.
The *GOD* all over Tranſport, ſwore
Venus ne'er charm'd him ſo before.
But when more cloſely he ſurvey'd
This *mortal Beauty*, BRITISH MAID,
Well pleas'd with *his Miſtake*, he ſaid:

Air. *Henceforth*, fair Nymph, *will I no more*
Be Sport *for all the Skies*;
But thy ſuperior Charms *adore*,
And Venus, *tho'* LOVE's *Queen*, *deſpiſe*.

APOL-

APOLLO and *DAPHNE*:

AN

EPIGRAM.

Apol. MY Dearest *Daphne*, charming Maid,
Ah! ease my amorous Pain:
Can'st thou the *God of Day* reject,
And let him sue in vain.

Daph. I scorn thee, tho' a *GOD* thou art;
Offensive is *thy Light*:
Perhaps, thy Suit I might have heard,
Had'st thou been *God of Night*.

THE ABSENT NYMPH: OR, THE *DOATING SWAIN.*

A MUSICAL INTERLUDE.

SCENE, *A Grove.*

Enter *Strephon*, *Myrtillo*, and *Menalcas.*

STREPHON.

ARISE,
Oh! gentle *God of Sleep*;
My Eyes
In thy ſoft Bondage keep,
And eaſe my lab'ring Heart
Of all her Pains, and all her Smart.
All alone,
I weep and moan;
For oh! my *Silvia*'s gone.
Thou alone,
Canſt eaſe my Moan,
Now lovely *Silvia*'s gone.

Myrt.

Myrt. Bring here thy pow'rful magic Wand,
Thy Aid we do implore.

Oh ! Eaſe the *Shepherd*'s tortur'd Mind,
And let him Sigh no more.

Faſt tho' thy Chains do hold him,
Yet then he will be free
From the racking,
Ever waking
Pangs that have enthrall'd him,
And *Cupid*'s Tyranny.

Chor. *Faſt tho'* thy *Chains*, &c.

[Morpheus *riſes half aſleep.*

Mor. *Ye gentle* Swains, *my Aid invoking,*
Your faithful Friendſhip I approve,
In peaceful Slumbers Dreams provoking,
I'll reward young Strephon'*s Love.*

Strep. Tho' within thy ſoft Bonds I would lie,
Let my *Fancy* ſtill frolickſome play;
Unconfin'd let her rove,
And the *Nymph* that I love
To my Eyes let the *Mimick* convey;
If I loſe the dear Object I die.

Mor. *Her lovely* Image *ſoon I'll ſend*
Her Beauties all diſplaying,
A Thouſand Cupids *ſhall attend,*
And in her Eyes be playing.

[Mor-

[Morpheus *waves his Wand over* Strephon's *Head, and descends while* Strephon *falls asleep.*

Men. Oh! FANCY, now,
Oh! *wakeful Maid,*
Enquire below,
Thro' *Sleep*'s waste Shade
For the fair *Nymph* the *Swain* has lost:
If *Sylvia* there
Thou canst not find,
Yet bring some *Fair*
To ease his Mind,
That may resemble *Sylvia* most.

Myrt. But if no *Draught* be treasured there
Of *One* so fair;
Let *Fancy* shew
Her Art, and paint her all anew.
From each GODDESS steal a Grace;
Let her be her *Master-Piece*;
Not *Fancy*'s self can *Sylvia*'s Charms out-do.

Men. If all her Art shall not avail,
(Nor shall I wonder if she fail)
To draw a *Piece* of so much Eminence,
Let her content with *Strephon* rest,
Till she beholds his *waking* Breast;
She'll find her *Image* never stray from thence.

Chor. *Let her content*, &c.

[Strephon *wakes.*

Strep.

Strep. *False God* away,
And re-assume thy dull Pow'r;
See thou betray
A *fond Lover* no more.

All Attempts forbear
To delude my Care:
E're I lose my dear *Charmer* again,
No *Sleep* will I take,
But for ever I'll *wake*,
Such *Pleasure* attends the *Pain*.

Chor. *No more, ye* Swains, *no more employ*
Dull Morpheus' *Power to ease your Pain*;
The absent Lover's *darling Joy*
Is still to wake, *and still* complain.

FINIS.

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